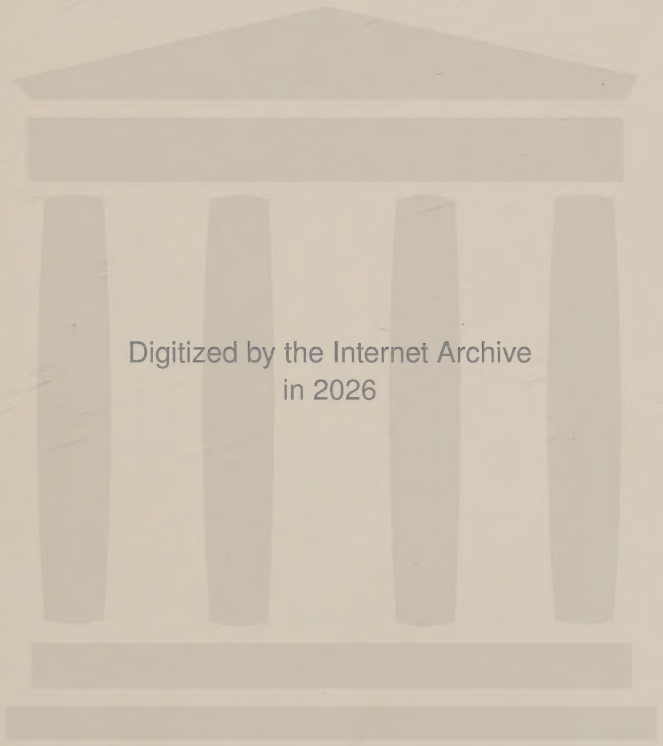
The YOUNG FOLKS TREASURY

Roland Horton.
Jan. 16, 1924.



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THE FAIRIES SING TITANIA TO SLEEP

CLASSIC TALES AND EVERYDAY STORIES

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Volume

Three

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is really two volumes in one. Let us tell you about the second part first.

STORIES OF PLAY AND ATHLETICS, STORIES OF ADVENTURE, STORIES OF HEROISM and STORIES OF HUMAN LOVE, are for the big boys and girls who are in what we used to call "the grammar grades" and high school. The OLD-FASHIONED STORIES are quaint and funny, as are the charming color prints that go with them. They all have a sweet flavor and savor.

The CLASSIC TALES in the first part of the book may look a bit alarming at first. They are placed here so that the names of Homer, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Cervantes, and Lamb may become as familiar as "Cinderella" and "The Three Bears." Really read them through and you will be spellbound. You will find something more than a silly old man in noble Don Quixote, you will see the sly fun that Swift was poking at us all in Gulliver's adventures, you will lose your way in magical Bagdad during fascinating Arabian Nights. Those daring mariners, Ulysses and Robinson Crusoe, will make you forget your home for a while. Chaucer will take you on a journey that you will never wish to end and Bunyan on a pilgrimage that closes only with the Celestial City. Charles and Mary Lamb will carry you to Fairyland and Prospero's isle of magic.

We want you through these CLASSIC TALES to get acquainted with some of the world's greatest writers, so that when you are older they will be lifelong friends.

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

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CLASSIC TALES

DON QUIXOTE

By MIGUEL CERVANTES

ADAPTED BY JOHN LANG

I

HOW DON QUIXOTE WAS KNIGHTED

SOME three or four hundred years ago, there lived in sunny Spain an old gentleman named Quixada, who owned a house and a small property near a village in La Mancha.

With him lived his niece, a housekeeper, and a man who looked after Quixada's farm and his one old white horse, which, though its master imagined it to be an animal of great strength and beauty, was really as lean as Quixada himself and as broken down as any old cab horse.

Quixada had nothing in the world to do in the shape of work, and so his whole time was taken up in reading old books about knights and giants, and ladies shut up in enchanted castles by wicked ogres. In time, so fond did he become of such tales that he passed his days, and even the best part of his nights, in reading them. His mind was so wholly taken up in this way that at last he came to believe that he himself lived in a land of giants and of ogres, and that it was his duty to ride forth on his noble steed, to the rescue of unhappy Princesses.

In the lumber-room of Quixada's house there had lain. ever since he was born, a rusty old suit of armor, which had belonged to his great-grandfather. This was now got out, and Quixada spent many days in polishing and putting it in order.

Unfortunately, there was no more than half of the helmet to be found, and a knight cannot ride forth without a helmet.

So Quixada made the other half of strong pasteboard; and to prove that it was strong enough, when finished, he drew his sword and gave the helmet a great slash. Alas! a whole week's work was ruined by that one stroke; the pasteboard flew into pieces. This troubled Quixada sadly, but he set to work at once and made another helmet of pasteboard, lining it with thin sheets of iron, and it looked so well that, this time, he put it to no test with his sword.

Now that his armor was complete, it occurred to him that he must give his horse a name—every knight's horse should have a good name—and after four days' thought he decided that "Rozinante" would best suit the animal.

Then, for himself, after eight days of puzzling, he resolved that he should be called Don Quixote de la Mancha.

There was but one thing more. Every knight of olden time had a lady, whom he called the Mistress of his Heart, whose glove he wore in his helmet; and if anybody dared to deny that this lady was the most beautiful woman in the whole world, then the knight made him prove his words by fighting.

So it was necessary that Don Quixote should select some lady as the Mistress of his Heart.

Near La Mancha there lived a stout country lass, for whom some years before Don Quixote had had a kind of liking. Who, therefore, could better take the place of Mistress of his Heart? To whom could he better send the defeated knights and ogres whom he was going out to fight? It was true that her name, Aldonza Lorenzo, did not sound like that of a Princess or lady of high birth; so he determined in future to call her Dulcinea del Toboso. No Princess could have a sweeter name!

All being now ready, one morning Don Quixote got up before daylight, and without saying a word to anybody, put on his armor, took his sword, and spear, and shield, saddled "Rozinante," and started on his search for adventures.

But before he had gone very far, a dreadful thought struck him. He had not been knighted! Moreover, he had read in his books that until a knight had done some great deed, he must wear

white armor, and be without any device or coat of arms on his shield. What was to be done? He was so staggered by this thought that he almost felt that he must turn back. But then he remembered that he had read how adventurers were sometimes knighted by persons whom they happened to meet on the road. And as to his armor, why, he thought he might scour and polish that till nothing could be whiter. So he rode on, letting "Rozinante" take which road he pleased, that being, he supposed, as good a way as any of looking for adventures.

All day he rode, to his sorrow without finding anything worth calling an adventure.

At last as evening began to fall, and when he and his horse were both very weary, they came in sight of an inn. Don Quixote no sooner saw the inn than he fancied it to be a great castle, and he halted at some distance from it, expecting that, as in days of old, a dwarf would certainly appear on the battlements, and, by sounding a trumpet, give notice of the arrival of a knight. But no dwarf appeared, and as "Rozinante" showed great haste to reach the stable, Don Quixote began to move towards the inn.

At this moment it happened that a swineherd in a field near at hand sounded his horn to bring his herd of pigs home to be fed. Don Quixote, imagining that this must be the dwarf at last giving notice of his coming, rode quickly up to the inn door, beside which it chanced that there stood two very impudent young women, whom the Knight imagined to be two beautiful ladies taking the air at the castle gate.

Astonished at the sight of so strange a figure, and a little frightened, the girls turned to run away. But Don Quixote stopped them.

"I beseech ye, ladies, do not fly," he said. "I will harm no one, least of all maidens of rank so high as yours."

And much more he said, whereat the young women laughed so loud and so long that Don Quixote became very angry, and there is no saying what he might not have done had not the innkeeper at that moment come out. This innkeeper was very fat and good-natured, and anxious not to offend anybody, but even he could hardly help laughing when he saw Don Quixote.

However, he very civilly asked the Knight to dismount, and offered him everything that the inn could provide.

Don Quixote being by this time both tired and hungry, with some difficulty got off his horse and handed it to the innkeeper (to whom he spoke as governor of the castle), asking him to take the greatest care of "Rozinante," for in the whole world there was no better steed.

When the landlord returned from the stable, he found Don Quixote in a room, where, with the help of the two young women, he was trying to get rid of his armor. His back and breastplates had been taken off, but by no means could his helmet be removed without cutting the green ribbons with which he had tied it on, and this the Knight would not allow.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to keep his helmet on all night, and to eat and drink in it, which was more than he could do without help. However, one of the young women fed him, and the innkeeper having made a kind of funnel, through it poured the wine into his mouth, and Don Quixote ate his supper in great peace of mind.

There was but one thing that still vexed him. He had not yet been knighted.

On this subject he thought long and deeply, and at last he asked the innkeeper to come with him to the stable. Having shut the door, Don Quixote threw himself at the landlord's feet, saying, "I will never rise from this place, most valorous Knight, until you grant me a boon."

The innkeeper was amazed, but as he could not by any means make Don Quixote rise, he promised to do whatever was asked.

"Then, noble sir," said Don Quixote, "the boon which I crave is that to-morrow you will be pleased to grant me the honor of knighthood."

The landlord, when he heard such talk, thought that the wisest thing he could do was to humor his guest, and he readily promised. Thereupon Don Quixote very happily rose to his feet, and after some further talk he said to the innkeeper that this night he would "watch his armor" in the chapel of the castle, it being the duty of any one on whom the honor of knighthood was to be conferred, to stand on his feet in the chapel, praying,

until the morning. The innkeeper, thinking that great sport might come of this, encouraged Don Quixote, but as his own chapel had lately—so he said—been pulled down in order that a better might be built, he advised Don Quixote to watch that night in the courtyard. This was "lawful in a case where a chapel was not at hand. And in the morning," he said, "I will knight you."

"Have you any money?" then asked the innkeeper.

"Not a penny," said Don Quixote, "for I never yet read of any knight who carried money with him."

"You are greatly mistaken," answered the innkeeper. "Most knights had squires, who carried their money and clean shirts and other things. But when a knight had no squire, he always carried his money and his shirts, and salve for his wounds, in a little bag behind his saddle. I must therefore advise you never in future to go anywhere without money."

Don Quixote promised to remember this. Then taking his armor, he went into the inn-yard and laid it in a horse-trough.

Backwards and forwards, spear in hand, he marched in the moonlight, very solemnly keeping his eyes on his armor, while the innkeeper's other guests, laughing, looked on from a distance.

Now it happened that a carrier who lodged at the inn came into the yard to water his mules, and this he could not do while the armor lay in the horse-trough. As Don Quixote saw the man come up, "Take heed, rash Knight," he cried. "Defile not by a touch the armor of the most brave knight-errant that ever wore a sword."

But the mule-driver took no notice of Don Quixote. He picked up the armor and threw it away.

Don Quixote no sooner saw this than, raising his eyes to heaven, and calling on his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he lifted up his spear with both hands and gave the mule-driver such a whack over the head that the man fell down senseless. Then, picking up his armor and putting it back in the horse-trough, he went on with his march, taking no further notice of the poor mule-driver.

Soon up came another carrier who also wanted to water his mules.

Not a word did Don Quixote say this time, but he lifted up his spear and smote so heavily that he broke the man's head in three or four places. The poor wretch made such an outcry that all the people in the inn came running, and the friends of the two carriers began to pelt Don Quixote with stones. But drawing his sword, and holding his shield in front of him, he defied them all, crying, "Come on, base knaves! Draw nearer if you dare!"

The landlord now came hurrying up and stopped the stone-throwing; then, having calmed Don Quixote, he said that there was no need for him to watch his armor any longer; to finish the ceremony it would now be enough if he were touched on the neck and shoulders with a sword. Don Quixote was quite satisfied, and prayed the innkeeper to get the business over as quickly as possible, "for," said he, "if I were but knighted, and should see myself attacked, I believe that I should not leave a man alive in this castle."

The innkeeper, a good deal alarmed at this, and anxious to get rid of him, hurried off and got the book in which he kept his accounts, which he pretended was a kind of book of prayer. Having also brought the two young women, and a boy to hold a candle, he ordered Don Quixote to kneel. Then muttering from his book, as if he were reading, he finished by giving Don Quixote a good blow on the neck, and a slap on the back, with the flat of a sword. After this, one of the young women belted the sword round the newly made knight's waist, while the other buckled on his spurs, and having at once saddled "Rozinante," Don Quixote was ready to set out.

The innkeeper was only too glad to see him go, even without paying for his supper.

II

HOW DON QUIXOTE RESCUED ANDRES; AND HOW HE RETURNED HOME

As he rode along in the early morning light, Don Quixote began to think that it would be well that he should return home for a little, there to lay in a stock of money and of clean shirts,

and he turned his willing horse's head in the direction of his village.

But ere he had gone far on his way, coming from a thicket he fancied that he heard cries of distress.

"Certainly these are the moans of some poor creature in want of help," thought Don Quixote. "I thank Heaven for so soon giving me the chance to perform my duty as a knight."

And he rode quickly towards the sounds. No sooner had he reached the wood than he saw a horse tied to a tree, and bound to another was a lad of fifteen, all naked above the waist. By his side stood a countryman beating him with a strap, and with every blow calling out, "I'll teach you to keep your eyes open, you young scamp. I'll teach you to keep your mouth shut."

The boy howled with pain. Quickly Don Quixote rode up to the man.

"Sir Knight," said he angrily, "I would have thee to know that it is an unworthy act to strike one who cannot defend himself. Mount thy steed, therefore, take thy spear, and I will teach thee that thou art a coward."

The countryman gave himself up for lost, and he gasped out very humbly that the boy was his servant, through whose carelessness many of the sheep that he should have watched had been lost, and that therefore he was giving him a sound beating. "And," said he, "because I beat him for his carelessness, he says I do it to cheat him out of his wages."

"What!" shouted Don Quixote, "do you dare to lie to me? By the sun above us, I have a mind to run you through with my spear. Pay the boy this instant, and let him go free. What does he owe you, boy?"

The boy said that the man owed him nine months' wages.

"Pay at once, you scoundrel, unless you want to be killed," roared Don Quixote.

The poor man, trembling with fear, said that there was a mistake; he did not owe nearly so much, and besides, he had no money with him. But if Andres would go home with him he would pay every penny.

"Go home with him!" cried the boy. "I know a trick

worth two of that. No sooner will he have me home than he'll take the skin off me. No, no, not I!"

"He will not dare to touch you," said the Knight. "I command him, and that is enough. If he swears by his order of knighthood to do this thing, I will let him go, and he will pay you your wages."

"Of course I will," said the man. "Come along with me, Andres, and I swear I'll give you all I owe."

"Remember, then, what you have promised, for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, and it is at your peril to disobey me."

So saying, Don Quixote clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped off through the trees.

The countryman watched till the Knight was out of sight. Then, turning, he said "Come, my lad, and I'll pay thee what I owe, and more."

"Ay," answered the boy, "see that you do, for if you do not, that brave man will come back and make you."

"I dare swear that," said the man. "And just to show how much I love you, I am going to increase the debt, so that I may pay you more. Come here!"

And with that he caught the boy by the arm, tied him again to the tree, and belted him till his arm was tired.

"Now go," he said, "and tell your righter of wrongs. I wish I had flayed you alive, you young whelp."

And so ended Don Quixote's first attempt to right wrongs.

As the Knight cantered along, very well pleased with himself, about two miles from where he had freed the boy he saw riding towards him six men, each shading himself under a large umbrella. With them were four mounted servants, and three on foot.

No sooner did Don Quixote see this party than it struck him that here was the chance for which, above all others, he had been longing.

Posting himself in the middle of the road, he waited till the men were at no great distance. Then, "Halt!" shouted he. "Let all know that no man shall pass further till he owns that in the whole world there is no damsel more beautiful than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

"PAY AT ONCE, YOU SCOUNDREL"

"But," said the men (who were merchants of Toledo, on their way to buy silks), "we do not know the lady. We have never seen her. How then can we say that she is beautiful?"

"What!" roared Don Quixote in a terrible rage, "not know the beauteous Lady Dulcinea del Toboso! That only makes matters worse. Do you dare to argue?"

And with that he couched his spear, drove his spurs into "Rozinante," and rode furiously at the nearest merchant.

What he would have done it is not possible to say. But as he galloped, it chanced that "Rozinante" stumbled and fell heavily, rolling Don Quixote over and over. There the Knight lay helpless, the weight of his armor preventing him from rising to his feet. But as he lay, he continued to cry out at the top of his voice, "Stop, you rascals! Do not fly. It is my horse's fault that I lie here, you cowards!"

One of the grooms, hearing his master called a rascal and a coward, thereupon ran up and snatched away Don Quixote's spear, which he broke in pieces. Then with each piece he belabored the poor Knight till the broken lance flew into splinters. The merchants then rode away, leaving Don Quixote lying where he fell, still shouting threats, but quite unable to rise.

There he was found by a man who knew him well, and who with great difficulty mounted him on his donkey and took him home. When at last they reached Don Quixote's house, the poor Knight was put to bed, where he lay for many days, raving, and very ill.

During this time the Curate of the village and the Barber came and burned nearly all the books which Don Quixote had so loved.

"For," said they, "it is by reading these books that the poor gentleman has lost his mind, and if he reads them again he will never get better."

So a bonfire was made of the books, and the door of Don Quixote's study was bricked up.

When the Knight was again able to go about, he made at once for his study and his beloved books. Up and down the house he searched without saying a word, and often he would stand where the door of the study used to be, feeling with his

hands and gazing about. At last he asked his housekeeper to show him the study.

"Study!" cried the woman, "what study? There is no study in this house now, nor any books."

"No," said his niece. "When you were away, a famous enchanter came along, mounted on a dragon, and he went into your study. What he did there we know not. But after a time he flew out of the roof, leaving the house full of smoke, and ever since then we have not been able to find either books or study."

"Ha!" said Don Quixote. "That must have been Freston. He is a famous enchanter, and my bitter enemy. But when I am again well I shall get the better of him."

III

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA STARTED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR ADVENTURES; AND HOW DON QUIXOTE FOUGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS

For some weeks the poor Knight stayed very quietly at home. But he had not forgotten the things for which he had come back to his village.

There was a farm laborer who lived near by, a fat, good-natured, simple man. To him Don Quixote talked long and often, and made many promises; among others that if he would but come with him as squire, he should be made governor of any island which the Knight might happen to conquer during his search after adventures.

This seemed so grand a thing to the man (whose name was Sancho Panza), that he willingly promised to come.

Having got together some money, and having made other preparations, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza one dark night stole out of the village without a word to any one, and began their adventures.

Don Quixote rode "Rozinante;" Sancho Panza was mounted on an ass. That his squire should ride an ass at first troubled the Knight not a little, for in none of his books could he remember

to have read of any squire being so mounted. However, he gave Sancho leave to bring the ass, thinking that in no great time a better mount would surely be found for him.

As they rode along in the cool of the morning, Sancho Panza spoke to his master about their journey, and asked him to be sure not to forget his promise about the governorship of the island.

"It may even happen," answered Don Quixote, "that I may by some strange chance conquer a kingdom. And then presently, I may be able to crown thee King."

"Why," said Sancho, "if by some such miracle as your worship speaks of, I am made a King, then would my wife be Queen?"

"Certainly," answered Don Quixote, "who can doubt it?"

"I doubt it," replied Sancho, "for I think if it should rain kingdoms upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well on my wife's head. For I must tell you, sir, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a Queen of. No, no! countess will be quite good enough; that's as much as she could well manage."

"Nay," said Don Quixote, "leave the matter in the hands of Providence, and be not tempted by anything less than the title of Viceroy."

Thus talking, they came over the brow of a hill, and looking down on the plain below, Don Quixote saw there thirty or forty windmills.

"Ha!" cried he. "Fortune directs our affairs better than we ourselves could do. Look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at at least thirty outrageous giants whom I must now fight."

"Giants!" gasped Sancho Panza, "what giants?"

"Those whom you see over there with their long arms," answered Don Quixote. "Some of that horrible race, I have heard, have arms near two leagues in length."

"But, sir," said Sancho, "these are no giants. They are only windmills, and the things you think are arms are but their sails, whereby the wind drives them."

"That is but a sign," answered Don Quixote, "whereby

one may see how little you know of adventures. I tell you they are giants: and I shall fight against them all. If you are afraid, go aside and say your prayers."

So saying, and without paying any heed to the bawlings of Sancho Panza, he put spurs to his horse and galloped furiously at the windmills, shouting aloud, "Stand, cowards! stand your ground, and fly not from a single Knight."

Just at this moment the wind happened to rise, causing the arms of the windmills to move.

"Base scoundrels!" roared the Knight, "though you wave as many arms as the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your pride."

And with couched lance, and covering himself with his shield, he rushed "Rozinante" at top speed on the nearest windmill. Round whirled the sails, and as Don Quixote's lance pierced one of them, horse and man were sent rolling on the ground. There Sancho Panza came to help his sorely bruised master.

"Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I tell you they were windmills?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "It is the fortune of war. I know very well it is that accursed wizard Freston, the enemy who took from me my study and my books, who has changed these giants into windmills to take from me the honor of the victory. But in the end I shall yet surely get the better of him."

"Amen! say I" quoth Sancho: and heaving the poor Knight on to his legs, once more he got him seated on "Rozinante."

As they now rode along, it was a great sorrow to Don Quixote that his spear had been broken to pieces in this battle with the windmill.

"I have read," said he to Sancho, "that a certain Spanish knight, having broken his sword in a fight, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a great branch, and with it did such wonderful deeds that he was ever after called "The Bruiser." I tell you this because I intend to tear up the next oak-tree we meet, and you may think yourself fortunate that you will see the deeds I shall perform with it."

HORSE AND MAN WERE SENT ROLLING ON THE GROUND.

"Heaven grant you may!" said Sancho. "But, an' it please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you are all to one side. But that, mayhap, comes from your hurts?"

"It does so," answered Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though they be killing him."

"I have no more to say," replied Sancho. "Yet Heaven knows I should be glad to hear your honor complain a bit, now and then, when something ails you. For my part, I always cry out when I'm hurt, and I am glad the rule about not complaining doesn't extend to squires."

That night they spent under the trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore down a branch, to which he fixed the point of his spear, and in some sort that served him for a lance. Don Quixote neither ate nor slept all the night, but passed his time, as he had learned from his books that a knight should do, in thoughts of the Lady Dulcinea. As for Sancho Panza, he had brought with him a big bottle of wine, and some food in his wallet, and he stuffed himself as full as he could hold, and slept like a top.

As they rode along next day, they came to the Pass of Lapice.

"Here, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "is the spot where adventures should begin. Now may we hope to thrust our hands, as it were, up to the very elbows in adventures. But remember this! However sore pressed and in danger I may be when fighting with another knight, you must not offer to draw your sword to help me. It is against the laws of chivalry for a squire to attack a knight."

"Never fear me, master," said Sancho. "I'll be sure to obey you; I have ever loved peace. But if a knight offers to set upon me first, there is no rule forbidding me to hit him back, is there?"

"None," answered Don Quixote, "only do not help me."

"I will not," said Sancho. "Never trust me if I don't keep that commandment as well as I do the Sabbath."

IV

HOW DON QUIXOTE WON A HELMET; HOW HE FOUGHT WITH TWO ARMIES; AND HOW SANCHO'S ASS WAS STOLEN

Many were the adventures that now befell Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. In the very first, wherein he fought with a man from Biscay, whom he left lying in a pool of blood, Don Quixote lost part of his helmet, and had the half of one of his ears sliced off by the Biscayan's sword. The accident to the helmet was a great grief to him, and he swore an oath that until he had taken from some other knight as good a helmet as that which was now made useless to him, he would never again eat his food on a table-cloth.

One day as they rode along a highway between two villages Don Quixote halted and looked eagerly at something.

"Sancho," said he, "dost thou not see yonder knight that comes riding this way on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"Not a thing can I see," answered Sancho, "but a fellow on just such another ass as mine, with something that glitters on top of his head."

"Can you not see," asked Don Quixote, "that it is a helmet? Do you stand back, and let me deal with him. Soon now shall I possess myself of the helmet that I need."

Now, in those far-away days, when doctors were few, if anybody needed to be bled for a fever or any other illness (for it was then thought that "letting blood" was the cure for most illnesses), it was the custom for the barber to bleed the sick person. For the purpose of catching the blood that ran from a vein when it had been cut, a brass dish was carried, a dish with part of it cut away from one side, so that it might the more easily be held close to the patient's arm or body. A small dish like this you may sometimes still see hanging as a sign at the end of a pole outside barbers' shops. Barbers in those days of old were called barber-surgeons, for the reason that they bled people, as well as shaved them or cut their hair.

And the truth of the matter was this, that the man whom Don Quixote now believed to be a knight, wearing a golden helmet, was a barber riding on his ass to bleed a sick man. And because it was raining, he had put his brass dish on his head, in order to keep his new hat from being spoiled.

Don Quixote did not wait to speak to the man, but, couching his lance, galloped at him as hard as "Rozinante" could go, shouting as he rode, "Defend thyself, base wretch!"

The barber no sooner saw this terrible figure charging down on him, than, to save himself from being run through, he flung himself on to the ground, and then jumping to his feet, ran for his life, leaving his ass and the brass basin behind him. Then Don Quixote ordered Sancho to pick up the helmet.

"O' my word," said Sancho, as he gave it to his master, "it is a fine basin."

Don Quixote at once put it on his head, saying, "It is a famous helmet, but the head for which it was made must have been of great size. The worst of it is that at least one-half of it is gone. What is the fool grinning at now?" he cried, as Sancho laughed.

"Why, master," answered Sancho, "it is a barber's basin."

"It has indeed some likeness to a basin," said Don Quixote, "but I tell you it is an enchanted helmet of pure gold, and for the sake of a little wretched money some one has melted down the half of it. When we come to a town where there is an armorer, I will have it altered to fit my head. Meantime I shall wear it as it is."

As they rode along one day talking of many things, Don Quixote beheld a cloud of dust rising right before them.

"Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho?" he asked. "It is raised by a great army marching this way."

"Why, master," said Sancho, "there must be two armies there, for yonder is just such another cloud of dust."

The knight looked, and was overjoyed, believing that two armies were about to meet and fight in the plain.

"What are we to do, master?" asked Sancho.

"Do!" said Don Quixote, "why, what can we do but help the weaker side? Look yonder, Sancho, that knight whom thou

seest in the gilded armor, with a lion crouching at the feet of a lady painted on his shield, that is the valiant Laurcalco. That other, the giant on his right, Brandabarbaran." And he ran over a long list of names of knights whom he believed that he saw.

Sancho listened, as dumb as a fish; but at last he gasped, "Why, master, you might as well tell me that it snows. Never a knight, nor a giant, nor a man can I see."

"How!" answered Don Quixote, "canst thou not hear their horses neigh, and their drums beating?"

"Drums!" said Sancho. "Not I! I hear only the bleating of sheep."

"Since you are afraid," said the Knight, "stand aside, and I will go by myself to fight."

With that, he galloped down on to the plain, shouting, leaving Sancho bawling to him, "Hold, sir! Stop! For Heaven's sake come back. As sure as I'm a sinner, they are only harmless sheep. Come back, I say!"

But Don Quixote, paying not the least heed, galloped on furiously and charged into the middle of the sheep, spearing them right and left, trampling the living and the dead under "Rozinante's" feet. The shepherds, finding that he took no notice of their shouts, now hurled stones at him from their slings, and one big stone presently hit the Knight fair in his ribs and doubled him up in the saddle.

Gasping for breath, with all speed Don Quixote got from his wallet a bottle filled with a mixture he had made, a mixture which he firmly believed to be a certain cure for all wounds. Of this he took a long gulp, but just at that moment another big stone hit him such a rap on the mouth that the bottle was smashed into a thousand pieces, and half of his teeth were knocked out.

Down dropped the Knight on the ground, and the shepherds thinking that he was killed, ran away, taking with them seven dead sheep which he had slain.

Sancho Panza found his master in a very bad way, with nearly all the teeth gone from one side of his mouth, and with a terrible pain under his ribs.

"Ah! master," he said, "I told you they were sheep. Why would not you listen to me?"

"Sheep! Sancho. No, no! There is nothing so easy for a wizard like Freston as to change things from one shape to the other. I will wager if you now mount your ass and ride over the hill after them, you will find no sheep there, but the knights and squires come back to their own shape, and the armies marching as when we first saw them."

Now, after this and many other adventures (about which, perhaps, you may some day read for yourself), Don Quixote and Sancho Panza rode away into the mountains, for the Knight was sorely in need of a quiet place in which to rest.

So weary were he and his squire, that one night, when they had ridden into a wood, and it chanced that the horse and the ass stood still, both Don Quixote and Sancho Panza fell sound asleep without even getting out of their saddles. There sat the Knight, leaning on his lance; and Sancho, doubled over the pommel, snored as loud as if he had been in a four-post feather bed.

It happened that a wandering thief saw them as he passed.

"Now," thought he, "I want something to ride upon, for I'm tired of walking in these abominable mountains. Here's a chance of a good ass. But how am I to get it, without waking its master?"

Very quietly he cut four long sticks. One after the other he placed these under each side of Sancho's saddle; then loosening the girths, he gradually raised the sticks till the saddle was clear of the animal's back.

Gently, in the moonlight, he led the tired ass away, and Sancho, undisturbed, snored on.

When it was broad daylight, the squire awoke, and without opening his eyes, stretched himself. Down fell the sticks; down with a terrible bump fell Sancho.

"Body o' me!" he yelled, "where is my ass?' And with many tears he searched high and low, but no ass was then to be found, nor for many months afterwards. And how at last Sancho got back the ass you must read for yourself in the History of Don Quixote. For yourself, too, you must read of

Don Quixote's adventures in the mountains; how he there did penance; and of many other things, till at last the Curate and the Barber of La Mancha took him home in a cart which the Knight believed to be an enchanted chariot.

V

HOW DON QUIXOTE SAW DULCINEA

Now a third time did Don Quixote set off on his search for adventures, and as he and Sancho Panza rode again away from their village, it seemed to Don Quixote that certainly it was his duty as a knight-errant to visit the Mistress of his Heart, the beautiful Dulcinea.

It was midnight when they reached Toboso, and the whole town was still, everybody in bed and asleep.

"Lead me to her palace, Sancho," said Don Quixote.

"Palace?" cried Sancho. "What palace do you mean? Body o' me! When last I saw her, she lived in a little cottage in a blind alley. And even if it were a palace, we can't go and thunder at the door at this time o' night."

"When we find it, I will tell thee what to do. But, here! What is this?" said the Knight, riding up to a huge building, and knocking at the door. "This indeed, without doubt, must be her palace."

But it was only the great Church of Toboso. Hunt as he would, he found no Dulcinea's palace, and as morning began to break, Sancho persuaded him to come and rest in a grove of trees two miles outside the town. From there Sancho was again sent to look for Dulcinea, bearing many messages from his sorrowful master.

"Cheer up, sir," said Sancho. "I'll be back in a trice. Don't be cast down. Faint heart never won fair lady."

And Sancho rode away, leaving the Knight sitting on his horse, very full of melancholy. But he had not ridden far, when, turning round and finding that his master was no longer in sight, the squire dismounted, and lying down under a shady tree, began to think the matter over.

"Friend Sancho," said he to himself, "what's this you are doing?"

"Why, hunting for a Princess, who, my master says, is the Sun of Beauty, and all sorts of other fine things, and who lives in a King's palace, or great castle, somewhere or other."

"And how are you going to find her?"

"Why, it's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, to look for Dulcinea all over Toboso. My master's mad, there's no doubt of that; and perhaps I'm not very much better, for they say birds of a feather flock together. But if he's so mad as to mistake windmills for giants, and flocks of sheep for armies, why, it shouldn't be so very hard to make him believe that the first country lass I meet is the Lady Dulcinea. If he won't believe, I'll swear it, and stand to it, so that he'll think some of those wicked wizards of his have played another trick on him, and have changed her into some other shape just to spite him."

Having thus settled his plans, Sancho lay there till the evening, so that his master might think that all the day had been spent in going to and from Toboso, and in looking for Dulcinea.

As luck would have it, just as he mounted his ass to ride back to Don Quixote, he spied coming that way three country lasses mounted on asses. As soon as Sancho saw the girls, he made haste to get to his master.

"What news, Sancho?" asked the Knight. "Has your fortune been good?"

"Ay, marry has it, sir," answered Sancho, "you have no more to do but to clap spurs to 'Rozinante' and get into the open fields, and you'll meet my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso with two of her damsels coming to see you."

"Blessed Heaven!" cried the Knight. "What do you say, my dear Sancho? Is it possible?"

"Possible!" said Sancho. "Why should I play a trick on you? Come, sir, and you will see her presently, all dressed up and decked with jewels. Her damsels and she are all covered with diamonds, and rubies, and cloth of gold. And what is more, they are riding three flea-bitten gambling hags, the like of which won't be seen again."

"Ambling nags, thou meanest, Sancho," said Don Quixote.

"Well, well, master, gambling hags or ambling nags, it's all one and the same thing. Any way, I'm sure I never set eyes on more beautiful ladies than those that sit upon them."

"Let us be moving then, Sancho. And as a reward for your good news, I promise you the very best things I get in our next adventure. And if that is not enough, then I will give you the three colts that I have at home in La Mancha."

"Thank you for the colts," said Sancho. "As for the other things, I'm not sure that they will be worth so very much."

They were now out of the wood, and could see the three country lasses at a little distance.

Don Quixote looked long towards Toboso, but seeing no one anywhere but these girls, he was much troubled in his mind, and asked Sancho if he were sure that the Princess had left the city.

"Left the city!" cried Sancho. "Why where are your eyes, sir? In the name of wonder, do you not see her and her maidens coming towards us now, as bright as the sun at midday?"

"I see nothing, Sancho, but three country wenches riding on asses."

"Now Heaven help me," cried Sancho, "is it possible that you can mistake three what do you call 'ems—ambling nags as white as snow, for three asses! Pull my beard out by the roots if it is not so."

"Believe me, Sancho, they are asses."

"Come, sir," answered Sancho, "do but clear your eyes, and go and speak to the Mistress of your Heart, for she is near you now."

So saying, Sancho hurried up to one of the girls, and, jumping off his ass, fell on his knees before her, gabbling a lot of nonsense.

Don Quixote followed, and also knelt down, gazing with doubting and sorrowful eyes on the creature that Sancho had told him was the beautiful Dulcinea. He was lost in wonder, for she was a flat-nosed, blubber-cheeked, bouncing country girl, and Don Quixote could not utter a word.

"Come! get out of the way," screamed the girl, "and let us go about our business. We're in a hurry."

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote when he heard the girl's voice. "I am now convinced that misfortune has not yet finished with me. O most beautiful lady! a spiteful enchanter puts mists before my eyes, and hides from me your loveliness."

"My grandmother take him!" cried the girl. "Listen to his gibberish! Get out of the way, and let us alone." And kicking her donkey in the ribs, she galloped away with her friends. Don Quixote followed them long with his eyes.

"O the spite of those wicked enchanters!" he sighed, "to turn my beautiful Dulcinea into so vile a shape as that: to take from her the sweet and delicate scent of fragrant flowers, and give to her what she has. For, to tell the truth, Sancho, she gave me such a whiff of raw onions that it was like to upset me altogether."

"O the vile and evil-minded enchanters!" cried Sancho. "Oh that I might see the lot of you threaded on one string, and hung up in the smoke like so many herrings." And Sancho turned away to hide his laughter.

Don Quixote rode on, very sad, and letting "Rozinante" go where he pleased.

VI

HOW DON QUIXOTE FOUGHT WITH A LION; AND HOW HE DEFEATED THE MOORS

As Don Quixote and Sancho Panza went along, they were overtaken by a gentleman in a fine green coat, who rode a very good mare. This gentleman stared very hard at Don Quixote, and the two began to speak together about knight-errantry, and were so interested in what they were saying, that Sancho took the opportunity of riding over to ask for a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their ewes near at hand.

While he was thus away from his master, a wagon, on top of which fluttered little yellow and red flags, came along the road towards them. Don Quixote at once imagined this to be some new adventure, and he called to Sancho for his helmet. At

the moment, Sancho was bargaining with the shepherds for some curds. Hearing his master call, he had not time to wait till the shepherds could give him a bowl in which to carry them, and not wishing to lose his bargain (for he had paid the shepherds), he poured the curds into the Knight's helmet, and galloped off to see what his master wanted.

"Give me my helmet," said Don Quixote, "for if I know anything of my business, here is an adventure for which I must be ready."

The gentleman in green, hearing what Don Quixote said, looked everywhere, but he could see nothing except the wagon coming towards them, and as that had on it the King of Spain's colors, he thought that no doubt it was one of his Majesty's treasure-vans. He said as much to Don Quixote, but the Knight answered: "Sir, I cannot tell when, or where, or in what shape, my enemies will attack me. It is always wise to be ready. Forewarned is forearmed. Give me my helmet, Sancho!"

Snatching it out of Sancho's unwilling hands, he clapped it on his head without looking into it.

"What is this, Sancho?" he cried, as the whey ran down his face. "What is the matter with me? Is my brain melting, or am I breaking out in a cold sweat? If I am, it is not from fear. This must be a dreadful adventure that is coming. Quick, Sancho! give me something to wipe away the torrent of sweat, for I am almost blinded."

Without a word, Sancho handed to his master a cloth. Don Quixote dried himself, and then took off his helmet to see what it was that felt so cold on his head.

"What is this white stuff?" said he, putting some of the curds to his nose. "Sancho, you vile traitor, you have been putting curds in my helmet!"

"Curds!—I?" cried Sancho. "Nay, the devil must have put them there. Would I dare to make such a mess in your helmet, sir? It must have been one of those vile enchanters. Where could I get curds? I would sooner put them in my stomach than in your helmet."

"Well, that's true, I dare say," said Don Quixote. "There's something in that."

Then again he put on the helmet, and made ready for the adventure.

"Now come what may, I dare meet it," he cried.

The wagon had now come near to them. On top was seated a man, and the driver rode one of the mules that drew it. Don Quixote rode up.

"Whither go ye, my friends?" said he. "What wagon is this, and what have you in it? What is the meaning of the flags?"

"The wagon is mine," said the driver, "and I have in it a lion that is being sent to the King, and the flags are flying to let the people know that it is the King's property."

"A lion!" cried Don Quixote, "Is it a large one?"

"The biggest I ever saw," said the man on top of the wagon. "I am the keeper, and I have had charge of many lions, but I never saw one so large as this. Pray get out of the way, sir, for we must hurry on to our stopping-place. It is already past his feeding-time; he is beginning to get hungry, and they are always savage when they are hungry."

"What!" cried Don Quixote, "lion whelps against me! I'll let those gentlemen know who send lions this way, that I am not to be scared by any of their lions. So, Mr. Keeper, just jump down and open his cage, and let him out. In spite of all the enchanters in the world that have sent him to try me, I'll let the animal see who Don Quixote de la Mancha is."

Up ran Sancho to the gentleman in green.

"O good, dear sir," he cried, "don't let my master get at the lion, or we shall all be torn to pieces."

"Why," said the gentleman, "is your master so mad that you fear he'll set upon such a dangerous brute."

"Oh no, sir, he's not mad; he's only rash, very, very rash," cried Sancho.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I'll see to it," and up he went to Don Quixote, who was trying to get the keeper to open the cage.

"Sir," said he, "knight-errants ought not to engage in adventures from which there is no hope of coming off in safety. That is more like madness than courage. Besides, this is the

King's wagon; it will never do to stop that. And after all, the lion has not been sent against you; it is a present to the King."

"Pray, sir," cried Don Quixote, "will you attend to your own business? This is mine, and I know best whether this lion has been sent against me or not. Now you, sir," he cried to the keeper, "either open that cage at once, or I'll pin you to your wagon with my spear."

"For mercy's sake, sir," cried the driver, "do but let me take my mules out of harm's way before the lion gets out. My cart and my mules are all I have in the world, and I shall be ruined if harm comes to them."

"Take them out quickly, then," said Don Quixote, "and take them where you please."

On this the driver made all the haste he could to unharness his mules, while the keeper called aloud, "Take notice, everybody, that it is against my will that I am forced to let loose the lion, and that this gentleman here is to blame for all the damage that will be done. Get out of the way, everybody: look out for yourselves."

Once more the gentleman in green tried to persuade Don Quixote not to be so foolish, but the Knight only said, "I know very well what I am doing. If you are afraid, and do not care to see the fight, just put spurs to your mare and take yourself where you think you will be safe."

Sancho now hurried up, and with tears in his eyes begged his master not to put himself in so great danger, but Don Quixote only said, "Take yourself away, Sancho, and leave me alone. If I am killed, go, as I have so often told you, to the beautiful Dulcinea, and tell her—you know what to tell her."

The gentleman in green, finding that words were thrown away on Don Quixote, now quickly followed the driver, who had hastily taken his mules as far away as he could beyond the brow of the hill. Sancho hurried after them at the top speed of his ass, kicking him in the ribs all the while to make him go even faster, and loudly bewailing his master's coming death. The keeper made one more attempt to turn Don Quixote from his folly, but again finding it useless, very unwillingly opened the cage door.

Meantime the Knight had been thinking whether it would be best to fight the lion on foot or on horseback, and he had made up his mind to fight on foot, for the reason that "Rozinante" would probably be too much afraid to face the lion. So he got off his horse, drew his sword, and holding his shield in front of him, marched slowly up to the cage. The keeper, having thrown the door wide open, now quickly got himself out of harm's way.

The lion, seeing the cage open, and Don Quixote standing in front, turned round and stretched out his great paws. Then he opened his enormous mouth, and, letting out a tongue as long as a man's arm, licked the dust off his face. Now rising to his feet, he thrust his head out of the door and glared around with eyes like burning coals.

It was a sight to make any man afraid; but Don Quixote calmly waited for the animal to jump out and come within reach of his sword.

The lion looked at him for a moment with its great yellow eyes—then, slowly turning, it strolled to the back of the cage, gave a long, weary yawn, and lay quietly down.

"Force him to come out," cried Don Quixote to the keeper, "beat him."

"Not I," said the man. "I dare not for my life. He would tear me to pieces. And let me advise you, sir, to be content with your day's work. I beseech you, go no further. You have shown how brave you are. No man can be expected to do more than challenge his enemy and wait ready for him. If he does not come, the fault and the disgrace are his."

"'Tis true," said the Knight. "Shut the door, my friend, and give me the best certificate you can of what you have seen me do; how you opened the door, and how I waited for the lion to come out, and how he turned tail and lay down. I am obliged to do no more."

So saying, Don Quixote put on the end of his spear the cloth with which he had wiped the curds from his face, and began to wave to the others to come back.

"I'll be hanged," cried Sancho when he saw this signal, "if my master has not killed the lion." And they all hurried up to the wagon where the keeper gave them a long account of

what had happened, adding, that when he got to court he would tell the King of Don Quixote's bravery.

"If his Majesty should happen to ask who did this thing, tell him," said Don Quixote, "that it was the Knight of the Lions, for that is the name by which I shall now call myself."

Sancho and his master now rode with the gentleman in green to his house, where they stopped some days, to the great contentment of Sancho. And of the wedding at which they were present, of the feast where Sancho so greatly enjoyed himself, as well as of other matters, you must read for yourself.

When the Knight and his squire again began their travels, it chanced that they stopped one night at an inn. To this inn, while Don Quixote was outside, waiting for supper, there came a man, all dressed in chamois leather, and wearing over his left eye, and part of his face, a green patch.

"Have you any lodgings, landlord?" he cried in a loud voice; "for here comes the fortune-telling ape, and the great puppet-show of Melisendra's Deliverance."

"Why, bless me!" cried the innkeeper, "if here isn't Master Peter. Now we shall have a merry night of it. You are welcome, with all my heart. Where is the ape, Peter?"

"Coming presently," said Master Peter. "I only came on before to see if lodgings were to be had."

"Lodgings!" cried the landlord. "Why, I'd turn out the Duke of Alva himself rather than you should want room. Bring on the monkey and the show, for I have guests in the inn to-night who will pay well to see the performance."

"That's good news," said Peter, going off to hurry up his cart.

"Who is this Peter?" asked Don Quixote.

"Why, sir," answered the landlord, "he has been going about the country this long time with his play of Melisendra and Don Gayferos, one of the very best shows that ever was seen. Then he has the cleverest ape in the world. You have only to ask it a question and it will jump on its master's shoulder and whisper the answer in his ear, and then Master Peter will tell you what it says. It's true, he isn't always right, but he so often hits the nail on the head that we sometimes think Satan is in him."

Don Quixote no sooner saw the ape, than he marched up to it, and asked a question.

"Ah!" said Master Peter, "the animal can't tell what is going to happen; only what has already happened."

"I wouldn't give a brass centesimo," cried Sancho, "to know what is past. Who can tell that better than myself? Tell me what my wife Teresa is doing at home just now."

Master Peter tapped his shoulder: the ape at once sprang on to it, and putting its head at his ear, began to chatter—as apes do—for a minute. Then it skipped down again, and immediately Master Peter ran to Don Quixote and fell on his knees before him.

"O glorious restorer of knight-errantry!" he cried, "who can say enough in praise of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the comfort of the afflicted and unhappy?"

Don Quixote was amazed at these words, for he was certain that he was unknown to any one at the inn. He did not guess that Master Peter was a clever rogue, who, before giving a performance, always made it his business to find out about those who were likely to be looking on.

As for Sancho, he quaked with fear.

"And thou, honest Sancho," went on Master Peter, "the best squire to the best knight in the world, be not unhappy about your wife. She is well, and at this moment is dressing flax. By the same token, she has at her left hand, to cheer her, a broken-mouthed jug of wine."

"That's like enough," said Sancho.

"Well," cried Don Quixote, "if I had not seen it with my own eyes, nothing should have made me believe that apes have the gift of second sight. I am in very truth the Don Quixote de la Mancha that this wonderful animal has told you about."

But he was not quite pleased at the idea of the ape having such powers, and taking Sancho aside he spoke to him seriously on the subject.

While they spoke, the showman came to tell them that the puppet-show was now ready to begin, and Don Quixote and Sancho went into the room where it stood, with candles burning all round it. Master Peter got inside in order to move the

puppets, and a boy standing in front explained what was going on.

The story that was acted by the puppets was that of a certain Don Gayferos, who rescued his wife Melisendra from captivity by the Moors in the city of Saragossa. Melisendra was imprisoned in the castle, and the story goes that Don Gayferos, when riding past, in his search, spied her on the balcony. Melisendra, with the help of a rope, lets herself down to her husband, mounts behind him, and the two gallop away from the city. But Melisendra's flight has been noticed, and the city bells ring an alarm. The Moors rush out like angry wasps, start in pursuit, and the capture and death of Don Gayferos and Melisendra seem certain.

Don Quixote listened and looked with growing excitement and anger, but when he saw the Moors gallop in pursuit and about to close on Don Gayferos and Melisendra, he could keep quiet no longer. Starting up, "It shall never be said," cried he "that in my presence I suffered such a wrong to be done to so famous a knight as Don Gayferos. Stop your unjust pursuit, ye base rascals! Stop! or prepare to meet me in battle."

Then, drawing his sword, with one spring he fell with fury on the Moors, hacking some in pieces, beheading others, and sending the rest flying into every corner. And had not Master Peter ducked and squatted down on the ground behind part of the show, Don Quixote would certainly have chopped off his head also.

"Hold! hold, sir!" cried Master Peter, "for mercy's sake, hold! These are not real Moors. You will ruin me if you destroy my show."

But Don Quixote paid not the slightest heed. He went on slashing and hacking till the whole show was a wreck. Everybody ran to get out of harm's way, and the ape scampered, chattering, on to the roof of the house. Sancho himself quaked with fear, for he had never before seen his master in such a fury.

All the puppet Moors being now cut to pieces, Don Quixote became calmer, saying aloud, "How miserable had been the fate of poor Don Gayferos and Melisendra his wife if I had not been

in time to save them from those infidel Moors! Long live knight-errantry!"

"Ay, ay," moaned Master Peter in a doleful voice, "it may live long enough. As for me, I may as well die, for I am a ruined man and a beggar now."

Sancho Panza took pity on the showman.

"Come, come! Master Peter," said he, "don't cry. Don't be cast down. My master will pay you when he comes to know that he has done you an injury."

"Truly," said Peter, "if his honor will pay for my puppets, I'll ask no more."

"How!" cried Don Quixote. "I do not see that I have injured you, good Master Peter."

"Not injured me!" cried Master Peter. "Do but look at those figures lying there, all hacked to bits."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "now I know for certain a truth I have suspected before, that those accursed enchanters do nothing but put before my eyes things as they are, and then presently after change them as they please. Really and truly gentlemen, I vow and protest that all that was acted here seemed to me to be real. I could not contain my fury, and I acted as I thought was my duty. But if Master Peter will tell me the value of the figures, I will pay for them all."

"Heaven bless your worship!" whined Master Peter. But had Don Quixote known that this same Master Peter was the very man who stole Sancho Panza's ass, perhaps he might have paid him in another way.

VII

THE BATTLE WITH THE BULLS; THE FIGHT WITH THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON; AND HOW DON QUIXOTE DIED

Soon after this, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza rode forth in search of other adventures.

They had ridden no great way when they happened upon some young people who had gaily dressed themselves as shepherds

and shepherdesses, and were having a picnic in the woods. These people invited Don Quixote and Sancho to join their feast.

When they had eaten and drunk, the Knight rose, and said that there was no sin worse than that of ingratitude, and that to show how grateful he was for the kindness that had been shown to him and to Sancho, he had only one means in his power.

"Therefore," said he, "I will maintain for two whole days, in the middle of this high road leading to Saragossa, that these ladies here, disguised as shepherdesses, are the most beautiful damsels in the world, except only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my heart."

So, mounting "Rozinante" he rode into the middle of the highway and there took his stand, ready to challenge all comers. He had sat there no long time when there appeared on the road coming towards him a number of riders, some with spears in their hands, all riding very fast and close together. In front of them thundered a drove of wild bulls, bellowing and tossing their horns. At once all the shepherds and the shepherdesses ran behind trees, but Don Quixote sat bravely where he was.

When the horsemen came near, "Get out of the way!" bawled one of them. "Stand clear, or these bulls will have you in pieces in no time."

"Halt, scoundrels!" roared the Knight. "What are bulls to Don Quixote de la Mancha, if they were the fiercest that ever lived? Stop, hangdogs!"

But the herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way had he wanted to do so, for before any one knew what was happening, the bulls had run right over him and "Rozinante," leaving them and Sancho and "Dapple," his ass, stunned and bruised, rolling in the dust.

As soon as Don Quixote came to his senses he got up in great haste, stumbling here and falling there, and began to run after the herd.

"Stop, you scoundrels!" he bawled. "Stop! It is a single knight that defies you."

THE BULLS HAD RUN RIGHT OVER HIM AND ROZINANTE

But no one took the least notice of him, and he sat sadly down on the road, waiting till Sancho brought "Rozinante" to him. Then master and man went on their way, Don Quixote sore ashamed of his defeat, hurt as much in mind as in body.

That evening they dismounted at the door of an inn, and put up "Rozinante" and "Dapple" in the stable. Sancho asked the landlord what he could give them for supper.

"Why," said the man, "you may have anything you choose to call for. The inn can provide fowls of the air, birds of the earth, and fishes of the sea."

"There's no need for all that," said Sancho. "If you roast a couple of chickens it will be enough, for my master eats but little, and for myself, I have no great appetite."

"Chickens?" said the host. "I am sorry I have no chickens just now. The hawks have killed them all."

"Well, then, roast us a pullet, if it be tender."

"A pullet? Well, now, that is unlucky. I sent away fifty to the market only yesterday. But, putting pullets aside, ask for anything you like."

"Why, then," said Sancho, pondering, "let us have some veal, or a bit of kid."

"Sorry sir, we are just out of veal and kid also. Next week we shall have enough and to spare."

"That helps us nicely," said Sancho. "But at any rate, let us have some eggs and bacon."

"Eggs!" cried the landlord. "Now didn't I tell him I had no hens or pullets, and how then can I have eggs? No, no! Ask for anything you please in the way of dainties, but don't ask for hens."

"Body o' me!" said Sancho, "let us have something. Tell me what you have, and have done."

"Well, what I really and truly have is a pair of cow-heels that look like calves'-feet, or a pair of calves'-feet that look like cow-heels. You can have that and some bacon."

"They are mine," cried Sancho. "I don't care whether they are feet or heels."

And as Don Quixote had supper with some other guests who

carried with them their own cook and their own larder, Sancho and the landlord supped well on the cow-heels.

Some days after this, the Knight and his squire reached Barcelona. Neither of them had ever before been near the sea, and the galleys that they saw in the distance being rowed about in the bay sorely puzzled Sancho, who thought that the oars were their legs, and that they must be some strange kind of beast.

Now, one morning, when Don Quixote rode out, fully armed as usual, to take the air on the seashore, he saw a knight riding towards him, armed like himself, and having a bright moon painted on his shield. As soon as this knight came within hearing he halted, and in a loud voice called out:

"Illustrious Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, of whose doings you may have heard. I am come to fight with you and to make you own that the Lady of my Heart, whoever she may be, is more beautiful by far than the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Which truth, if you will confess, I will not slay you. And if we fight, and I should conquer you, then I ask no more than that you shall go to your own home, and for the space of one year give up carrying arms or searching for adventures. But if you should conquer me, then my head shall be at your disposal, my horse and arms shall be your spoils, and the fame of my deeds shall be yours. Consider what I say, and let your answer be quick."

Don Quixote was amazed at hearing these words.

"Knight of the White Moon," said he very solemnly, "the fame of whose doings has not yet come to my ears, I dare swear that thou hast never seen the beautiful Dulcinea, for hadst thou ever viewed her, thou wouldst have been careful not to make this challenge. The sight of her would have made thee know that there never has been, nor can be, beauty to match hers. And therefore, without giving thee the lie, I only tell thee thou art mistaken. I accept your challenge, on your conditions, and at once, except that I am content with the fame of my own deeds, and want not yours. Choose then whichever side of the field you please, and let us set to."

The two knights then turned their horses to take ground

for their charge, but at this moment up rode, with some friends, the Governor of the city of Barcelona, who knew Don Quixote, and who fancied that perhaps this was some new trick being played on him. The Governor, seeing both knights ready to turn for their charge, asked the Knight of the White Moon what was the cause of the combat, and having heard his answer, could not believe that the affair was not a joke, and so stood aside.

Instantly the two knights charged at top speed. But the horse of the Knight of the White Moon was by far the bigger and heavier and faster, and he came with such a shock into poor old "Rozinante" that Don Quixote and his horse were hurled to the ground with terrible force, and lay stunned and helpless. In a moment the Knight of the White Moon was off his horse and holding his spear at Don Quixote's throat.

"Yield, Sir Knight!" he cried, "or you are a dead man."

Don Quixote, sorely hurt, but with steadfast look, gasped in a faint voice:

"I do not yield. Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the whole world. Press on with your spear, Sir Knight, and kill me."

"Nay," said the Knight of the White Moon. "That will I not do. I am content if the great Don Quixote return to his home for a year, as we agreed before we fought."

And Don Quixote answered very faintly that as nothing was asked of him to the hurt of Dulcinea, he would carry out all the rest faithfully and truly. The Knight of the White Moon then galloped away toward the city, where one of the Governor's friends followed him, in order to find out who he was. The victorious knight was Samson Carrasco, who, some months before, had fought with and had been beaten by Don Quixote. And he explained to the Governor's friend that all he wanted in fighting was, not to harm Don Quixote, but to make him promise to go home, and stop there for a year, by which time he hoped that his madness about knight-errantry might be cured.

They raised Don Quixote and took off his helmet. His face was very pale, and he was covered with a cold sweat. "Rozi-

nante" was in as bad plight as his master, and lay where he had fallen. Sancho, in great grief, could speak no word, and knew not what to do; to him it was all as a bad dream.

Don Quixote was carried on a stretcher to the town, where for a week he lay in bed without ever raising his head, stricken to the soul by the disgrace of his defeat.

Sancho tried to comfort him.

"Pluck up your heart and be of good cheer, sir," he cried, "and thank Heaven you have broken no bones. They that give must take. Let us go home and give up looking for adventures."

"After all, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "it is only for a year. After that I can begin again, and perhaps then I may be able to make thee an Earl."

"Heaven grant it" said Sancho.

So when the Knight was once more able to move they set out for home, Don Quixote riding "Rozinante" Sancho walking, for "Dapple" carried the armor.

But all the way Don Quixote did not recover from his melancholy, and when at last they reached his village:

"Help me to bed," he said, "for I think that I am not very well."

He was put to bed, and carefully nursed. But a fever had taken hold of him, and for many days Sancho Panza never left his master's bedside. On the sixth day, the doctor told him he was in great danger. Don Quixote listened very calmly, and then asked that he might be left by himself for a little—he had a mind to sleep. His niece and Sancho left the room weeping bitterly, and Don Quixote fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, with a firm voice he cried:

"Blessed be God! My mind is is now clear, and the clouds have rolled away which those detestable books of knight-errantry cast over me. Now can I see their nonsense and deceit. I am at the point of death, and I would meet it so that I may not leave behind me the character of a madman. Send for the lawyer, that I may make my will."

Excepting only a small sum of money which he gave to Sancho Panza, he left all to his niece.

Thereafter he fell back in bed, and lay unconscious and without movement till the third day, when death very gently took him.

So died Don Quixote de la Mancha, a good man and a brave gentleman to the end.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

By JONATHAN SWIFT

ADAPTED BY JOHN LANG

I

GULLIVER'S BIRTH AND EARLY VOYAGES

TWO hundred years ago, a great deal of the world as we now know it was still undiscovered; there were yet very many islands, small and great, on which the eyes of white men had never looked, seas in which nothing bigger than an Indian canoe had ever sailed.

A voyage in those days was not often a pleasant thing, for ships then were very bluff-bowed and slow-sailing, and, for a long voyage, very ill-provided with food. There were no tinned meats two hundred years ago, no luxuries for use even in the cabin. Sailors lived chiefly on salt junk, as hard as leather, on biscuit that was generally as much weevil as biscuit, and the water that they drank was evil-smelling and bad when it had been long in the ship's casks.

So, when a man said good-by to his friends and sailed away into the unknown, generally very many years passed before he came back—if ever he came back at all. For the dangers of the seas were then far greater than they now are, and if a ship was not wrecked some dark night on an unknown island or uncharted reef, there was always the probability of meeting a pirate vessel and of having to fight for life and liberty. Steam has nowadays nearly done away with pirates, except on the China coast and in a few other out-of-the-way places. But things were different long ago, before steamers were invented; and sailors then, when they came home, had many very surprising things to tell their friends, many astonish-

HE FOUND THAT HIS ARMS AND LEGS WERE TIGHTLY FASTENED TO THE GROUND

ing adventures to speak of, among the strange peoples that they said they had met in far-off lands. One man, who saw more wonderful things than any one else, was named Lemuel Gulliver, and I will try to tell you a little about one of his voyages.

Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, and when he was only fourteen years old he was sent to Emanuel College, Cambridge. There he remained till he was seventeen, but his father had not money enough to keep him any longer at the University. So, as was then the custom for those who meant to become doctors, he was bound apprentice to a surgeon in London, under whom he studied for four years. But all the time, as often as his father sent him money, he spent some of it in learning navigation (which means the art of finding your way across the sea, far from land). He had always had a great longing to travel, and he thought that a knowledge of navigation would be of use to him if he should happen to go a voyage.

After leaving London, he went to Germany, and there studied medicine for some years, with the view of being appointed surgeon of a ship. And by the help of his late master in London, such a post he did get on board the "Swallow" on which vessel he made several voyages. But tiring of this, he settled in London, and, having married, began practise as a doctor.

He did not, however, make much money at that, and so for six years he again went to sea as a surgeon, sailing both to the East and to the West Indies.

Again tiring of the sea, he once more settled on shore, this time at Wapping, because in that place there are always many sailors, and he hoped to make money by doctoring them.

But this turned out badly, and on May 4, 1699, he sailed from Bristol for the South Seas as surgeon of a ship named the "Antelope."

II

GULLIVER IS WRECKED ON THE COAST OF LILLIPUT

At first, everything went well, but after leaving the South Seas, when steering for the East Indies, the ship was driven by a great storm far to the south. The gale lasted so long that

twelve of the crew died from the effects of the hard work and the bad food, and all the others were worn out and weak. On a sailing ship, when the weather is very heavy, all hands have to be constantly on deck, and there is little rest for the men. Perhaps a sail, one of the few that can still be carried in such a gale, may be blown to ribbons by the furious wind, and a new one has to be bent on.

The night, perhaps, is dark, the tattered canvas is thrashing with a noise like thunder, the ship burying her decks under angry black seas every few minutes. The men's hands are numb with the cold and the wet, and the hard, dangerous work aloft. There is no chance of going below when their job is done, to "turn in" between warm, dry blankets in a snug berth. Possibly even those who belong to the "watch below" may have to remain on deck. Or, if they have the good fortune to be allowed to go below, they may no sooner have dropped off asleep (rolled round in blankets which perhaps have been wet ever since the gale began) than there is a thump, thump overhead, and one of the watch on deck bellows down the forecastle-hatch, "All hands shorten sail." And out they must tumble again, once more to battle with the hungry, roaring seas and the raging wind. So, when there has been a long spell of bad weather, it is no wonder that the men are worn out. And when, as was the case with Gulliver's ship, the food also is bad, it is easy to understand why so many of the crew had died.

It was on the 5th of November, the beginning of summer in latitudes south of the equator. The storm had not yet cleared off, and the weather was very thick, the wind coming in furious squalls that drove the ship along at great speed, when suddenly from the lookout man came a wild cry—"Breakers ahead!"

But so close had the vessel come to the rocks before they were seen through the thick driving spray, that immediately, with a heavy plunge, she crashed into the reef, and split her bows.

Gulliver and six of the crew lowered a boat and got clear of the wreck and of the breakers. But the men were so weak from overwork that they could not handle the boat in such a sea, and very soon, during a fierce squall, she sank. What became of the men Gulliver never knew, for he saw none of them again.

Probably they were drowned at once, for they were too weak to keep long afloat in a sea breaking so heavily.

And indeed, Gulliver himself was like to have been lost. He swam till no strength or feeling was left in his arms and legs, swam bravely, his breath coming in great sobs, his eyes blinded with the salt seas that broke over his head. Still he struggled on, utterly spent, until at last, in a part where the wind seemed to have less force, and the seas swept over him less furiously, on letting down his legs he found that he was within his depth. But the shore shelved so gradually that for nearly a mile he had to wade wearily through shallow water, till, fainting almost with fatigue, he reached dry land.

By this time darkness was coming on, and there were no signs of houses or of people. He staggered forward but a little distance, and then, on the short, soft turf, sank down exhausted and slept.

When he woke, the sun was shining, and he tried to rise; but not by any means could he stir hand or foot. Gulliver had fallen asleep lying on his back, and now he found that his arms and legs were tightly fastened to the ground. Across his body were numbers of thin but strong cords, and even his hair, which was very long, was pegged down so securely that he could not turn his head.

All round about him there was a confused sound of voices, but he could see nothing except the sky, and the sun shone so hot and fierce into his eyes that he could scarcely keep them open.

Soon he felt something come gently up his left leg, and forward on to his breast almost to his chin. Looking down as much as possible, he saw standing there a very little man, not more than six inches high, armed with a bow and arrows.

Then many more small men began to swarm over him. Gulliver let out such a roar of wonder and fright that they all turned and ran, many of them getting bad falls in their hurry to get out of danger. But very quickly the little people came back again.

This time, with a great struggle Gulliver managed to break the cords that fastened his left arm, and at the same time, by a

violent wrench that hurt him dreadfully, he slightly loosened the strings that fastened his hair, so that he was able to turn his head a little to one side. But the little men were too quick for him, and got out of reach before he could catch any of them.

Then he heard a great shouting, followed by a shrill little voice that called sharply, "*Tolgo phonac*," and immediately, arrows like needles were shot into his hand, and another volley struck him in the face. Poor Gulliver covered his face with his hand, and lay groaning with pain.

Again he struggled to get loose. But the harder he fought for freedom, the more the little men shot arrows into him, and some of them even tried to run their spears into his sides.

When he found that the more he struggled the more he was hurt, Gulliver lay still, thinking to himself that at night at least, now that his left hand was free, he could easily get rid of the rest of his bonds. As soon as the little people saw that he struggled no more, they ceased shooting at him; but he knew from the increasing sound of voices that more and more of the little soldiers were coming round him.

Soon, a few yards from him, on the right, he heard a continued sound of hammering, and on turning his head to that side as far as the strings would let him, he saw that a small wooden stage was being built. On to this, when it was finished, there climbed by ladders four men, and one of them (who seemed to be a very important person, for a little page boy attended to hold up his train) immediately gave an order. At once about fifty of the soldiers ran forward and cut the strings that tied Gulliver's hair on the left side, so that he could turn his head easily to the right.

Then the person began to make a long speech, not one word of which could Gulliver understand, but it seemed to him that sometimes the little man threatened, and sometimes made offers of kindness.

As well as he could, Gulliver made signs that he submitted. Then, feeling by this time faint with hunger, he pointed with his fingers many times to his mouth, to show that he wanted something to eat.

They understood him very well. Several ladders were put against Gulliver's sides, and about a hundred little people climbed up and carried to his mouth all kinds of bread and meat. There were things shaped like legs, and shoulders, and saddles of mutton. Very good they were, Gulliver thought, but very small, no bigger than a lark's wing; and the loaves of bread were about the size of bullets, so that he could take several at a mouthful. The people wondered greatly at the amount that he ate.

When he signed that he was thirsty, they slung up on to his body two of their biggest casks of wine, and having rolled them forward to his hand they knocked out the heads of the casks. Gulliver drank them both off at a draught, and asked for more, for they held only about a small tumblerful each. But there was no more to be had.

As the small people walked to and fro over his body, Gulliver was sorely tempted to seize forty or fifty of them and dash them on the ground, and then to make a further struggle for liberty. But the pain he had already suffered from their arrows made him think better of it, and he wisely lay quiet.

Soon another small man, who from his brilliant uniform seemed to be an officer of very high rank, marched with some others on to Gulliver's chest and held up to his eyes a paper which Gulliver understood to be an order from the King of the country. The officer made a long speech, often pointing towards something a long way off, and (as Gulliver afterwards learned) told him that he was to be taken as a prisoner to the city, the capital of the country.

Gulliver asked, by signs, that his bonds might be loosed. The officer shook his head and refused, but he allowed some of his soldiers to slack the cords on one side, whereby Gulliver was able to feel more comfortable. After this, the little people drew out the arrows that still stuck in his hands and face, and rubbed the wounds with some pleasant-smelling ointment, which so soothed his pain that very soon he fell sound asleep. And this was no great wonder, for, as he afterwards understood, the King's physicians had mixed a very strong sleeping draught with the wine that had been given him.

Gulliver awoke with a violent fit of sneezing, and with the feeling of small feet running away from off his chest.

Where was he? Bound still, without doubt, but no longer did he find himself lying on the ground. It puzzled him greatly that now he lay on a sort of platform. How had he got there?

Soon he began to realize what had happened; and later, when he understood the language, he learned all that had been done to him while he slept. Before he dropped asleep, he had heard a rumbling as of wheels, and the shouts of many drivers. This, it seemed, was caused by the arrival of a huge kind of trolley, a few inches high, but nearly seven feet long, drawn by fifteen hundred of the King's largest horses.

On this it was meant that he should be taken to the city. By the use of strong poles fixed in the ground, to which were attached many pulleys, and the strongest ropes to be found in the country, nine hundred men managed to hoist him as he slept. They then put him on the trolley, where they again tied him fast.

It was when they were far on their way to the city that Gulliver awoke. The trolley had stopped for a little to breathe the horses, and one of the officers of the King's Guard who had not before seen Gulliver, climbed with some friends up his body. While looking at his face, the officer could not resist the temptation of putting the point of his sword up Gulliver's nose, which tickled him so that he woke, sneezing violently.

III

GULLIVER IS TAKEN AS A PRISONER TO THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT

The city was not reached till the following day, and Gulliver had to spend the night lying where he was, guarded on each side by five hundred men with torches and bows and arrows, ready to shoot him if he should attempt to move.

In the morning, the King and all his court, and thousands of the people, came out to gaze on the wonderful sight. The trolley, with Gulliver on it, stopped outside the walls, alongside a very large building which had once been used as a temple,

but the use of which had been given up owing to a murder having been committed in it.

The door of this temple was quite four feet high and about two feet wide, and on each side, about six inches from the ground, was a small window. Inside the building the King's blacksmiths fastened many chains, which they then brought through one of these little windows and padlocked round Gulliver's left ankle. Then his bonds were cut, and he was allowed to get up. He found that he could easily creep through the door, and that there was room inside to lie down.

His chains were nearly six feet long, so that he could get a little exercise by walking backwards and forwards outside. Always when he walked, thousands of people thronged around to look at him; even the King himself used to come and gaze by the hour from a high tower which stood opposite.

One day, just as Gulliver had crept out from his house and had got on his feet, it chanced that the King, who was a very fine-looking man, taller than any of his people, came riding along on his great white charger. When the horse saw Gulliver move it was terrified, and plunged and reared so madly that the people feared that a terrible accident was going to happen, and several of the King's guards ran in to seize the horse by the head. But the King was a good horseman, and managed the animal so well that very soon it got over its fright, and he was able to dismount.

Then he gave orders that food should be brought for Gulliver, twenty little carts full, and ten of wine; and he and his courtiers, all covered with gold and silver, stood around and watched him eating. After the King had gone away the people of the city crowded round, and some of them began to behave very badly, one man even going so far as to shoot an arrow at Gulliver which was not far from putting out one of his eyes. But the officer in command of the soldiers who were on guard ordered his men to bind and push six of the worst behaved of the crowd within reach of Gulliver, who at once seized five of them and put them in his coat pocket. The sixth he held up to his mouth and made as if he meant to eat him, whereupon the wretched little creature shrieked aloud with terror, and when Gulliver took out his knife,

all the people, even the soldiers, were dreadfully alarmed. But Gulliver only cut the man's bonds, and let him run away, which he did in a great hurry. And when he took the others out of his pocket, one by one, and treated them in the same way, the crowd began to laugh. After that the people always behaved very well to Gulliver, and he became a great favorite. From all over the kingdom crowds flocked to see the Great Man Mountain.

In the meantime, as Gulliver learned later, there were frequent meetings of the King's council to discuss the question of what was to be done with him. Some of the councilors feared lest he might break loose and cause great damage in the city. Some were of opinion that to keep and feed so huge a creature would cause a famine in the land, or, at the least, that the expense would be greater than the public funds could bear; they advised, therefore, that he should be killed—shot in the hands and face with poisoned arrows. Others, however, argued that if this were done it would be a very difficult thing to get rid of so large a dead body, which might cause a pestilence to break out if it lay long unburied so near the city.

Finally, the King and his council gave orders that each morning the surrounding villages should send into the city for Gulliver's daily use six oxen, forty sheep, and a sufficient quantity of bread and wine.

It was also commanded that six hundred persons should act as his servants; that three hundred tailors were to make for him a suit of clothes; and that six professors from the University were to teach him the language of the country.

When Gulliver could speak the language, he learned a great deal about the land in which he now found himself. It was called Lilliput, and the people, Lilliputians. These Lilliputians believed that their kingdom and the neighboring country of Blefuscu were the whole world. Blefuscu lay far over the sea, to these little people dim and blue on the horizon, though to Gulliver the distance did not seem to be more than a mile. The Lilliputians knew of no land beyond Blefuscu. And as for Gulliver himself, they believed that he had fallen from the moon, or from one of the stars; it was impossible, they said, that so big a race of men could live on the earth. It was quite certain

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT.

that there could not be food enough for them. They did not believe Gulliver's story. He must have fallen from the moon!

Almost the first thing that Gulliver did when he knew the language fairly well, was to send a petition to the King, praying that his chains might be taken off and that he might be free to walk about. But this he was told could not then be granted. He must first, the King's council said, "swear a peace" with the kingdom of Lilliput, and afterwards, if by continued good behavior he gained their confidence, he might be freed.

Meantime, by the King's orders, two high officers of state were sent to search him. Gulliver lifted up these officers in his hand and put them into each of his pockets, one after the other, and they made for the King a careful list of everything found there.

Gulliver afterward saw this inventory. His snuff-box they had described as a "huge silver chest, full of a sort of dust." Into that dust one of them stepped, and the snuff, flying up in his face, caused him nearly to sneeze his head off. His pistols they called "hollow pillars of iron, fastened to strong pieces of timber," and the use of his bullets, and of his powder (which he had been lucky enough to bring ashore dry, owing to his pouch being water-tight), they could not understand, while of his watch they could make nothing. They called it "a wonderful kind of engine, which makes an incessant noise like a water-wheel." But some fancied that it was perhaps a kind of animal. Certainly it was alive.

All these things, together with his sword, which he carried slung to a belt round his waist, Gulliver had to give up, first, as well as he could, explaining the use of them. The Lilliputians could not understand the pistols, and to show his meaning, Gulliver was obliged to fire one of them. At once hundreds of little people fell down as if they had been struck dead by the noise. Even the King, though he stood his ground, was sorely frightened. Most of Gulliver's property was returned to him; but the pistols and powder and bullets, and his sword, were taken away and put, for safety, under strict guard.

As the King and his courtiers gained more faith in Gulliver, and became less afraid of his breaking loose and doing some

mischief, they began to treat him in a more friendly way than they had hitherto done, and showed him more of the manners and customs of the country. Some of these were very curious.

One of the sports of which they were most fond was rope-dancing, and there was no more certain means of being promoted to high office and power in the state than to possess great cleverness in that art. Indeed, it was said that the Lord High Treasurer had gained and kept his post chiefly through his great skill in turning somersaults on the tight rope. The Chief Secretary for private affairs ran him very close, and there was hardly a Minister of State who did not owe his position to such successes. Few of them, indeed, had escaped without severe accidents at one time or another, while trying some specially difficult feat, and many had been lamed for life. But however many and bad the falls, there were always plenty of other persons to attempt the same or some more difficult jump.

Taught by his narrow escape from a serious accident when his horse first saw Gulliver, the King now gave orders that the horses of his army, as well as those from the Royal stables, should be exercised daily close to the Man Mountain. Soon they became so used to the sight of him that they would come right up to his foot without starting or shying. Often the riders would jump their chargers over Gulliver's hand as he held it on the ground; and once the King's huntsman, better mounted than most of the others, actually jumped over his foot, shoe and all—a wonderful leap.

Gulliver saw that it was wise to amuse the King in this and other ways, because the more his Majesty was pleased with him the sooner was it likely that his liberty would be granted. So he asked one day that some strong sticks, about two feet in height, should be brought to him. Several of these he fixed firmly in the ground, and across them, near the top, he lashed four other sticks, enclosing a square space of about two and a half feet. Then to the uprights, about five inches lower than the crossed sticks, he tied his pocket-handkerchief, and stretched it tight as a drum.

When the work was finished, he asked the King to let a troop exercise on this stage. His Majesty was delighted with the idea,

and for several days nothing pleased him more than to see Gulliver lift up the men and horses, and to watch them go through their drill on this platform. Sometimes he would even be lifted up himself and give the words of command; and once he persuaded the Queen, who was rather timid, to let herself be held up in her chair within full view of the scene. But a fiery horse one day, pawing with his hoof, wore a hole in the handkerchief, and came down heavily on its side, and after this Gulliver could no longer trust the strength of his stage.

IV

GULLIVER IS FREED, AND CAPTURES THE BLEFUSCAN FLEET

By this time Gulliver's clothes were almost in rags. The three hundred tailors had not yet been able to finish his new suit, and he had no hat at all, for that had been lost as he came ashore from the wreck. So he was greatly pleased one day when an express message came to the King from the coast, saying that some men had found on the shore a great, black, strangely-shaped mass, as high as a man; it was not alive, they were certain. It had never moved, though for a time they had watched, before going closer. After making certain that it was not likely to injure them, by mounting on each other's shoulders they had got on the top, which they found was flat and smooth, and, by the sound when stamped upon, they judged that it was hollow. It was thought that the object might possibly be something belonging to the Man Mountain, and they proposed by the help of five horses to bring it to the city.

Gulliver was sure that it must be his hat, and so it turned out. Nor was it very greatly damaged, either by the sea or by being drawn by the horses over the ground all the way from the coast, except that two holes had been bored in the brim, to which a long cord had been fixed by hooks. Gulliver was much pleased to have it once more.

Two days after this the King took into his head a curious fancy. He ordered a review of troops to be held, and he directed

that Gulliver should stand with his legs very wide apart, while under him both horse and foot were commanded to march. Over three thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry passed through the great arch made by his legs, colors flying and bands playing. The King and Queen themselves sat in their State Coach at the saluting point, near to his left leg, and all the while Gulliver dared not move a hair's-breadth, lest he should injure some of the soldiers.

Shortly after this, Gulliver was set free. There had been a meeting of the King's Council on the subject, and the Lord High Admiral was the only member in favor of still keeping him chained. This great officer to the end was Gulliver's bitter enemy, and though on this occasion he was out-voted, yet he was allowed to draw up the conditions which Gulliver was to sign before his chains were struck off.

The conditions were:

First, that he was not to quit the country without leave granted under the King's Great Seal.

Second, that he was not to come into the city without orders; at which times the people were to have two hours' notice to keep indoors.

Third, that he should keep to the high roads, and not walk or lie down in a meadow.

Fourth, that he was to take the utmost care not to trample on anybody, or on any horses or carriages, and that he was not to lift any persons in his hand against their will.

Fifth, that if at any time an express had to be sent in great haste, he was to carry the messenger and his horse in his pocket a six-days' journey, and to bring them safely back.

Sixth, that he should be the King's ally against the Blefuscans, and that he should try to destroy their fleet, which was said to be preparing to invade Lilliput.

Seventh, that he should help the workmen to move certain great stones which were needed to repair some of the public buildings.

Eighth, that he should in "two moons' time" make an exact survey of the kingdom, by counting how many of his own paces it took him to go all round the coast.

Lastly, on his swearing to the above conditions, it was promised that he should have a daily allowance of meat and drink equal to the amount consumed by seventeen hundred and twenty-four of the Lilliputians, for they estimated that Gulliver's size was about equal to that number of their own people.

Though one or two of the conditions did not please him, especially that about helping the workmen (which he thought was making him too much a servant), yet Gulliver signed the document at once, and swore to observe its conditions.

After having done so, and having had his chains removed, the first thing he asked was to be allowed to see the city (which was called Mildendo). He found that it was surrounded by a great wall about two and a half feet high, broad enough for one of their coaches and four to be driven along, and at every ten feet there were strong flanking towers.

Gulliver took off his coat, lest the tails might do damage to the roofs or chimneys of the houses, and he then stepped over the wall and very carefully walked down the finest of the streets, one quite five feet wide. Wherever he went, the tops of the houses and the attic windows were packed with wondering spectators, and he reckoned that the town must hold quite half a million of people.

In the center of the city, where the two chief streets met, stood the King's Palace, a very fine building surrounded by a wall. But he was not able to see the whole palace that day, because the part in which were the royal apartments was shut off by another wall nearly five feet in height, which he could not get over without a risk of doing damage.

Some days later he climbed over by the help of two stools which he made from some of the largest trees in the Royal Park, trees nearly seven feet high, which he was allowed to cut down for the purpose. By putting one of the stools at each side of the wall Gulliver was able to step across. Then, lying down on his side, and putting his face close to the open windows, he looked in and saw the Queen and all the young Princes. The Queen smiled, and held her hand out of one of the windows, that he might kiss it. She was very pleasant and friendly.

One day, about a fortnight after this, there came to call on

him, Reldresal, the King's Chief Secretary, a very great man, one who had always been Gulliver's very good friend. This person had a long and serious talk with Gulliver about the state of the country.

He said that though to the outward eye things in Lilliput seemed very settled and prosperous, yet in reality there were troubles, both internal and external, that threatened the safety of the kingdom.

There had been in Lilliput for a very long time two parties at bitter enmity with each other, so bitter that they would neither eat, drink, nor talk together, and what one party did, the other would always try to undo. Each professed to believe that nothing good could come from the other. Any measure proposed by the party in power was by the other always looked upon as foolish or evil. And any new law passed by the Government party was said by the Opposition to be either a wicked attack on the liberties of the people, or something undertaken solely for the purpose of keeping that party in, and the Opposition out, of power. To such a pitch had things now come, said the Chief Secretary, entirely owing to the folly of the Opposition, that the business of the kingdom was almost at a standstill.

Meantime the country was in danger of an invasion by the Blefuscans, who were now fitting out a great fleet, which was almost ready to sail to attack Lilliput. The war with Blefuscu had been raging for some years, and the losses by both nations of ships and of men had been very heavy.

This war had broken out in the following way. It had always been the custom in Lilliput, as far back as history went, for people when breaking an egg at breakfast to do so at the big end. But it had happened, said the Chief Secretary, that the present King's grandfather, when a boy, had once when breaking his egg in the usual way, severely cut his finger. Whereupon his father at once gave strict commands that in future all his subjects should break their eggs at the small end.

This greatly angered the people, who thought that the King had no right to give such an order, and they refused to obey. As a consequence no less than six rebellions had taken place: thousands of the Lilliputians had had their heads cut off,

or had been cast into prison, and thousands had fled for refuge to Blefuscu, rather than obey the hated order.

These "Big-endians," as they were called, had been very well received at the Court of Blefuscu, and finally the Emperor of that country had taken upon himself to interfere in the affairs of Lilliput, thus bringing on war.

The Chief Secretary ended the talk by saying that the King, having great faith in Gulliver's strength, and depending on the oath which he had sworn before being released, expected him now to help in defeating the Blefuscan fleet.

Gulliver was very ready to do what he could, and he at once thought of a plan whereby he might destroy the whole fleet at one blow. He told all his ideas on the subject to the King, who gave orders that everything he might need should be supplied without delay. Then Gulliver went to the oldest seamen in the navy, and learned from them the depth of water between Lilliput and Blefuscu. It was, they said, nowhere deeper than seventy *glumgluffs* (which is equal to about six feet) at high water, and there was no great extent so deep.

After this he walked to the coast opposite Blefuscu, and lying down there behind a hillock, so that he might not be seen should any of the enemy's ships happen to be cruising near, he looked long through a small pocket-telescope across the channel. With the naked eye he could easily see the cliffs of Blefuscu, and soon with his telescope he made out where the fleet lay—fifty great men-of-war, and many transports, waiting for a fair wind.

Coming back to the city, he gave orders for a great length of the strongest cable, and a quantity of bars of iron. The cable was little thicker than ordinary pack-thread, and the bars of iron much about the length and size of knitting-needles. Gulliver twisted three of the iron bars together and bent them to a hook at one end. He trebled the cable for greater strength, and thus made fifty shorter cables, to which he fastened the hooks.

Then, carrying these in his hand, he walked back to the coast and waded into the sea, a little before high water. When he came to mid-channel, he had to swim, but for no great distance.

As soon as they noticed Gulliver coming wading through the

water towards their ships, the Blefuscan sailors all jumped overboard and swam ashore in a terrible fright. Never before had any of them seen or dreamt of so monstrous a giant, nor had they heard of his being in Lilliput.

Gulliver then quietly took his cables and fixed one securely in the bows of each of the ships of war, and finally he tied the cables together at his end. But while he was doing this the Blefuscan soldiers on the shore plucked up courage and began to shoot arrows at him, many of which stuck in his hands and face. He was very much afraid lest some of these might put out his eyes; but he remembered, luckily, that in his inner pocket were his spectacles, which he put on, and then finished his work without risk to his eyes.

On pulling at the cables, however, not a ship could he move. He had forgotten that their anchors were all down. So he was forced to go in closer and with his knife to cut the vessels free. While doing this he was of course exposed to a furious fire from the enemy, and hundreds of arrows struck him, some almost knocking off his spectacles. But again he hauled, and this time drew the whole fifty vessels after him.

The Blefuscans had thought that it was his intention merely to cast the vessels adrift, so that they might run aground, but when they saw their great fleet being steadily drawn out to sea, their grief was terrible. For a great distance Gulliver could hear their cries of despair.

When he had got well away from the land, he stopped in order to pick the arrows from his face and hands, and to put on some of the ointment that had been rubbed on his wounds when first the Lilliputians fired into him. By this time the tide had fallen a little, and he was able to wade all the way across the channel.

The King and his courtiers stood waiting on the shore. They could see the vessels steadily drawing nearer, but they could not for some time see Gulliver, because only his head was above water. At first some imagined that he had been drowned, and that the fleet was now on its way to attack Lilliput.

There was great joy when Gulliver was seen hauling the vessels; and when he landed, the King was so pleased that on the

ON THIS OCCASION, GULLIVER ATE MORE THAN USUAL

spot he created him a *Nardac*, the highest honor that it was in his power to bestow.

His great success over the Blefuscans, however, turned out to be but the beginning of trouble for Gulliver. The King was so puffed up by the victory that he formed plans for capturing in the same way the whole of the enemy's ships of every kind. And it was now his wish to crush Blefuscu utterly, and to make it nothing but a province depending on Lilliput. Thus, he thought, he himself would then be monarch of the whole world.

In this scheme Gulliver refused to take any part, and he very plainly said that he would give no help in making slaves of the Blefuscans. This refusal angered the King very much, and more than once he artfully brought the matter up at a State Council. Now, several of the councilors, though they pretended to be Gulliver's friends so long as he was in favor with the King, were really his secret enemies, and nothing pleased these persons better than to see that the King was no longer pleased with him. So they did all in their power to nurse and increase the King's anger, and to make him believe that Gulliver was a traitor.

About this time there came to Lilliput ambassadors from Blefuscu, suing for peace. When a treaty had been made and signed (very greatly to the advantage of Lilliput), the Blefuscan ambassadors asked to see the Great Man Mountain, of whom they had heard so much, and they paid Gulliver a formal call. After asking him to give them some proofs of his strength, they invited him to visit their Emperor, which Gulliver promised to do.

Accordingly, the next time that he met the King, he asked, as he was bound to do by the paper he had signed, for permission to leave the country for a time, in order to visit Blefuscu. The King did not refuse, but his manner was so cold that Gulliver could not help noticing it. Afterwards he learned from a friend that his enemies in the council had told the King lying tales of his meetings with the Blefuscan ambassadors, which had had the effect of still further rousing his anger.

It happened too, most unfortunately, at this time, that Gulliver had offended the Queen by a well-meant, but badly-

managed, effort to do her a service, and thus he lost also her friendship. But though he was now out of favor at court, he was still an object of great interest to every one.

V

GULLIVER'S ESCAPE FROM LILLIPUT AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

Gulliver had three hundred cooks to dress his food and these men, with their families, lived in small huts which had been built for them near his house.

He had made for himself a chair and a table. On to this table it was his custom to lift twenty waiters, and these men then drew up by ropes and pulleys all his food, and his wine in casks, which one hundred other servants had in readiness on the ground. Gulliver would often eat his meal with many hundreds of people looking on.

One day the King, who had not seen him eat since this table had been built, sent a message that he and the Queen desired to be present that day while Gulliver dined. They arrived just before his dinner hour, and he at once lifted the King and Queen and the Princes, with their attendants and guards, on to the table.

Their Majesties sat in their chairs of state all the time, watching with deep interest the roasts of beef and mutton, and whole flocks of geese and turkeys and fowls disappear into Gulliver's mouth. A roast of beef of which he had to make more than two mouthfuls was seldom seen, and he ate them bones and all. A goose or a turkey was but one bite.

Certainly, on this occasion, Gulliver ate more than usual, thinking by so doing to amuse and please the court.

But in this he erred, for it was turned against him. Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, who had always been one of his enemies, pointed out to the King the great daily expense of such meals, and told how this huge man had already cost the country over a million and a half of *sprugs* (the largest Lilliputian gold coin). Things, indeed, were beginning to go very ill with Gulliver.

Now it happened about this time that one of the King's courtiers, to whom Gulliver had been very kind, came to him by night very privately in a closed chair, and asked to have a talk, without any one else being present.

Gulliver gave to a servant whom he could trust orders that no one else was to be admitted, and having put the courtier and his chair upon the table, so that he might better hear all that was said, he sat down to listen.

Gulliver was told that there had lately been several secret meetings of the King's Privy Council, on his account. The Lord High Admiral (who now hated him because of his success against the Blefuscan fleet), Flimnap, the High Treasurer, and others of his enemies, had drawn up against him charges of treason and other crimes. The courtier had brought with him a copy of these charges, and Gulliver now read them.

It was made a point against him that, when ordered to do so by the King, he had refused to seize all the other Blefuscan ships. It was also said that he would not join in utterly crushing the empire of Blefuscu, nor give aid when it was proposed to put to death not only all the Big-endians who had fled for refuge to that country, but all the Blefuscans themselves who were friends of the Big-endians. For this he was said to be a traitor.

He was also accused of being over-friendly with the Blefuscan ambassadors; and it was made a grave charge against him that though his Majesty had not given him written leave to visit Blefuscu, he yet was getting ready to go to that country, in order to give help to the Emperor against Lilliput.

There had been many debates on these charges, said the courtier, and the Lord High Admiral had made violent speeches, strongly advising that the Great Man Mountain should be put to death. In this he was joined by Flimnap, and by others, so that actually the greater part of the council was in favor of instant death by the most painful means that could be used.

The less unfriendly members of the council, however, while saying that they had no doubt of Gulliver's guilt, were yet of the opinion that, as his services to the kingdom of Lilliput had been great, the punishment of death was too severe. They thought it would be enough if his eyes were put out. This,

they said, would not prevent him from being still made useful.

Then began a most excited argument, the Admiral and those who sided with him insisting that Gulliver should be killed at once.

At last the Secretary rose and said that he had a middle course to suggest. This was, that Gulliver's eyes should be put out, and that thereafter his food should be gradually so reduced in quantity that in the course of two or three months he would die of starvation. By which time, said the Secretary, his body would be wasted to an extent that would make it easy for five or six hundred men, in a few days, to cut off the flesh and take it away in cart-loads to be buried at a distance. Thus there would be no danger of a pestilence breaking out from the dead body lying near the city. The skeleton, he said, could then be put in the National Museum.

It was finally decided that this sentence should be carried out, and twenty of the King's surgeons were ordered to be present in three days' time to see the operation of putting out Gulliver's eyes properly done. Sharp-pointed arrows were to be shot into the balls of his eyes.

The courtier now left the house, as privately as he had come, and Gulliver was left to decide what he should do.

At first he thought of attacking the city, and destroying it. But by doing this he must have destroyed, with the city, a great many thousands of innocent people, which he could not make up his mind to do.

At last he wrote a letter to the Chief Secretary, saying that as the King had himself told him that he might visit Blefuscu, he had decided to do so that morning.

Without waiting for an answer, he set out for the coast, where he seized a large man-of-war which was at anchor there, tied a cable to her bow, and then putting his clothes and his blanket on board, he drew the ship after him to Blefuscu. There he was well received by the Emperor. But as there happened to be no house big enough for him, he was forced, during his stay, to sleep each night on the ground, wrapped in his blanket.

Three days after his arrival, when walking along the sea-shore, he noticed something in the water which looked not unlike

a boat floating bottom up. Gulliver waded and swam out, and found that he was right. It was a boat. By the help of some of the Blefsucan ships, with much difficulty he got it ashore. When the tide had fallen, two thousand of the Emperor's dockyard men helped him to turn it over, and Gulliver found that but little damage had been done.

He now set to work to make oars and mast and sail for the boat, and to fit it out and provision it for a voyage.

While this work was going on, there came from Lilliput a message demanding that Gulliver should be bound hand and foot and returned to that country as a prisoner, there to be punished as a traitor. To this message the Emperor replied that it was not possible to bind him; that moreover the Great Man Mountain had found a vessel of size great enough to carry him over the sea, and that it was his purpose to leave the Empire of Blefuscu in the course of a few weeks.

Gulliver did not delay his work, and in less than a month he was ready to sail.

He put on board the boat the carcasses of one hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with a quantity of bread and wine, and as much meat ready cooked as four hundred cooks could prepare.

He also took with him a herd of six live black cows and two bulls, and a flock of sheep, meaning to take them with him to England, if ever he should get there. As food for these animals he took a quantity of hay and corn.

Gulliver would have liked to take with him some of the people, but this the Emperor would not permit.

Everything being ready, he sailed from Blefuscu on 24th September 1701, and the same night anchored on the lee side of an island which seemed to be uninhabited. Leaving this island on the following morning, he sailed to the eastward for two days. On the evening of the second day he sighted a ship, on reaching which, to his great joy, he found that she was an English vessel on her way home from Japan.

Putting his cattle and sheep in his coat-pockets, he went on board with all his cargo of provisions. The captain received him very kindly, and asked him from whence he had come, and how he happened to be at sea in an open boat.

Gulliver told his tale in as few words as possible. The captain stared with wonder, and would not believe his story. But Gulliver then took from his pockets the black cattle and the sheep, which of course clearly showed that he had been speaking truth. He also showed gold coins which the Emperor of Blefuscu had given him, some of which he presented to the captain.

The vessel did not arrive at the port of London till April, 1702, but there was no loss of the live stock, excepting that the rats on board carried off and ate one of the sheep. All the others were got safely ashore, and were put to graze on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where they throve very well.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

ADAPTED BY AMY STEEDMAN

I

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

FAR away on the other side of the world, in one of the great wealthy cities of China, there once lived a poor tailor called Mustapha. He had a wife whom he loved dearly and an only son whose name was Aladdin.

But, sad to say, although the tailor was good and industrious, his son was so idle and bad that his father and mother did not know what to do with him. All day long he played in the streets with other idle boys, and when he grew big enough to learn a trade he said he did not mean to work at all. His poor father was very much troubled, and ordered Aladdin to come to the workshop to learn to be a tailor, but Aladdin only laughed, and ran away so swiftly that neither his father nor mother could catch him.

"Alas!" said Mustapha sadly, "I can do nothing with this idle boy."

And he grew so sad about it, that at last he fell ill and died.

Then the poor widow was obliged to sell the little workshop, and try to make enough money for herself and Aladdin by spinning.

Now it happened that one day when Aladdin was playing as usual with the idle street boys, a tall, dark, old man stood watching him, and when the game was finished he made a sign to Aladdin to come to him.

"What is thy name, my boy?" asked this old man, who, though he appeared so kind, was really an African Magician.

"My name is Aladdin," answered the boy, wondering who this stranger could be.

"And what is thy father's name?" asked the Magician.

"My father was Mustapha the tailor, but he has been dead a long time now," answered Aladdin.

"Alas!" cried the wicked old Magician, pretending to weep, "he was my brother, and thou must be my nephew. I am thy long-lost uncle!" and he threw his arms round Aladdin's neck and embraced him.

"Tell thy dear mother that I will come and see her this very day," he cried, "and give her this small present." And he placed in Aladdin's hands five gold pieces.

Aladdin ran home in great haste to tell his mother the story of the long-lost uncle.

"It must be a mistake," she said, "thou hast no uncle."

But when she saw the gold she began to think that this stranger must be a relation, and so she prepared a grand supper to welcome him when he came.

They had not long to wait before the African Magician appeared, bringing with him all sorts of fruits and delicious sweets for desert.

"Tell me about my poor brother," he said, as he embraced Aladdin and his mother. "Show me exactly where he used to sit."

Then the widow pointed to a seat on the sofa, and the Magician knelt down and began to kiss the place and weep over it.

The poor widow was quite touched, and began to believe that this really must be her husband's brother, especially when he began to show the kindest interest in Aladdin.

"What is thy trade?" he asked the boy.

"Alas!" said the widow, "he will do nothing but play in the streets."

Aladdin hung his head with shame as his uncle gravely shook his head.

"He must begin work at once," he said. "How would it please thee to have a shop of thy own? I could buy one for thee, and stock it with silks and rich stuffs."

Aladdin danced with joy at the very idea, and next day set out with his supposed uncle, who bought him a splendid suit of clothes, and took him all over the city to show him the sights.

The day after, the Magician again took Aladdin out with him, but this time they went outside the city, through beautiful gardens, into the open country. They walked so far that Aladdin began to grow weary, but the Magician gave him a cake and some delicious fruit and told him such wonderful tales that he scarcely noticed how far they had gone. At last they came to a deep valley between two mountains, and there the Magician paused.

"Stop!" he cried, "this is the very place I am in search of. Gather some sticks that we may make a fire."

Aladdin quickly did as he was bid, and had soon gathered together a great heap of dry sticks. The Magician then set fire to them, and the heap blazed up merrily. With great care the old man now sprinkled some curious-looking powder on the flames, and muttered strange words. In an instant the earth beneath their feet trembled, and they heard a rumbling like distant thunder. Then the ground opened in front of them, and showed a great square slab of stone with a ring in it.

By this time Aladdin was so frightened that he turned to run home as fast as he could, but the Magician caught him, and gave him such a blow that he fell to the earth.

"Why dost thou strike me, uncle?" sobbed Aladdin.

"Do as I bid thee," said the Magician, "and then thou shalt be well treated. Dost thou see that stone? Beneath it is a treasure which I will share with thee. Only obey me, and it will soon be ours."

As soon as Aladdin heard of a treasure, he jumped up and forgot all his fears. He seized the ring as the Magician directed, and easily pulled up the stone.

"Now," said the old man, "look in and thou wilt see stone steps leading downwards. Thou shalt descend those steps until thou comest to three great halls. Pass through them, but take care to wrap thy coat well round thee that thou mayest touch nothing, for if thou dost, thou wilt die instantly. When thou hast passed through the halls thou wilt come into a garden of fruit-trees. Go through it until thou seest a niche with a lighted lamp in it. Put the light out, pour forth the oil, and bring the lamp to me."

So saying the Magician placed a magic ring upon Aladdin's finger to guard him, and bade the boy begin his search.

Aladdin did exactly as he was told and found everything just as the Magician had said. He went through the halls and the garden until he came to the lamp, and when he had poured out the oil and placed the lamp carefully inside his coat he began to look about him.

He had never seen such a lovely garden before, even in his dreams. The fruits that hung upon the trees were of every color of the rainbow. Some were clear and shining like crystal, some sparkled with a crimson light and others were green, blue, violet, and orange, while the leaves that shaded them were silver and gold. Aladdin did not guess that these fruits were precious stones, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, but they looked so pretty that he filled all his pockets with them as he passed back through the garden.

The Magician was eagerly peering down the stone steps when Aladdin began to climb up.

"Give me the lamp," he cried, stretching his hand for it.

"Wait until I get out," answered Aladdin, "and then I will give it thee."

"Hand it up to me at once," screamed the old man angrily.

"Not till I am safely out," repeated Aladdin.

Then the Magician stamped with rage, and rushing to the fire threw on it some more of the curious powder, uttered the same strange words as before, and instantly the stone slipped back into its place, the earth closed over it, and Aladdin was left in darkness.

This showed indeed that the wicked old man was not Aladdin's uncle. By his magic arts in Africa he had found out all about the lamp, which was a wonderful treasure, as you will see. But he knew that he could not get it himself, that another hand must fetch it to him. This was the reason why he had fixed upon Aladdin to help him, and had meant, as soon as the lamp was safely in his hand, to kill the boy.

As his plan had failed he went back to Africa, and was not seen again for a long, long time.

But there was poor Aladdin, shut up underground, with no

ALADDIN AND THE MAGICIAN.

way of getting out! He tried to find his way back to the great halls and the beautiful garden of shining fruits, but the walls had closed up, and there was no escape that way either. For two days the poor boy sat crying and moaning in his despair, and just as he had made up his mind that he must die, he clasped his hands together, and in doing so rubbed the ring which the Magician had put upon his finger.

In an instant a huge figure rose out of the earth and stood before him.

"What is thy will, my master?" it said. "I am the Slave of the Ring, and must obey him who wears the ring."

"Whoever or whatever you are," cried Aladdin, "take me out of this dreadful place."

Scarcely had he said these words when the earth opened, and the next moment Aladdin found himself lying at his mother's door. He was so weak for want of food, and his joy at seeing his mother was so great, that he fainted away, but when he came to himself he promised to tell her all that had happened.

"But first give me something to eat," he cried, "for I am dying of hunger."

"Alas!" said his mother, "I have nothing in the house except a little cotton, which I will go out and sell."

"Stop a moment," cried Aladdin, "rather let us sell this old lamp which I have brought back with me."

Now the lamp looked so old and dirty that Aladdin's mother began to rub it, wishing to brighten it a little that it might fetch a higher price.

But no sooner had she given it the first rub than a huge dark figure slowly rose from the floor like a wreath of smoke until it reached the ceiling, towering above them.

"What is thy will?" it asked. "I am the Slave of the Lamp, and must do the bidding of him who holds the Lamp."

The moment the figure began to rise from the ground Aladdin's mother was so terrified that she fainted away, but Aladdin managed to snatch the lamp from her, although he could scarcely hold it in his own shaking hand.

"Fetch me something to eat," he said in a trembling voice, for the terrible Genie was glaring down upon him.

The Slave of the Lamp disappeared in a cloud of smoke, but in an instant he was back again, bringing with him a most delicious breakfast, served upon plates and dishes of pure gold.

By this time Aladdin's mother had recovered, but she was almost too frightened to eat, and begged Aladdin to sell the lamp at once, for she was sure it had something to do with evil spirits. But Aladdin only laughed at her fears, and said he meant to make use of the magic lamp and wonderful ring, now that he knew their worth.

As soon as they again wanted money they sold the golden plates and dishes, and when these were all gone Aladdin ordered the Genie to bring more, and so they lived in comfort for several years.

Now Aladdin had heard a great deal about the beauty of the Sultan's daughter, and he began to long so greatly to see her that he could not rest. He thought of a great many plans, but they all seemed impossible, for the Princess never went out without a veil, which covered her entirely. At last, however, he managed to enter the palace and hide himself behind a door, peeping through a chink when the Princess passed to go to her bath.

The moment Aladdin's eyes rested upon the beautiful Princess he loved her with all his heart, for she was as fair as the dawn of a summer morning.

"Mother," he cried when he reached home, "I have seen the Princess, and I have made up my mind to marry her. Thou shalt go at once to the Sultan, and beg him to give me his daughter."

Aladdin's mother stared at her son, and then began to laugh at such a wild idea. She was almost afraid that Aladdin must be mad, but he gave her no peace until she did as he wished.

So the next day she very unwillingly set out for the palace, carrying the magic fruit wrapped up in a napkin, to present to the Sultan. There were many other people offering their petitions that day, and the poor woman was so frightened that she dared not go forward, and so no one paid any attention to her as she stood there patiently holding her bundle. For a whole week she had gone every day to the palace, before the Sultan noticed her.

"Who is that poor woman who comes every day carrying a white bundle?" he asked.

Then the Grand Vizier ordered that she should be brought forward, and she came bowing herself to the ground.

She was almost too terrified to speak, but when the Sultan spoke so kindly to her she took courage, and told him of Aladdin's love for the Princess, and of his bold request. "He sends you this gift," she continued, and opening the bundle she presented the magic fruit.

A cry of wonder went up from all those who stood around, for never had they beheld such exquisite jewels before. They shone and sparkled with a thousand lights and colors, and dazzled the eyes that gazed upon them.

The Sultan was astounded, and spoke to the Grand Vizier apart.

"Surely it is fit that I should give my daughter to one who can present such a wondrous gift?" he said. . . .

Now when three months were ended, Aladdin's mother again presented herself before the Sultan, and reminded him of his promise, that the Princess should wed her son.

"I ever abide by my royal word," said the Sultan; "but he who marries my daughter must first send me forty golden basins filled to the brim with precious stones. These basins must be carried by forty black slaves, each led by a white slave dressed as befits the servants of the Sultan."

Aladdin's mother returned home in great distress when she heard this, and told Aladdin what the Sultan had said.

"Alas, my son!" she cried, "thy hopes are ended."

"Not so, mother," answered Aladdin. "The Sultan shall not have long to wait for his answer."

Then he rubbed the magic lamp, and when the Genie appeared, he bade him provide the forty golden basins filled with jewels, and all the slaves which the Sultan had demanded.

Now when this splendid procession passed through the streets on its way to the palace, all the people came out to see the sight, and stood amazed when they saw the golden basins filled with sparkling gems carried on the heads of the great black slaves. And when the palace was reached, and the slaves

presented the jewels to the Sultan, he was so surprised and delighted that he was more than willing that Aladdin should marry the Princess at once.

"Go, fetch thy son," he said to Aladdin's mother, who was waiting near. "Tell him that this day he shall wed my daughter."

But when Aladdin heard the news he refused to hasten at once to the palace, as his mother advised. First he called the Genie, and told him to bring a scented bath, and a robe worked in gold, such as a King might wear. After this he called for forty slaves to attend him, and six to walk before his mother, and a horse more beautiful than the Sultan's, and lastly, for ten thousand pieces of gold put up in ten purses.

When all these things were ready, and Aladdin was dressed in his royal robe, he set out for the palace. As he rode along on his beautiful horse, attended by his forty slaves, he scattered the golden pieces out of the ten purses among the crowd, and all the people shouted with joy and delight. No one knew that this was the idle boy who used to play about the streets but they thought he was some great foreign Prince.

Thus Aladdin arrived at the palace in great state, and when the Sultan had embraced him, he ordered that the wedding feast should be prepared at once, and that the marriage should take place that day.

"Not so, your Majesty," said Aladdin; "I will not marry the Princess until I have built a palace fit for the daughter of the Sultan."

Then he returned home, and once more called up the Slave of the Lamp.

"Build me the fairest palace ever beheld by mortal eye," ordered Aladdin. "Let it be built of marble and jasper and precious stones. In the midst I would have a great hall, whose walls shall be of gold and silver, lighted by four-and-twenty windows. These windows shall all be set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, and one only shall be left unfinished. There must also be stables with horses, and slaves to serve in the palace. Begone, and do thy work quickly."

And lo! in the morning when Aladdin looked out, there

stood the most wonderful palace that ever was built. Its marble walls were flushed a delicate pink in the morning light, and the jewels flashed from every window.

Then Aladdin and his mother set off for the Sultan's palace, and the wedding took place that day. The Princess loved Aladdin as soon as she saw him, and great were the rejoicings throughout the city.

The next day Aladdin invited the Sultan to visit the new palace, and when he entered the great hall, whose walls were of gold and silver and whose windows were set with jewels, he was filled with admiration and astonishment.

"It is the wonder of the world," he cried. "Never before have mortal eyes beheld such a beautiful palace. One thing alone surprises me. Why is there one window left unfinished?"

"Your Majesty," answered Aladdin, "this has been done with a purpose, for I wished that thine own royal hand should have the honor of putting the finishing touch to my palace."

The Sultan was so pleased when he heard this, that he sent at once for all the court jewelers and ordered them to finish the window like the rest.

The court jewelers worked for many days, and then sent to tell the Sultan that they had used up all the jewels they possessed, and still the window was not half finished. The Sultan commanded that his own jewels should be given to complete the work; even when these were used the window was not finished.

Then Aladdin ordered the jewelers to stop their work, and to take back all the Sultan's jewels as well as their own. And that night he called up the Slave of the Lamp once more, and bade him finish the window. This was done before the morning, and great was the surprise of the Sultan and all his workmen.

Now Aladdin did not grow proud of his great riches but was gentle and courteous to all, and kind to the poor, so that the people all loved him dearly. He fought and won many battles for the Sultan, and was the greatest favorite in the land.

But far away in Africa there was trouble brewing for Aladdin. The wicked old Magician who had pretended to be Aladdin's uncle found out by his magic powers that the boy had not

perished when he left him underground, but had somehow managed to escape and become rich and powerful.

"He must have discovered the secret of the lamp," shrieked the Magician, tearing his hair with rage. "I will not rest day or night until I shall have found some way of taking it from him."

So he journeyed from Africa to China, and when he came to the city where Aladdin lived and saw the wonderful palace, he nearly choked with fury to see all its splendor and richness. Then he disguised himself as a merchant, and bought a number of copper lamps, and with these went from street to street, crying, "New lamps for old."

As soon as the people heard his cry, they crowded round him, laughing and jeering, for they thought he must be mad to make such an offer.

Now it happened that Aladdin was out hunting, and the Princess sat alone in the hall of the jeweled windows. When, therefore, she heard the noise that was going on in the street outside, she called to her slaves to ask what it meant.

Presently one of the slaves came back, laughing so much that she could hardly speak.

"It is a curious old man who offers to give new lamps for old," she cried. "Did any one ever hear before of such a strange way of trading?"

The Princess laughed too, and pointed to an old lamp which hung in a niche close by.

"There is an old enough lamp," she said. "Take it and see if the old man will really give a new one for it."

The slave took it down and ran out to the street once more, and when the Magician saw that it was indeed what he wanted he seized the Magic Lamp with both his hands.

"Choose any lamp you like," he said, showing her those of bright new copper. He did not care now what happened. She might have all the new lamps if she wanted them.

Then he went a little way outside the city, and when he was quite alone he took out the Magic Lamp and rubbed it gently. Immediately the Genie stood before him and asked what was his will.

"I order thee to carry off the palace of Aladdin, with the Princess inside, and set it down in a lonely spot in Africa."

And in an instant the palace, with every one in it, had disappeared, and when the Sultan happened to look out of his window, lo! there was no longer a palace to be seen.

"This must be enchantment," he cried.

Then he ordered his men to set out and bring Aladdin to him in chains.

The officers met Aladdin as he was returning from the hunt, and they immediately seized him, loaded him with chains, and carried him off to the Sultan. But as he was borne along, the people gathered around him, for they loved him dearly, and vowed that no harm should befall him.

The Sultan was beside himself with rage when he saw Aladdin, and gave orders that his head should be cut off at once. But the people had begun to crowd into the palace, and they were so fierce and threatening that he dared not do as he wished. He was obliged to order the chains to be taken off, and Aladdin to be set free.

As soon as Aladdin was allowed to speak he asked why all this was done to him.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Sultan, "come hither, and I will show thee."

Then he led Aladdin to the window and showed him the empty space where his palace had once stood.

"Think not that I care for thy vanished palace," he said. "But where is the Princess, my daughter?"

So astonished was Aladdin that for some time he could only stand speechless, staring at the place where his palace ought to have been.

At last he turned to the Sultan.

"Your Majesty," he said, "grant me grace for one month, and if by that time I have not brought back thy daughter to thee, then put me to death as I deserve."

So Aladdin was set free, and for three days he went about like a madman, asking every one he met where his palace was. But no one could tell him, and all laughed at his misery. Then he went to the river to drown himself; but as he knelt on the bank

and clasped his hands to say his prayers before throwing himself in, he once more rubbed the Magic Ring. Instantly the Genie of the Ring stood before him.

"What is thy will, O master?" it asked.

"Bring back my Princess and my palace," cried Aladdin, "and save my life."

"That I cannot do," said the Slave of the Ring. "Only the Slave of the Lamp has power to bring back thy palace."

"Then take me to the place where my palace now stands," said Aladdin, "and put me down beneath the window of the Princess."

And almost before Aladdin had done speaking he found himself in Africa, beneath the windows of his own palace.

He was so weary that he lay down and fell fast asleep; but before long, when day dawned, he was awakened by the song of the birds, and as he looked around his courage returned. He was now sure that all his misfortunes must have been caused by the loss of the Magic Lamp, and he determined to find out as soon as possible who had stolen it.

That same morning the Princess awoke feeling happier than she had felt since she had been carried off. The sun was shining so brightly, and the birds were singing so gaily, that she went to the window to greet the opening day. And who should she see standing beneath her window but Aladdin!

With a cry of joy she threw open the casement and the sound made Aladdin look up. It was not long before he made his way through a secret door and held her in his arms.

"Tell me, Princess," said Aladdin, when they had joyfully embraced each other many times, "what has become of the old lamp which hung in a niche of the great hall?"

"Alas! my husband," answered the Princess, "I fear my carelessness has been the cause of all our misfortunes."

Then she told him how the wicked old Magician had pretended to be a merchant, and had offered new lamps for old, and how he had thus managed to secure the Magic Lamp.

"He has it still," she added, "for I know that he carries it always, hidden in his robe."

"Princess," said Aladdin, "I must recover this lamp, and

thou shalt help me. To-night when the Magician dines with thee, dress thyself in thy costliest robes, and be kind and gracious to him. Then bid him fetch some of the wines of Africa, and when he is gone, I will tell thee what thou shalt do."

So that night the Princess put on her most beautiful robes, and looked so lovely and was so kind when the Magician came in, that he could scarcely believe his eyes. For she had been sad and angry ever since he had carried her off.

"I believe now that Aladdin must be dead," she said, "and I have made up my mind to mourn no longer. Let us begin our feast. But see! I grow weary of these wines of China, fetch me instead the wine of thy own country."

Now Aladdin had meanwhile prepared a powder which he directed the Princess to place in her own wine-cup. So when the Magician returned with the African wine, she filled her cup and offered it to him in token of friendship. The Magician drank it up eagerly, and scarcely had he finished when he dropped down dead.

Then Aladdin came out of the next chamber where he had hidden himself, and searched in the Magician's robe until he found the Magic Lamp. He rubbed it joyfully, and when the Genie appeared, ordered that the palace should be carried back to China, and set down in its own place.

The following morning, when the Sultan rose early, for he was too sad to take much rest, he went to the window to gaze on the place where Aladdin's palace had once stood. He rubbed his eyes, and stared wildly about.

"This must be a dream," he cried, for there stood the palace in all its beauty, looking fairer than ever in the morning light.

Not a moment did the Sultan lose, but he rode over to the palace at once, and when he had embraced Aladdin and his daughter, they told him the whole story of the African Magician. Then Aladdin showed him the dead body of the wicked old man, and there was peace between them once more.

But there was still trouble in store for Aladdin. The African Magician had a younger brother who also dealt in magic, and who was if possible even more wicked than his elder brother.

Full of revenge, this younger brother started for China, determined to punish Aladdin and steal the Magic Lamp for himself. As soon as he arrived he went in secret to the cell of a holy woman called Fatima, and obliged her to give him her robe and veil as a disguise. Then to keep the secret safe he killed the poor woman.

Dressed in the robe and veil, the wicked Magician walked through the streets near Aladdin's palace, and all the people as he passed by knelt and kissed his robe, for they thought he was indeed the holy woman.

As soon as the Princess heard that Fatima was passing by in the street, she sent and commanded her to be brought into the hall, and she treated the supposed holy woman with great respect and kindness, for she had often longed to see her.

"Is not this a fine hall?" she asked, as they sat together in the hall of the jeweled windows.

"It is indeed most beautiful," answered the Magician, who kept his veil carefully down, "but to my mind there is one thing wanting. If only thou couldst have a roc's egg hung in the dome it would be perfect."

As soon as the Princess heard these words she became discontented and miserable, and when Aladdin came in, she looked so sad that he at once asked what was the matter.

"I can never be happy until I have a roc's egg hanging from the dome of the great hall," she answered.

"In that case thou shalt soon be happy," said Aladdin gaily, and taking down the lamp, he summoned the Genie.

But when the Slave of the Lamp heard the order his face grew terrible with rage, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals.

"Vile wretch!" he shrieked, "have I not given thee all thy wishes, and now dost thou ask me to kill my master, and hang him as an ornament in thy palace? Thou deservest truly to die; but I know that the request cometh not from thine own heart, but was the suggestion of that wicked Magician who pretends to be a holy woman."

With these words the Genie vanished, and Aladdin went at once to the room where the Princess was awaiting him.

"I have a headache," he said. "Call the holy woman, that she may place her hand upon my forehead and ease the pain."

But the moment that the false Fatima appeared Aladdin sprang up and plunged his dagger into that evil heart.

"What hast thou done?" cried the Princess. "Alas! thou hast slain the holy woman."

"This is no holy woman," answered Aladdin, "but an evil Magician whose purpose was to destroy us both."

So Aladdin was saved from the wicked design of the two Magicians, and there was no one left to disturb his peace. He and the Princess lived together in great happiness for many years, and when the Sultan died they succeeded to the throne, and ruled both wisely and well. And so there was great peace throughout the land.

II

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

It was New Year's day in Persia, the most splendid feast-day of all the year, and the King had been entertained, hour after hour, by the wonderful shows prepared for him by his people. Evening was drawing on and the court was just about to retire, when an Indian appeared, leading a horse which he wished to show to the King. It was not a real horse, but it was so wonderfully made that it looked exactly as if it were alive.

"Your Majesty," cried the Indian, as he bowed himself to the ground, "I beg thou wilt look upon this wonder. Nothing thou hast seen to-day can equal this horse of mine. I have only to mount upon its back and wish myself in any part of the world, and it carries me there in a few minutes." Now the King of Persia was very fond of curious and clever things, so he looked at the horse with great interest.

"It seems only a common horse," he said, "but thou shalt show us what it can do."

Then he pointed to a distant mountain, and bade the Indian to fetch a branch from the palm-trees which grew near its foot.

The Indian vaulted into the saddle, turned a little peg in the horse's neck, and in a moment was flying so swiftly through the air that he soon disappeared from sight. In less than a a quarter of an hour he reappeared, and laid the palm-branch at the King's feet.

"Thou art right," cried the King; "thy enchanted horse is the most wonderful thing I have yet seen. What is its price? I must have it for my own."

The Indian shook his head.

"Your Majesty," he said, "this horse can never be sold for money, but can only be exchanged for something of equal value. It shall be thine only if thou wilt give me instead the Princess, your daughter, for my wife."

At these words the King's son sprang to his feet.

"Sire," he cried, "thou wilt never dream of granting such a request."

"My son," answered the King, "at whatever cost I must have this wonderful horse. But before I agree to the exchange, I would wish thee to try the horse, and tell me what thou thinkest of it."

The Indian, who stood listening to what they said, was quite willing that the Prince should try the Enchanted Horse, and began to give him directions how to guide it. But as soon as the Prince was in the saddle and saw the peg which made the horse start, he never waited to hear more. He turned the screw at once, and went flying off through the air.

"Alas!" cried the Indian, "he has gone off without learning how to come back. Never will he be able to stop the horse unless he finds the second peg."

The King was terribly frightened when he heard the Indian's words, for, by this time, the Prince had disappeared from sight.

"Wretch," he cried, "thou shalt be cast into prison, and unless my son returns in safety, thou shalt be put to death."

Meanwhile the Prince had gone gaily sailing up into the air until he reached the clouds, and could no longer see the earth below. This was very pleasant, and he felt that he had never had such a delicious ride in his life before. But presently he

began to think it was time to descend. He screwed the peg round and round, backwards and forwards, but it seemed to make no difference. Instead of coming down he sailed higher and higher, until he thought he was going to knock his head against the blue sky.

What was to be done? The Prince began to grow a little nervous, and he felt over the horse's neck to see if there was another peg to be found anywhere. To his joy, just behind the ear, he touched a small screw, and when he turned it, he felt he was going slower and slower, and gently turning round. Then he shouted with joy as the Enchanted Horse flew downwards through the starry night, and he saw, stretched out before him, a beautiful city gleaming white through the purple mantle of the night.

Everything was strange to him, and he did not know in what direction to guide the horse, so he let it go where it would, and presently it stopped on the roof of a great marble palace. There was a gallery running round the roof, and at the end of the gallery there was a door leading down some white marble steps.

The Prince began at once to descend the steps, and found himself in a great hall where a row of black slaves were sleeping soundly, guarding the entrance to a room beyond.

Very softly the Prince crept past the guards, and lifting the curtain from the door, looked in.

And there he saw a splendid room lighted by a thousand lights and filled with sleeping slaves, and in the middle, upon a sofa, was the most beautiful Princess his eyes had ever gazed upon.

She was so lovely that the Prince held his breath with admiration as he looked at her. Then he went softly to her side, and, kneeling by the sofa, gently touched her hand. The Princess sighed and opened her eyes, but before she could cry out, he begged her in a whisper to be silent and fear nothing.

"I am a Prince," he said, "the son of the King of Persia. I am in danger of my life here, and crave thy protection."

Now this Princess was no other than the daughter of the King of Bengal, who happened to be staying alone in her summer palace outside the city.

"I will protect thee," said the Princess kindly, giving him

her hand. Then she awoke her slaves and bade them give the stranger food and prepare a sleeping-room for him.

"I long to hear thy adventures and how thou camest here," she said to the Prince, "but first thou must rest and refresh thyself."

Never before had the Princess seen any one so gallant and handsome as this strange young Prince. She dressed herself in her loveliest robes, and twined her hair with her most precious jewels, that she might appear as beautiful as possible in his eyes. And when the Prince saw her again, he thought her the most charming Princess in all the world, and he loved her with all his heart. But when he had told her all his adventures she sighed to think that he must now leave her and return to his father's court.

"Do not grieve," he said, "I will return in state as befits a Prince, and demand thy hand in marriage from the King thy father."

"Stay but a few days ere thou goest," replied the Princess. "I cannot part with thee so soon."

The Prince was only too willing to wait a while, and the Princess entertained him so well with feasts and hunting-parties that day after day slipped by, and still he lingered.

At last, however, the thought of his home and his father's grief made him decide to return at once.

"My Princess," he said, "since it is so hard to part, wilt thou not ride with me upon the Enchanted Horse? When we are once more in Persia our marriage shall take place, and then we will return to the King thy father."

So together they mounted the Enchanted Horse and the Prince placed his arm around the Princess and turned the magic peg. Up and up they flew over land and sea, and then the Prince turned the other screw, and they landed just outside his father's city. He guided the horse to a palace outside the gates, and there he left the Princess, for he wished to go alone to prepare his father.

Now when the Prince reached the court he found every one dressed in brown, and all the bells of the city were tolling mournfully.

THE HORSE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR

"Why is every one so sad?" he asked of one of the guards.

"The Prince, the Prince!" cried the man. "The Prince has come back."

And soon the joyful news spread over the town, and the bells stopped tolling and rang a joyful peal.

"My beloved son!" cried the King, as he embraced him. "We thought thou wert lost for ever, and we have mourned for thee day and night."

Without waiting to hear more, the Prince began to tell the King all his adventures, and how the Princess of Bengal awaited him in the palace outside the gates.

"Let her be brought here instantly," cried the King, "and the marriage shall take place to-day."

Then he ordered that the Indian should be set free at once and allowed to depart with the Enchanted Horse.

Great was the surprise of the Indian when, instead of having his head cut off as he had expected, he was allowed to go free with his wonderful horse. He asked what adventures had befallen the Prince, and when he heard of the Princess who was waiting in the palace outside the gates, a wicked plan came into his head.

He took the Enchanted Horse, and went straight to the palace before the King's messengers could reach it.

"Tell the Princess," he said to the slaves, "that the Prince of Persia has sent me to bring her to his father's palace upon the Enchanted Horse."

The Princess was very glad when she heard this message, and she quickly made herself ready to go with the messenger.

But alas! as soon as the Indian turned the peg and the horse flew through the air, she found she was being carried off, far away from Persia and her beloved Prince.

All her prayers and entreaties were in vain. The Indian only mocked at her, and told her he meant to marry her himself.

Meanwhile the Prince and his attendants had arrived at the palace outside the gates, only to find that the Indian had been there before them and had carried off the Princess.

The Prince was nearly beside himself with grief, but he still

hoped to find his bride. He disguised himself as a dervish and set off to seek for her, vowing that he would find her, or perish in the attempt.

By this time the Enchanted Horse had traveled many hundreds of miles. Then, as the Indian was hungry, it was made to descend into a wood close to a town of Cashmere.

Here the Indian went in search of food, and when he returned with some fruit he shared it with the Princess, who was faint and weary.

As soon as the Princess had eaten a little she felt stronger and braver, and as she heard horses galloping past, she called out loudly for help.

The men on horseback came riding at once to her aid, and she quickly told them who she was, and how the Indian had carried her off against her will. Then the leader of the horsemen, who was the Sultan of Cashmere, ordered his men to cut off the Indian's head. But he placed the Princess upon his horse and led her to his palace.

Now the Princess thought that her troubles were all at an end, but she was much mistaken. The Sultan had no sooner seen her than he made up his mind to marry her, and he ordered the wedding preparations to be begun without loss of time.

In vain the Princess begged to be sent back to Persia. The Sultan only smiled and fixed the wedding-day. Then when she saw that nothing would turn him from his purpose, she thought of a plan to save herself. She began talking all the nonsense she could think of and behaving as if she were mad, and so well did she pretend, that the wedding was put off, and all the doctors were called in to see if they could cure her.

But whenever a doctor came near the Princess she became so wild and violent that he dared not even feel her pulse, so none of them discovered that she was only pretending.

The Sultan was in great distress, and sent far and near for the cleverest doctors. But none of them seemed to be able to cure the Princess of her madness.

All this time the Prince of Persia was wandering about in search of his Princess, and when he came to one of the great cities of India, he heard every one talking about the sad illness

of the Princess of Bengal who was to have married the Sultan. He at once disguised himself as a doctor and went to the palace, saying he had come to cure the Princess.

The Sultan received the new doctor with joy, and led him at once to the room where the Princess sat alone, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Your Majesty," said the disguised Prince, "no one else must enter the room with me, or the cure will fail."

So the Sultan left him, and the Prince went close to the Princess, and gently touched her hand.

"My beloved Princess," he said, "dost thou not know me?"

As soon as the Princess heard that dear voice she threw herself into the Prince's arms, and her joy was so great that she could not speak.

"We must at once plan our escape," said the Prince. "Canst thou tell me what has become of the Enchanted Horse?"

"Naught can I tell thee of it, dear Prince," answered the Princess, "but since the Sultan knows its value, no doubt he has kept it in some safe place."

"Then first we must persuade the Sultan that thou art almost cured," said the Prince. "Put on thy costliest robes and dine with him to-night, and I will do the rest."

The Sultan was charmed to find the Princess so much better, and his joy knew no bounds when the new doctor told him that he hoped by the next day to complete the cure.

"I find that the Princess has somehow been infected by the magic of the Enchanted Horse," he said. "If thou wilt have the horse brought out into the great square, and place the Princess upon its back, I will prepare some magic perfumes which will dispel the enchantment. Let all the people be gathered together to see the sight, and let the Princess be arrayed in her richest dress and decked with all her jewels."

So next morning the Enchanted Horse was brought out into the crowded square, and the Princess was mounted upon its back. Then the disguised Prince placed four braziers of burning coals round the horse and threw into them a perfume of a most delicious scent. The smoke of the perfume rose in thick clouds,

almost hiding the Princess, and at that moment the Prince leaped into the saddle behind her, turned the peg, and sailed away into the blue sky.

But as he swept past the Sultan, he cried aloud, "Sultan of Cashmere, next time thou dost wish to wed a Princess, ask her first if she be willing to wed thee."

So this was the manner in which the Prince of Persia carried off the Princess of Bengal for the second time. The Enchanted Horse never stopped until it had carried them safely back to Persia, and there they were married amid great rejoicings.

But what became of the Enchanted Horse? Ah! that is a question which no one can answer.

III

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

In the city of Bagdad, far away in Persia, there lived a poor man called Hindbad. He was a porter, and one hot afternoon, as he was carrying a very heavy load, he stopped to rest in a quiet street near a beautiful house which he had never seen before. The pavement outside was sprinkled with rose-water, which felt very cool and pleasant to his hot, weary feet, and from the open windows came the most delicious scents which perfumed all the air.

Hindbad wondered who lived in this beautiful house, and presently he went up to one of the splendidly dressed servants, who was standing at the door, and asked to whom it belonged. The servant stared in amazement.

"Dost thou indeed live in Bagdad and knowest not my master's name?" he said. "He is the great Sindbad the Sailor, the man who has sailed all round the world, and who has had the most wonderful adventures under the sun."

Now Hindbad had often heard of this wonderful man and of his great riches, and as he looked at the beautiful palace and saw the splendidly dressed servants it made him feel sad and envious. As he turned away sighing, to take up his load again, he looked up into the blue sky, and said aloud:

HINDBAD WAS CARRYING A VERY HEAVY LOAD

"What a difference there is between this man's lot and mine. He has all that he wants, and nothing to do but to spend money and enjoy a pleasant life, while I have to work hard to get dry bread enough to keep myself and my children alive. What has he done that he should be so lucky, and what have I done that I should be so miserable?"

Just then one of the servants touched him on the shoulder, and said to him: "My noble master wishes to see thee, and has bidden me fetch thee to him."

The poor porter was frightened at first, for he thought some one might have overheard what he had been saying, but the servant took his arm and led him into the great dining-hall. There were many guests seated round the table, on which was spread a most delicious feast, and at the head of the table sat a grave, stately old man with a long white beard. This was Sindbad the Sailor. He smiled kindly on poor frightened Hindbad, and made a sign that he should come and sit at his right hand. Then all the most delicious things on the table were offered by the servants to Hindbad, and his glass was filled with the choicest wine, so that he began to feel it must all be a dream.

But when the feast was over Sindbad turned to him and asked him what it was he had been saying outside the window just before he came in.

Then Hindbad was very much ashamed, and hung his head as he answered: "My lord, I was tired and ill-tempered, and I said foolish words, which I trust thou wilt now pardon."

"Oh," replied Sindbad, "I am not so unjust as to blame thee. I am indeed only sorry for thee. But thou wert wrong in thinking that I have always led an easy life, and that these riches came to me without trouble or suffering. I have won them by years of toil and danger."

Then turning to his other guests he said, "Yes, my friends, the tale of my adventures is enough to warn every one of you never to go in search of wealth. I have never told you the story of my voyages, but if you will listen I will begin this very night."

So the servants were ordered to carry home the porter's load, that he might stay in Sindbad's palace that evening and listen to the story.

"My father left me a great deal of money when I was a young man, but I spent it so quickly and foolishly that I began to see it would soon all be gone. This made me stop and think, for I did not like the idea of being poor. So I counted up all the money that remained, and made up my mind that I would trade with it. I joined a company of merchants, and we set sail in a good ship, meaning to go from place to place, and sell or exchange our goods at whatever towns we stopped. And so began my first voyage.

"For the first few days I could think of nothing but the heaving of the waves; but by and by I began to feel better, and never again was I at all unhappy upon the sea. One afternoon, when the wind had suddenly dropped and we were lying becalmed, we found ourselves near a little low green island, which looked like a meadow, and only just showed above the sea. The captain of the ship gave us permission to land, and presently we were all enjoying ourselves on the green meadow. We walked about for some time and then sat down to rest, and some of us set to work to light a fire, that we might make our evening meal.

"But scarcely had the fire begun to burn, when we heard loud shouts from the ship warning us to come back at once, for what we had taken to be an island was indeed the back of a sleeping whale. My companions all rushed to the boats, but before I could follow them the great monster dived down and disappeared, leaving me struggling in the water.

"I clung to a piece of wood which we had brought from the ship to make the fire, and I could only hope that I would soon be picked up by my companions. But alas! there was so much confusion on board that no one missed me, and as a wind sprang up the captain set sail, and I was left alone at the mercy of the waves.

"All night long I floated, and when morning came I was so tired and weak that I thought I must die. But just then a great wave lifted me up and threw me against the steep side of an island, and to my joy I managed to climb the cliff and rest on the green grass above.

"Soon I began to feel better, and as I was very hungry I went

to look for something to eat. I found some plants which tasted good, and a spring of clear water, and having made a good meal, I walked about the island to see what I would find next.

"Before long I came to a great meadow where a horse was tied, and as I stood looking at it, I heard men's voices which sounded as if they came from under the earth. Then from an underground cave a man appeared, who asked me who I was and where I came from. He took me into the cave where his companions were, and they told me they were the grooms belonging to the King of the island, whose horses they brought to feed in the meadow. They gave me a good meal, and told me it was very lucky that I had come just then, for next day, they meant to return to their master, and would show me the way, which I could never have found for myself.

"So we set off together early next morning, and when we reached the city I was very kindly received by the King. He listened to the story of my adventures, and then bade his servants see that I wanted for nothing.

"As I was a merchant I took great interest in the shipping, and often went down to the quay to see the boats unload. One day when I was looking over a cargo which had just been landed, what was my astonishment to see a number of bales with my own name marked on them. I went at once to the captain and asked him who was the owner of these bales of goods

"'Ah!' replied the captain, 'they belonged to a merchant of Bagdad called Sindbad. But he, alas! perished in a dreadful way soon after we sailed, for with a number of people belonging to my ship he landed on what looked like a green island, but which was really the back of a great sleeping whale. As soon as the monster felt the warmth of the fire which they had lighted on his back, he woke up and dived below the sea. Many of my men were drowned, and among them poor Sindbad. Now I mean to sell his goods that I may give the money to his relations when I find them.'

"'Captain,' said I, 'these bales are mine, for I am that Sindbad who thou sayest was drowned.'

"'What wickedness there is in the world,' cried the captain.

'How canst thou pretend to be Sindbad when I saw him drowned before my eyes?'

"But presently, when I had told him all that had happened to me, and when the other merchants from the ship knew me to be the true Sindbad, he was overjoyed, and ordered that the bales should be at once given to me.

"Now I was able to give the King a handsome present, and after I had traded with my goods for sandal-wood, nutmegs, ginger, pepper and cloves, I set sail once more with the kind old captain. On the way home I was able to sell all my spices at a good price, so that when I landed I found I had a hundred thousand sequins.

"My family were delighted to see me again, and I soon bought some land and built a splendid house, in which I meant to live happily and forget all the troubles through which I had passed."

Here Sindbad ended the story of his first voyage. He ordered the music to strike up and the feast to go on, and when it was over he gave the poor porter Hindbad a hundred gold pieces and told him to come back at the same time next evening if he wished to hear the tale of the second voyage.

Hindbad went joyfully home, and you can imagine how happy the poor family were that night.

Next evening he set out once more for Sindbad's house, dressed in his best clothes. There he enjoyed a splendid supper as before, and when it was over Sindbad said:

"I was very happy for some time at home, but before long I began to grow weary of leading an idle life. I longed to be upon the sea again, to feel the good ship bounding over the waves, and to hear the wind whistling through the rigging.

"So I set to work at once and bought all kinds of goods that I might sell again in foreign lands, and then, having found a suitable ship, I set sail with other merchants, and so began my second voyage.

"We stopped at many places, and sold our goods at a great profit, and all went well until one day when we landed on a new island. It was a most beautiful place, fair as the garden of Eden, where exquisite flowers made a perfect rainbow of color, and delicious fruits hung in ripe clusters above.

"Here, under the shadow of the tree, I sat down to rest and to feast my eyes upon all the loveliness around. I ate the food I had brought with me, drank my wine, and then closed my eyes. The soft music of the stream which flowed close by was like a song in my ears, and, before I knew what I was doing, I fell asleep.

"I cannot tell how long I slept, but when at last I opened my eyes, I could not see my companions anywhere, and when I looked towards the sea, to my horror I found the ship was gone. It was sailing away, a white speck in the distance, and here was I, left alone upon this desert island. I cried aloud and wrung my hands with grief, and wished with all my heart that I had stayed safely at home. But what was the use of wishing that now?

"So I climbed into a high tree, and looked around to see if I could by any means find a way of escape from the island. First I looked towards the sea, but there was no hope for me there, and then I turned and looked inland. The first thing that caught my eye was a huge white dome, that seemed to rise from the center of the island, unlike anything I had ever seen before.

"I climbed down the tree, and made my way towards the white dome as quickly as I could, but when I reached it, it puzzled me more than ever. It was like a great smooth ball, much too slippery to climb, and into it there was no door or entrance of any sort. I walked round and round it, wondering what it could be, when suddenly a dark shadow fell upon everything and it grew black as night.

"I gazed upwards in great fear, and knew that the shadow was cast by a great bird with outspread wings hovering over the place where I stood and shutting out heaven's light. As I looked, it suddenly came swooping down, and sat upon the white dome.

"Then it flashed into my mind that this must be the bird which I had heard sailors talk of, called a roc, and the smooth white ball must be its egg.

"Quick as thought, I unbound my turban, and twisted it into a rope. Then I wound it round and round my waist, and

tied the two ends tightly round the roc's leg, which was close to where I stood.

"'It will fly away soon, and carry me away with it off this desert island,' I said to myself joyfully.

"And sure enough, before very long I felt myself lifted off the ground, and carried up and up until it seemed as if we had reached the clouds. Then the huge bird began to sink down again, and when it reached the ground I quickly untied my turban, and set myself free.

"I was so small, compared to the roc, that it had never even noticed me, but darted off towards a great black object lying near, which it seized with its beak and carried off. Imagine my horror when I looked again and saw other dark objects, and discovered that they were great black snakes.

"Here was I, in a deep valley, with mountains rising sheer up on every side, and nothing to be seen among the rocks but those terrible black snakes.

"'Oh!' I cried, 'why did I ever try to leave the desert island? I have indeed only come into worse misfortune.'

"As I looked around, I noticed that the ground was strewn with sparkling stones, which seemed to quiver with light, and when I looked nearer, I found they were diamonds of extraordinary size, although lying about like common pebbles. At first I was delighted, but they soon ceased to please me, for I feared each moment I might be seized by one of the terrible snakes.

"These snakes were so large that they could easily have swallowed an elephant, and although they lay quiet during the day, and hid themselves for fear of the roc, at night they came out in search of food. I managed to find a cave among the rocks before nightfall, and there I sat in fear and trembling until morning, when I once more went out into the valley.

"As I sat thinking what I should do next, I saw a great piece of raw meat come bounding down into the valley, from rock to rock. Then another piece followed, and another, until several large pieces lay at my feet.

"Then I remembered a tale which travelers had told me about the famous Diamond Valley. They said that every

year, when the young eagles were hatched, merchants went to the heights above, and rolled down great pieces of raw meat into the valley. The diamonds on which the meat fell would often stick into the soft flesh, and then when the eagles came, and carried off the meat to feed their young ones, the merchants would beat them off their nests, and take the diamonds out of the meat.

"I had never believed this wonderful tale, but now indeed I knew it to be true, and felt sure that I was in the famous Diamond Valley.

"I had quite given up all hope of escape, for there was no possible way of climbing out of the valley, but as I watched the eagles carry off the lumps of raw meat, I thought of a plan, and hope revived.

"First of all I searched around, and filled all my pockets with the biggest diamonds I could find. Then I chose out the largest piece of meat and fastened myself securely to it, with the rope made out of my turban. I knew that the eagles would soon come for more food, so I lay flat on the ground, with the meat uppermost, and holding on tightly, I waited for what would happen next. I had not long to wait before a gigantic eagle came swooping down. It seized the meat and carried it and me swiftly up, until it reached its nest high among the mountain rocks. And no sooner had it dropped me into the nest, than a man climbed out from behind the rock, and with loud cries frightened the eagle away. Then this man, who was the merchant to whom the nest belonged, came eagerly to look for his piece of meat. When he saw me, he started back in surprise and anger.

"'What doest thou here?' he asked roughly. 'How dost thou dare to try and steal my diamonds?'

"'Have patience,' I answered calmly, 'I am no thief, and when thou hast heard my story thou wilt pity and not blame me. As for diamonds, I have some here which will more than make up to thee for thy disappointment.'

"Then I told him and the other merchants all my adventures, and they cast up their eyes to heaven in surprise at my courage, and the wonderful manner in which I had managed to escape

so many dangers. Pulling out a handful of diamonds, I then passed the precious stones round among them, and they all declared them to be the finest they had ever seen.

"'Thou shalt choose one, to make up for thy disappointment,' I said to the merchant who had found me.

"'I will choose this small one,' he replied, picking out one of the least of the glistening heap.

"I urged him to take a larger one, but he only shook his head.

"'This one will bring me all the wealth I can desire,' he said, 'and I need no longer risk my life seeking for more.'

"Then we all set off for the nearest port, where we found a ship ready to carry us home. We had many adventures on the way, but at last we reached our journey's end, and when I had sold my diamonds, I had so much money that I gave a great deal to the poor, and lived in even greater splendor than before."

Here Sindbad paused, and ordered that another hundred gold pieces should be given to Hindbad, and that he should depart. But next evening when the guests had all assembled and Hindbad had also returned, Sindbad began once more to tell them a story of his adventures.

"This time," began Sindbad, "I stayed at home for the space of a whole year, and then I prepared to set out on another voyage. My friends and relations did all in their power to prevent my going, but I could not be persuaded, and before long I set sail in a ship which was about to make a very long voyage.

"Nothing went well with us from the beginning. We were driven out of our course by storms and tempests, and the captain and pilot knew not where we were. When at last they found out in which direction we had drifted, things seemed in a worse state than ever. We were alarmed to see the captain suddenly pull off his turban, tear the hair from his beard, and beat his head as if he were mad.

"'What is the matter?' we asked, gathering round him.

"'Alas!' he cried, 'we are lost. The ship is now caught in a dangerous current from which nothing can save her and

us. In a very few moments we shall all be dashed to pieces.'

"No sooner had he spoken than the ship was carried along at a tremendous speed straight on to a rocky shore which lay at the foot of a steep mountain.

"But although the ship was dashed to pieces, we all managed to escape, and were thrown with our goods and some provisions high on to the rocky strip of shore. Here we found the scattered remains of many wrecks, and quantities of bones bleached white in the sun.

"'We may prepare ourselves for death,' said the captain mournfully. 'No man has ever escaped from this shore, for it is impossible to climb the mountain behind us, and no ship dare approach to save us.'

"But nevertheless he divided the provisions among us, that we might live as long as possible.

"One thing that surprised me greatly was a river of fresh water which flowed out of the mountain, and, instead of running into the sea, disappeared into a rocky cavern on the other side of the shore. As I gazed into the mouth of this cavern I saw that it was lined with sparkling gems, and that the bed of the river was studded with rubies and diamonds and all manner of precious stones. Great quantities of these were also scattered around, and treasures from the wrecked ships lay in every corner of the shore.

"One by one my companions died as they came to the end of their food, and one by one I buried them, until at last I was left quite alone. I was able to live on very little, and so my food had lasted longer.

"'Woe is me!' I cried, 'who shall bury me when I die? Why, oh! why was I not content to remain safe and happy at home?'

"As I bemoaned my evil fate I wandered to the banks of the river, and as I watched it disappear into the rocky cave a happy thought came to me. Surely if this stream entered the mountain it must have an opening somewhere, and if I could only follow its course I might yet escape.

"Eagerly I began to make a strong raft of the wood and planks which were scattered all over the shore. Then I collected as many diamonds and rubies and as much wrecked treasure as

my raft would hold, and took my last little store of food. I launched the raft with great care, and soon found myself floating swiftly along until I disappeared into the dark passage of the cavern.

"On and on I went through the thick darkness, the passage seeming to grow smaller and narrower until I was obliged to lie flat on the raft for fear of striking my head. My food was now all gone, and I gave myself up for lost, and then mercifully I fell into a deep sleep which must have lasted many hours. I was awakened by the sound of strange voices, and jumping up, what was my joy to find I was once more in heaven's sunshine.

"The river was flowing gently through a green, pleasant land, and the sounds I had heard were the voices of a company of negroes who were gently guiding my raft to the bank.

"I could not understand the language these negroes spoke, until at last one of their number began to speak to me in Arabic.

"'Peace be to thee!' he said. 'Who art thou, and whence hast thou come? We are the people of this country, and were working in our fields when we found thee asleep upon the raft. Tell us, then, how thou hast come to this place.'

"'I pray thee, by Allah!' I cried, 'give me food, and then I will tell thee all.'

"Then the men gave me food, and I ate until my strength returned and my soul was refreshed, and I could tell them of all my adventures.

"'We must take him to the King,' they cried with one voice.

"Then they told me that the King of Serendib was the richest and greatest king on earth, and I went with them willingly, taking with me my bales and treasures.

"Never had I seen such splendor and richness as at the court of the King of Serendib, and great was his kindness towards me. He listened to the tale of my adventures with interest, and when I begged to be allowed to return home, he ordered that a ship should be made ready at once. Then he wrote a letter with his own hand to the Caliph, our sovereign lord, and loaded me with costly gifts.

"Thus, when I arrived at Bagdad, I went at once to the court of the Caliph, and presented the letter and the gift which the King had sent.

"This gift was a cup made out of a single ruby lined inside with precious stones, also a skin of the serpent that swallows elephants, which had spots upon its back like pieces of gold, and which could cure all illnesses.

"The Caliph was delighted with the letter and the gift.

"'Tell me, O Sindbad,' he said, 'is this King as great and rich as it is reported of him?'

"'O my Lord,' I said, 'no words can give you an idea of his riches. His throne is set upon a huge elephant and a thousand horsemen ride around him, clad in cloth of gold. His mace is of gold studded with emeralds, and indeed his splendor is as great as that of King Solomon.'

"The Caliph listened attentively to my words, and then, giving me a present, he allowed me to depart. I returned home swiftly to my family and friends, and when I had sold my treasures and given much to the poor, I lived in such peace and happiness that my evil adventures soon seemed like a far-off dream."

So Sindbad finished the story, and bade his guests return the next evening as usual. And next day, when all the guests were once more seated at the table and had finished their feasting, Sindbad began the story of his last voyage.

"I had now made up my mind that nothing would tempt me to leave my home again, and that I would seek for no more adventures.

"One day, however, as I was feasting with my friends, one of my servants came to tell me that a messenger from the Caliph awaited my pleasure.

"'What is thy errand?' I asked when the messenger was presented to me.

"'The Caliph desires thy presence at once,' answered the messenger.

"Thus was I obliged to set out immediately for the palace.

"'Sindbad,' said the Caliph, when I had bowed myself to the ground before him, 'I have need of thy services. I desire

to send a letter and a gift to the King of Serendib, and thou shalt be the bearer of them.'

"Then indeed did my face fall, and I became pale as death.

"'Commander of the Faithful,' I cried, 'do with me as thou wilt, but I have made a vow never to leave my home again.'

"Then I told him all my adventures, which caused him much astonishment. Nevertheless, he urged me to do as he wished, and seeing that there was no escape, I consented.

"I set sail at the Caliph's command, and after a good voyage I at last reached the island of Serendib, where I received a hearty welcome. I told the officers of the court what my errand was, and they led me to the palace, where I bowed myself to the ground before the great King.

"'Sindbad,' he said kindly, 'thou art welcome. I have often thought of thee, and wished to see thy face again.'

"So I presented the Caliph's letter, and the rich present he had sent, which pleased the King well. When a few days had passed, I begged to be allowed to depart, and after receiving many gifts I once more set sail for home.

"But alas! the return journey began badly. We had not sailed many days, when we were pursued by pirates, who captured the ship, and took prisoners all those who were not killed. I, among others, was carried ashore and sold by a pirate to a rich merchant.

"'What is thy trade?' asked the merchant when he had bought me.

"'I am a merchant,' I answered, 'and know no trade.'

"'Canst thou shoot with a bow and arrow?' asked my master.

"This I said I could do, and putting one in my hand he led me out to a great forest and bade me climb into a high tree.

"'Watch there,' he said, 'until thou shalt see a herd of elephants pass by. Then try to shoot one, and if thou art fortunate, come at once and tell me.'

"All night I watched, and saw nothing, but in the morning a great number of elephants came thundering by, and I shot several arrows among them. One big elephant fell to the

ground, and lay there while the rest passed on; so, as soon as it was safe, I climbed down and carried the news to my master. Together we buried the huge animal and marked the place, so that we might return to fetch the tusks.

"I continued this work for some time, and killed many elephants, until one night I saw to my horror that the elephants, instead of passing on, had surrounded the tree in which I sat, and were stamping and trumpeting, until the very earth shook. Then one of them seized the tree with his trunk, and tore it up by the roots, laying it flat on the ground.

"I was almost senseless with terror, but the next moment I felt myself gently lifted up by an elephant's trunk, and placed on his back. I clung on with all my might, as the elephant carried me through the forest, until at last we came to the slope of a hill, which was covered with bleached bones and tusks.

"Here the elephant gently laid me down, and left me alone. I gazed around on this great treasure of ivory, and I could not help wondering at the wisdom of these animals. They had evidently brought me here to show me that I could get ivory without killing any more of their number. For this, I felt sure, was the elephants' burying-place.

"I did not stay long on the hill, but gathering a few tusks together I sped back to the town, that I might tell my tale to the merchant. 'My poor Sindbad,' he cried, when he saw me, 'I thought thou wert dead, for I found the uprooted tree, and never expected to look upon thy face again.'

"Great was his delight when I told him of the Hill of Ivory, and when we had gone there together, and he saw for himself the wonders I had described, he was filled with astonishment.

"'Sindbad,' he cried, 'thou too shalt have a share of this great wealth. And first of all I shall give thee thy freedom. Until now, year by year have all my slaves been killed by the elephants, but now we need no longer run any risks, for here is ivory enough to enrich the whole island.'

"So I was set free, and loaded with honors, and when the trade winds brought the ships that traded in ivory, I bade good-by to the island, and set sail for home, carrying with me a great cargo of ivory and other treasures.

"As soon as I landed I went to the Caliph, who was overjoyed to see me.

"'Great has been my anxiety, O Sindbad,' he said, 'for I feared some evil had befallen thee.'

"When, therefore, I had told him of my adventures, he was the more astonished, and ordered that all my story should be written in letters of gold, and placed among his treasures.

"Then I returned to my own house, and ever since have remained at home in peace and safety."

Thus Sindbad finished the story of his voyages, and turning to Hindbad, he said: "And now, friend Hindbad, what dost thou think of the way I have earned my riches? Is it not just that I should live in enjoyment and ease?"

"O my lord," cried Hindbad, bowing before Sindbad, and kissing his hand, "great have been thy labors and perils, and truly dost thou deserve thy riches. My troubles are as nothing compared to thine. Long mayest thou live and prosper!"

Sindbad was well pleased with this answer, and he ordered that Hindbad should dine every day at his table, and receive his golden pieces, so that all his life he might have reason to remember the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

ADAPTED BY JEANIE LANG

I

THE STORY OF WHAT LED TO THE SIEGE OF TROY

IN the deep forest that clothes Mount Ida, not far from the strong city of Troy, Paris, son of King Priam, watched his father's flocks by night.

Suddenly through the dim woods he saw a light, as if the golden sun and silver moon shone both together.

And, lo! in the radiance of this light there stood before him the three fairest of the godesses—queenly Hera, wise Athene, and lovely Aphrodite.

Like music stealing through the trees came the soft voice of Hera:

"Of all mortal men thou art the most beautiful, Paris, and to thee do we come for judgment. Tell us which of us is the fairest of all, and to that one whom thou so deemest, give this golden apple."

So spake Hera, and placed in the hand of Paris an apple of purest gold.

Again she spake: "If to me, Hera, queen of goddesses, and wife of mighty Zeus, king of all the gods, thou dost grant the prize of loveliness, Power immeasurable shall be thine. King shalt thou be of the lands where the gray dawn rises, and king even to where the red sun goes down. A hundred peoples shall call thee lord."

She was silent, and the voice of Athene, fair and pure as a silver moonbeam, broke the stillness of the starless night.

"To me award the prize," she said, "and wise as the gods shalt thou be. With me as thy friend and guide, all things will be possible to thee."

Last of all, standing in a rosy light, as of the dawning sunlight in the spring, spoke Aphrodite.

"What are Power and Wisdom, fair Paris?" she pled. "Wisdom and Power bring no joy at last. I will give thee Love, and for thy wife thou shalt have the fairest woman in all the world."

And Paris, the melody of her voice still in his ears, as he gazed spellbound on her face of wondrous beauty, handed to Aphrodite the golden prize.

So was it that the wrath of the gods came upon Paris, son of Priam. For Hera and Athene, filled with rage, vowed to be revenged upon Paris and all his race, and made all the gods pledge themselves to aid them in their vengeance.

Across far seas sailed Paris, with Aphrodite as his guide, to Sparta, where Menelaus was king.

A brave king was Menelaus, and happily he lived in his kingdom with Helen, his queen, fairest of all women. One child they had, a little maid, Hermione.

When to Sparta there came Paris, with eyes blue as the sea, and hair that gleamed like gold on his purple robe, gallant and brave, and more beautiful than any mortal man, glad was the welcome that he had from Menelaus.

And when Paris gazed on Helen's face, he knew that in all the world there was no woman half so fair as the wife of Menelaus.

Then did Aphrodite cast her magic upon Helen.

No longer did she love her husband, nor did she remember little Hermione, her own dear child.

When Paris spoke to her words of love, and begged her to flee with him, and to be his wife, she knew only that she loved Paris more than all else. Gladly she went with him, and in his red-prowed ship together they sailed across the green waves to Troyland, where Mount Ida showed her snowy crown high above the forests.

An angry man was Menelaus when he found that Paris had stolen from him the fair wife who was to him as his own heart.

To his elder brother Agamemnon, overlord of all the Greeks, he went and told his grievous tale.

FROM FAR AND WIDE DID THE GREEK HOSTS GATHER

And from far and wide did the Greek hosts gather, until a hundred thousand men and eleven hundred fourscore and six ships were ready to cross the seas to Troyland.

Many were the heroes who sailed away from Greece to punish Paris and his kin, and to bring back fair Helen to her own land.

Few there were who came home, for ten long years of woe and of spilling of blood came to the men of Greece and of Troy from the fatal beauty of Helen the queen.

II

THE COUNCIL

That night both gods and men slept long; only Zeus, king of the gods, lay wakeful, pondering in his heart how best he might do honor to Achilles. "I shall send a Dream to beguile Agamemnon," at length he resolved.

Then did he call to a Dream, for by Dreams the gods sent their messages to mortal men.

"Go now, thou evil Dream," said Zeus, "go to where Agamemnon sleeps in his tent near to his fleet ships, and tell him every word as I shall tell it thee. Bid him call to arms with speed his warriors, for now he shall take the strong city of Troy."

To the tent of Agamemnon sped the Dream. Taking the form of the old warrior who had striven to make peace between Agamemnon and Achilles, the Dream stooped over the sleeping warrior, and thus to him it spoke:

"Sleepest thou, Agamemnon? Ill fits it for the overlord of so mighty a host to sleep all through the night. From Zeus I come, and to thee he sends this message: 'Call to arms with speed thy warriors, Agamemnon, for now shalt thou take the strong city of Troy.'"

Off then sped the Dream, winging its way like a strip of gray mist aloft to Mount Olympus.

Then Agamemnon awoke from sleep, and the voice of the Dream still rang in his ears.

Speedily he arose from his bed, donned his fair tunic, cast around him his great cloak, and bound his sandals on his feet. Then over his shoulder he cast his silver-studded sword, and with the scepter of his house, token of his overlordship, in his hand, he went down to where the Greek ships lay, and called a council together.

To his lords he told what had befallen him as they slept.

"Call to arms!" had been the message from Zeus. "Call to arms! for victory shall be thine."

Then said the old warrior in whose likeness the Dream had come:

"My friends, had any other told us this dream we might deem it false; but to our overlord the Dream hath come. Let us then call our men to arms."

So did all the lords follow his counsel, and quickly did the Greeks obey their summons. Like bees that pour from out their nests in some hollow rock, and fly to where the spring flowers grow most sweet, even so did the warriors pour forth from their ships and their huts by the sea. Loudly they shouted as they came, till all the earth echoed. Nine heralds sought to quiet them, but it was long before they would cease their noise, and sit silent to listen to the voice of Agamemnon their lord.

Then did Agamemnon prove his people. "Ill hath Zeus dealt with us, my friends," he said. "To us he promised ere we sailed hither that victory should be ours. But nine years have passed away, and our ships' timbers have rotted, and the rigging is worn. In our halls our wives and children still sit awaiting us, yet are we no nearer victory than we were on the day that we came hither. Come then, let us flee with our ships to our dear native land, for never shall Troy be ours."

So spake Agamemnon, and stirred the hearts of all that had not heard his secret council.

As the high sea-waves are swayed by the winds that rush upon them from the east and from the south, even so the Greek host was swayed. And even as the west wind sweeps over a cornfield and all the ears bow down before the blast, so were the warriors stirred.

Shouting, they hastened down to their ships. And the dust rose up in clouds from under their hurrying feet.

Quickly did they prepare their ships, and gladly did they make them ready to sail homeward across the bright salt sea.

Then would the Greeks have returned, even though fate willed it not. But Hera spoke to Athene.

"Shall we indeed allow the Greeks thus to flee homeward?" she cried. "Shame it will be to us if Helen is left in Troy, and Paris goes unpunished. Haste, then, and with thy gentle words hold back the men from setting forth in their ships for their own homeland."

Down from the peaks of Olympus darted the bright-eyed Athene, down to where the dark ships were being dragged to the launching ways.

By his ship stood Odysseus of the many devices, and heavy of heart was he.

As one who speaks aloud the thoughts of another, so then to Odysseus spake the fair goddess who was ever his guide.

"Will ye indeed fling yourselves upon your ships and flee homeward to your own land?" she said. "Will brave Odysseus leave Helen, for whose sake so many Greeks have died, to be the boast of the men of Troy? Hasten, then, and suffer not the Greeks to drag their ships down to the sea."

At the sound of the voice of Athene, Odysseus cast away his mantle and ran to meet Agamemnon. From him he received the scepter of overlordship, and bearing it he went among the ships.

Whenever he saw a chief, he would say to him with gentle words:

"Good sir, it fits thee ill to be a coward. Stay, now, for thou knowest not what is the will of Agamemnon. He is only making trial of thee. Hold back then thy people, and anger him not."

But when Odysseus met a common man hasting to the ships, with his scepter he smote him, saying:

"Sit still, sir, and listen to the words of thy betters. No warrior art thou, but a weakling. One king only hath Zeus given to us. Hearken then to the will of Agamemnon!"

Thus did Odysseus rule the people, driving them back from the ships to where sat Agamemnon.

And the noise they made in returning was as the noise of mighty waves of the sea, when they crash upon the beach and drive their roaring echoes far abroad.

Silence came upon them as they sat themselves down before Agamemnon and their lords. Upon all but one did silence fall. Thersites, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, lame of one foot, with ugly head covered with scanty stubble, most ill-favored of all men in the host, would not hold his peace.

Shrilly he poured his upbraidings upon Agamemnon.

"What lackest thou now?" he cried. "Surely thy huts are full of the spoils we have brought to thee each time we have taken a town. What more dost thou want? Soft fools, women, not men, are ye Greeks, else would ye return home now with the ships, and leave this fellow here in Troyland gorging himself on the spoils for which he himself hath never fought. To brave Achilles hath he done dishonor, a far better man than he!"

Straight to the side of Thersites came the goodly Odysseus.

"Hold thy peace," he sternly said. "Plainly I tell thee that if ever again I find thee raving as thou hast raved now, I myself will strip off thy mantle and tunic, with shameful blows beat thee out of the assembly, and send thee back weeping to the ships."

So spake Odysseus, and with his scepter smote Thersites on his back and shoulders. And Thersites bowed down, and big tears fell from his eyes, and a bloody weal from the golden scepter stood up from his back. Amazed he sat down, and in pain and amazement he wiped away a tear. The others, though they were sorry, laughed at his bewilderment.

"Many are the good deeds of Odysseus," said they, "but never did he do a better deed than when he stopped the tongue of this prating railer."

Then spake Odysseus, scepter in hand.

"Surely it is the wish of the Greeks to make thee the most despised of all kings, great Agamemnon," he said, "for like young children or mourning women do they wail that they must

go home. Nine years have we stayed in this land, and small wonder is it that we long for our homes again. Yet shameful would it be to wait so long and to return with empty hands. Be of good heart, my friends, and wait a little, for surely Troy shall be ours. Do ye forget, on the day that we set sail for Troyland, the mighty portent that we saw? As we offered sacrifices to the gods beneath a fair plane-tree whence flowed clear water, a snake, blood-red on the back and dreadful to look upon, glided from beneath the altar and darted to the tree. On the tree's topmost bough was a sparrow's nest, and in it eight tender nestlings, over which the mother bird spread her wings. Pitifully did the little ones cheep as the snake swallowed them all, and pitifully cried the mother as she fluttered over her nestlings. But of her, too, did the snake lay hold, coiling himself round her and crushing her life out. Then did the god who sent this sign show us that a sign from the gods in truth it was, for he turned the snake into stone. And Chalcas, our soothsayer, told us then the meaning of the sign. 'Nine years,' said he—for nine birds did the snake slay—'shall ye fight in Troyland, but in the tenth year the city shall fall before you.' So then, let us abide here, until we have taken the great city!"

When Odysseus had ceased to speak, the Greeks shouted aloud, until the ships echoed the praises of the goodly Odysseus.

Then said Agamemnon:

"Go now, all of you, and eat, that ye may be ready for battle. Let each man sharpen well his spear and see to his shield, and see to it that the horses are well fed and the chariots prepared. And whomsoever I see minded to stay far away from the fight, beside the ships here by the sea, for him shall there be no hope hereafter, but he shall be food for dogs and for birds of prey."

And when Agamemnon had spoken, the shouts of the Greeks were as the thunder of mighty breakers on a reef when the winds blow high.

Quickly then they scattered, and kindled fires, and made their evening meal, and offered sacrifices to the gods, praying for escape from death in the coming battle.

To Zeus did Agamemnon offer his sacrifice and to the mighty god he prayed:

"Great Zeus, god of the storm-cloud, let not the sun set nor the darkness fall until I have laid low the palaces of Troy and burned down its walls with fire."

So he prayed, but as yet Zeus heeded not his prayer. Then did the Greeks gather themselves together to battle, and among them went the bright-eyed Athene, urging on each one, and rousing in each man's heart the joy of strength and of battle.

As the red and golden blaze of a fire that devours a mighty forest is seen from afar, so was seen from afar the dazzling gleam of their bronze armor as they marched.

Like wild geese and cranes and swans that in long-drawn strings fly tirelessly onward, so poured they forth, while the earth echoed terribly under the tread of men and horses.

As flies that swarm in the spring when the herdsmen's milk-pails are full, so did the Greeks throng to battle, unnumbered as the leaves and the flowers upon which they trod in the flowery plain by the banks of the river Scamander.

III

THE FIGHT BETWEEN PARIS AND MENELAUS

To meet the great Greek host came the men of Troy. With loud shouting and clamor they came, noisy as the flocks of cranes that fly to far-off seas before the coming of winter and sudden rain.

But in silence marched the Greeks, shoulder to shoulder, their hearts full of courage.

Like the mist that rolls from the crest of the mountains until no man can see in front of him further than the cast of a stone, so did the dust rise in clouds under the tread of the warriors' feet as they marched across the plain.

Front to front did the two armies stand at last, and from the Trojan ranks strode forth Paris the godlike, he who robbed Menelaus of her who was to him most dear.

From the shoulders of Paris swung a panther's skin. He bore a curved bow and sword, and, brandishing two bronze-headed spears, he challenged all the chieftains of the Greek host to fight him, man to man, in mortal fight.

As a hungry lion rejoices to see a great-horned stag coming to be his prey, even so did Menelaus rejoice when he saw Paris, the golden-haired and blue-eyed, stride proudly forth.

Straightway, in his armor, did Menelaus leap from his chariot to the ground.

But when Paris saw him to whom he had done so sore a wrong, his heart was smitten.

As a man who, in a mountain glen, suddenly sees a deadly snake and shrinks away from it with shaking limbs, even so did Paris shrink back among his comrades.

Scornfully did Hector his brother behold him.

"Fair in face thou art!" said Hector, "but shamed I am by thee! I ween these long-haired Greeks make sport of us because we have for champion one whose face and form are beautiful, but in whose heart is neither strength nor courage. Art thou a coward? and yet thou daredst to sail across the sea and steal from her husband the fair woman who hath brought us so much harm. Thou shalt see what sort of warrior is he whose lovely wife thou hast taken. Thy harp and thy golden locks and fair face, and all the graces given to thee by Aphrodite, shall count for little when thou liest in the dust! Cowards must we Trojans be, else thou hadst been stoned to death ere this, for all the evil thou hast wrought."

Then answered Paris:

"No word hast thou said that I do not deserve, brave Hector. Yet scorn not the gifts of golden Aphrodite, for by his own desire can no man win the love and beauty that the goddess gives. But let me now do battle with Menelaus. Make the Trojans and the men of Greece sit down, while Menelaus and I fight for Helen. Let him who is conqueror have her and all that is hers for his own, and let the others take an oath of friendship so that the Greeks may depart in peace to their own land, and in peace the Trojans dwell in Troy."

Greatly did Hector rejoice at his brother's word. His

spear grasped by the middle, he went through the Trojan ranks and bid the warriors hold back.

But as he went, the Greeks shot arrows at brave Hector and cast stones.

"Hold! hold! ye Greeks," called Agamemnon. "Hector of the glancing helm hath somewhat to say to us."

In silence, then, the two armies stood, while Hector told them the words of Paris his brother.

When they had heard him, Menelaus spoke:

"Many ills have ye endured," he said, "for my sake and because of the sins of Paris. Yet now, I think, the end of this long war hath come. Let us fight, then, and death and fate shall decide which of us shall die. Let us offer sacrifice now to Zeus, and call hither Priam, King of Troy. I fear for the faith of his sons, Paris and Hector, but Priam is an old man and will not break faith."

Then were the Greeks and the Trojans glad. They came down from their chariots, and took off their arms, and laid them on the ground, while heralds went to tell Priam and to fetch lambs and a ram for the sacrifice.

While they went, Hera sent to Troy Iris, her messenger, in the guise of the fairest daughter of Priam.

To the hall where Helen sat came lovely Iris. And there she found Helen, fairest of women, her white arms swiftly moving back and forward as she wove a great purple web of double wool, and wrought thereon pictures of many battles of the Greeks and the men of Troy.

"Come hither, dear lady," said Iris, "and see a wondrous thing. For they that so fiercely fought with each other, now sit in silence. The battle is stayed; they lean upon their shields, and their tall spears are thrust in the earth by their sides. But for thee are Menelaus and Paris now going to fight, and thou shalt be the wife of the conqueror."

So spake lovely Iris, and into the sleeping heart of Helen there came remembrance, and a hungry longing for her old home, and for Menelaus, and her father and mother, and for little Hermione, her child.

The tears rolled down her cheeks, but quickly she hid her

face with a veil of fair linen, and hastened out, with her two handmaidens, to the place where the two armies lay.

At the Scæan gates sat Priam and other old warriors.

As Helen, in her fair white robes, drew near, the old men marveled at her loveliness.

"Small wonder is it," said they, "that Trojans and Greeks should suffer hardships and lay down their lives for one so beautiful. Yet well would it be for her to sail away upon the Greek ships rather than stay here to bring trouble upon us now, and upon our children hereafter."

Then Priam called to Helen:

"Come hither, dear child, and sit beside me, that thou may'st see the man who once was thy husband, and thy kinsmen, and thy friends. No blame do I give to thee for all our woes, but only to the gods who have chosen thee to be the cause of all this bloodshed."

Then did Priam ask her the names of the mighty heroes who stood by their spears in the Grecian ranks, and Helen, making answer to him, said:

"Dear father of Paris, my lord, would that I had died ere I left my own land and my little child, and all those that I loved, and followed thy son hither. Agamemnon, a goodly king and a mighty spearsman, is the Greek warrior whose name thou dost ask. Brother of him who was my husband is he. Ah! shameless me, who did leave mine own."

Of Odysseus also, and of many another warrior of great stature and brave looks, did Priam make inquiry. And Helen told him all she knew, while tears of longing stood in her eyes.

"My two brethren, Castor, tamer of horses, and Polydeuces, the skilful boxer, I do not see," she said; "mayhap they have not crossed the sea." For she knew not that her two brothers lay dead in her own beautiful land.

Then was the sacrifice to Zeus offered, and the vows made between Agamemnon and Priam, King of Troy.

When the sacrifice and vows were accomplished, Priam in haste mounted his chariot and drove away.

"Verily will I return to windy Ilios," said the old man, "for I cannot bear to watch the fight between Menelaus and my own

dear son. But only Zeus and the gods know which one of them is to fall."

Then Hector and Odysseus marked out a space for the fight, and into a bronze helmet Hector placed two pebbles and shook them in the helmet, looking behind him. And the pebble of Paris leapt out the first, so that to him fell the lot to cast first his spear of bronze.

Then did Paris arm himself. Greaves of beauteous fashioning he placed upon his legs, and fastened them with silver ankle-clasps. Over his shoulders he put his silver-studded sword of bronze and his great shield. On his head he placed a helmet with nodding crest of horsehair, and in his hand he grasped his strong spear. In like manner did Menelaus arm himself.

One moment did they stand face to face, wrath and hatred in their hearts, their spears gripped firm in their hands.

Then did Paris hurl his spear and smite the shield of Menelaus. But the shield was strong and the spear could not pierce it.

His hand lifted up for the cast, Menelaus looked upwards and called to Zeus.

"Grant me revenge, great Zeus!" he cried. "On him that hath done me grievous wrong, grant me vengeance, so that all men hereafter may shudder to wrong one who hath treated him as his honored guest."

Then hurled he his mighty spear. Through the bright shield it went, and through the shining breastplate, tearing the tunic of Paris on his thigh. But Paris swerved aside, and so escaped death.

Then Menelaus drew his silver-studded sword and drove it crashing down upon the helmet of Paris. But in four pieces was the sword shattered, and fell from the hand of Menelaus.

"Surely art thou the most cruel of all the gods, Zeus!" angrily he cried. "My spear is cast in vain, and my sword shattered, and my vengeance is still to come!"

So saying, he leapt upon Paris. By the crest on his helmet he seized him, and, swinging him round, he dragged him towards the Greek host. The embroidered strap beneath the helmet of Paris strangled him, and so he would have shamefully died, had not Aphrodite marked his plight. Swiftly did she burst

the leather strap, and the helmet was left empty in the grasp of Menelaus.

Casting the empty helmet, with a swing, to his comrades, Menelaus sprang back, ready, with another spear, to slay his enemy.

But Aphrodite snatched Paris up, and in thick mist she hid him, and bore him away to his own home. Like a wild beast Menelaus strode through the host, searching for him. But no Trojan would have hidden him, for with a bitter hatred did the men of Troy hate Paris, most beautiful of mortal men.

Then said Agamemnon:

"Hearken to me, ye Trojans. Now hath Menelaus gained the victory. Give us back Helen, and all that is hers, and pay me the recompense that ye owe me for all the evil days that are gone."

So spake he, and glad were the shouts of the Greeks as they heard the words of their king.

IV

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

From where the battle still raged went Hector, son of Priam. At the oak-tree by the gates of Troy there came running to meet him wives and daughters of those who fought. For eagerly did they long for tidings of many a warrior who now lay dead on the field.

When he reached the beautiful, many-pillared palace of his father, his mother came to meet him.

His hand she took in hers, and gently spoke she to him.

"Art thou wearied that thou hast left the battle, Hector, my son?" she said. "Let me bring thee wine that thou may'st be refreshed and yet gain strength."

"Bring me no wine, dear mother," said Hector, "lest it take from me the strength and courage that I have. Rather go thou to the temple of Athene and offer her sacrifices, beseeching that she will have mercy on Troy and on the wives of the Trojans and their little children. So may she hold back Diomedes the destroyer. I go to Paris—would that he were dead!"

And the mother of Hector straightway, with other old women, the mothers of heroes, offered sacrifices and prayers to Athene. But Athene paid no heed.

To the palace of Paris, his mighty bronze spear in his hand, then strode Hector.

Paris, the golden-haired, sat in a room with Helen, idly handling his shining shield and breastplate and curved bow.

In bitter scorn spoke Hector to his brother.

"Our people die in battle for thy sake!" he cried, "while here thou sittest idle. Up then, ere the enemies that thou hast made for us burn our city to the ground!"

And Paris answered:

"Justly dost thou chide me, Hector. Even now hath Helen urged me to play the man and go back to battle. Only let me put on my armor, and soon will I overtake thee."

Never a word did Hector answer him.

But to Hector did Helen then speak:

"Brother Hector," she said, "unworthy am I to be sister of thine. Would that I had died on the day I was born, or would that the gods who have brought me this evil had given me for a husband one who was shamed by reproach and who feared dishonor. Rest thee here, my brother, who hast suffered so much for the sake of wretched me and for the sin of Paris. Well I know that for us cometh punishment of which men will sing in the far-off years that are yet to come."

"Of thy love, ask me not to stay, Helen," answered Hector. "For to help the men of Troy is my whole heart set, and they are now in want of me. But rouse this fellow, and make him hasten after me. I go now to see my dear wife and my babe, for I know not whether I shall return to them again."

In his own house Hector found not his fair wife Andromache, nor their little babe.

"Whither went thy mistress?" he asked in eagerness of the serving-women.

"Truly, my lord," answered one, "tidings came to us that the Trojans were sorely pressed and that with the Greeks was the victory. So then did Andromache, like one frenzied, hasten with her child and his nurse to the walls that she might see somewhat of what befell. There, on the tower, she stands now, weeping and wailing."

Back through the streets by which he had come then hastened

Hector. And as he drew near the gates, Andromache, who had spied him from afar, ran to meet him.

As, hand clasped in hand, Andromache and Hector stood, Hector looked silently at the beautiful babe in his nurse's arms, and smiled.

Astyanax, "The City King," those of Troy called the child, because it was Hector his father who saved the city.

Then said Andromache:

"Dear lord, thy courage will bring thee death. Hast thou no pity for this babe nor for thy wife, who so soon shall be thy widow? Better would it be for me to die if to thee death should come. For if I lose thee, then sorrow must for evermore be mine. No father nor mother have I, and on one day were my seven brothers slain. Father and mother and brother art thou to me, Hector, and my dear loved husband as well. Have pity now, and stay with thy wife and thy little child."

"All these things know I well, my wife," answered Hector, "but black shame would be mine were I to shrink like a coward from battle. Ever it hath been mine to be where the fight was fiercest, and to win glory for my father's name, and for my own. But soon will that glory be gone, for my heart doth tell me that Troy must fall. Yet for the sorrows of the Trojans, and of my own father and mother and brethren, and of the many heroes that must perish, grieve I less bitterly than for the anguish that must come upon thee on that day when thou no longer hast a husband to fight for thee and a Greek leads thee away a prisoner. May the earth be heaped up high above me ere I hear thy crying, Andromache!"

So spake Hector, and stretched out his arms to take his boy.

But from his father's bronze helmet with its fiercely nodding plume of horsehair the babe shrank back in terror and hid his face in his nurse's breast. Then did the little City King's father and his sweet mother laugh aloud, and on the ground Hector laid his helmet, and taking his little son in his arms he kissed him and gently dandled him. And as he did so, thus Hector prayed to Zeus and all the gods:

"O Zeus and all ye gods, grant that my son may be a brave warrior and a great king in Troyland. Let men say of him

when he returns from battle, 'Far greater is he than his father,' and may he gladden his mother's heart."

Then did Hector lay his babe in Andromache's arms, and she held him to her bosom, smiling through her tears.

Full of love and pity and tenderness was the heart of Hector, and gently he caressed her and said:

"Dear one, I pray thee be not of over-sorrowful heart. No man shall slay me ere the time appointed for my death hath come. Go home and busy thyself with loom and distaff and see to the work of thy maidens. But war is for us men, and of all those who dwell in Troyland, most of all for me."

So spake Hector, and on his head again he placed his crested helmet. And his wife went home, many times looking back to watch him she loved going forth to battle, with her eyes half blinded by her tears.

Not far behind Hector followed Paris, his armor glittering like the sun, and with a laugh on the face that was more full of beauty than that of any other man on earth. Like a noble charger that has broken its bonds and gallops exultingly across the plain, so did Paris stride onward.

"I fear I have delayed thee," he said to his brother when he overtook him.

"No man can speak lightly of thy courage," answered Hector, "only thou hast brought shame on thyself by holding back from battle. But now let us go forward and may the gods give the Greeks into our hands."

So went Hector and Paris together into battle, and many a Greek fell before them on that day.

V

HOW PATROCLUS FOUGHT AND DIED

While round the dark ships of Greece the fierce fight raged, Achilles, from afar, listened unmoved to the din of battle, and watched with stony eyes the men of Greece as they fell and died on the reddened ground.

To him came Patroclus.

ANDROMACHE IN CAPTIVITY

From a Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton

"Why dost thou weep, Patroclus?" asked Achilles. "Like a fond little maid art thou that runs by her mother's side, plucking at her gown, hindering her as she walks, and with tearful eyes looking up at her until the mother lifts her in her arms. Like her, Patroclus, dost thou softly weep."

Then Patroclus, heavily groaning, made answer:

"Among the ships lie the bravest and best of the men of Greece, sore wounded or dead. Pitiless art thou, Achilles, pitiless and unforgiving. Yet if thou dost still hold back from the battle, give me, I pray thee, thine armor, and send me forth in thy stead. Perchance the Trojans may take me for the mighty Achilles, and even now the victory be ours."

Then said Achilles, and heavy was his heart within him:

"These Greeks took from me my well-won prize, Patroclus. Yet let the past be past; no man may keep his anger for ever. I have said that until the men of Troy come to burn my own ships I will hold me back from the battle. But take you my armor; lead my men in the fight, and drive from the ships the men of Troy. But to others leave it to chase them across the plain."

Even as Achilles spoke, the strength of mighty Ajax had come to an end, and with furious rush did the Trojans board the ships. In their hands they bore blazing torches, and up to the sky rushed the fiercely roaring flames.

Then cried Achilles, smiting his thighs:

"Haste thee, Patroclus! They burn the ships! Arm thyself speedily, and I will call my men!"

Corslet and shield and helmet did Patroclus swiftly don, and girded on the silver-studded sword and took two strong lances in his hand.

In the chariot of Achilles he mounted, and Automedon, best and bravest of charioteers, took the reins.

Swift as the wild west wind were Bayard and Piebald, the two horses of Achilles, and in the side harness was Pedasus, a horse only less swift than they.

Gladly did the men of Achilles meet his call to arms, for fierce as wolves were they.

"Many times hast thou blamed me," cried Achilles, "be-

cause in my wrath I kept ye back from battle. Here for ye now is a mighty fight, such as ye love."

To battle they went, and while Patroclus led them forth, Achilles in his tent offered up an offering to Zeus.

Like wasps that pour forth from their nests by the wayside to sting the boys who have stoned them, so now did the Greeks swarm from their ships.

Before the sword of Patroclus fell a mighty warrior, and when the men of Troy saw the shining armor of Achilles in his own chariot their hearts sank within them.

Out of the ships were they driven, the fire was quenched, and back to the trench rolled the tide of battle. In the trench writhed many a horse and many a man in dying agonies. But clear across it leaped the horses of Achilles, and close to the walls of Troy did Patroclus drive brave Hector before him.

His chariot then he turned, and headed off the fleeing Trojans, driving them down to the ships. Before the furious rush of his swift steeds, other horses were borne off their feet, other chariots cast in ruins on the ground, and men crushed to death under his wheels. Chief after chief did Patroclus slay. A mighty destroyer was he that day.

One only of the chiefs of Troy kept his courage before the destroyer who wore the shining arms of Achilles.

"Shame on ye!" cried Sarpedon to his men, "whither do ye flee? I myself will fight this man who deals death and destruction to the Trojan host."

From their chariots leaped Sarpedon and Patroclus.

With the first cast of his spear Patroclus missed Sarpedon, but slew his charioteer. Then did Sarpedon cast, and his spear whizzed past Patroclus, and smote the good horse Pedasus. With a dreadful scream Pedasus fell, kicking and struggling, in the dust. This way and that did the other two horses plunge and rear, until the yoke creaked and the reins became entangled. But the charioteer leaped down, with his sword slashed clear the traces from Pedasus, and the horses righted themselves.

Once again did Sarpedon cast his spear, and the point flew over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But Patroclus missed not.

Through the heart of Sarpedon sped the fiercely hurled spear, and like a slim tree before the axe of the wood-cutter he fell, his dying hands clutching at the bloody dust.

Furious was the combat then over the body of Sarpedon. One brave warrior after another did Patroclus lay dead.

And more terrible still was the fight because in the ranks of the men of Troy there fought now, in all-devouring wrath, the god Apollo.

Nine men, good warriors all, did Patroclus slay; then, waxing bolder, he tried to climb the very walls of Troy.

Three times did Apollo thrust him back, and when, a fourth time, he attacked, the god cried aloud to him in anger, warning him not to dare so much.

Against Patroclus did Hector then drive his war-horses, but Patroclus, leaping from his chariot, hurled at Hector a jagged stone. In the eyes it smote the charioteer of Hector, and the slain man dropped to the ground.

"How nimble a man is this!" jeered Patroclus. "How lightly he diveth! Were this the sea, how good an oyster-seeker would this fellow be!"

Then from his chariot leaped Hector and met Patroclus, and the noise of the battle was as the noise of a mighty gale in the forest when great trees fall crashing to the ground.

When the sun went down, victory was with the Greeks. Three mighty charges did Patroclus make, and each time he slew nine men. But when, a fourth time, he charged, Apollo met him. In thick mist he met him, and Patroclus knew not that he fought with a god. With a fierce down-stroke from behind, Apollo smote his broad shoulders, and from off his head the helmet of Achilles fell with a clang, rattling under the hoofs of the horses. Before the smiting of the god, Patroclus stood stricken, stupid and amazed. Shattered in his hands was the spear of Achilles, and his mighty shield clanged on the ground.

Ere he could know who was the smiter, a Trojan ally drove a spear between his shoulders, and Patroclus, sore wounded, fell back.

Marking his dismay, Hector pressed forward, and clean

through his body drove his bronze spear. With a crash Patroclus fell.

"Thou that didst boast that thou wouldst sack my town, here shall vultures devour thee!" cried Hector.

And in a faint voice Patroclus made answer:

"Not to thee do I owe my doom, great Hector. Twenty such as thou would I have fought and conquered, but the gods have slain me. Yet verily I tell thee that thou thyself hast not long to live. Even now doth Death stand beside thee!"

As he spoke, the shadow of Death fell upon Patroclus. No more in his ears roared the din of battle; still and silent for ever he lay.

VI

THE ROUSING OF ACHILLES

Fierce had been the fight before Patroclus died. More fiercely yet it raged when he lay dead.

From his body did Hector take the arms of Achilles, and the dead Patroclus would the Trojans fain have dragged to their city, there to bring shame to him and to all the Greek host.

But for him fought the Greeks, until the earth was wet with blood and the very skies echoed the clang of battle.

To Achilles came Antilochos, a messenger fleet of foot.

"Fallen is Patroclus!" he cried, "and around his naked body do they fight, for his armor is held by Hector."

Then did Achilles moan aloud. On the ground he lay, and in his hair he poured black ashes. And the sound of his terrible lament was heard by his mother, Thetis, the goddess, as she sat in her palace down under the depths of the green sea.

Up from under the waves swiftly came she to Achilles, and tenderly did she listen while he poured forth to her the tale of the death of his dear comrade.

Then said Thetis:

"Not long, methinks, shall Hector glory in the armor that was thine, for Death presseth hard upon him. Go not forth

to battle, my son, until I return, bearing with me new and fair armor for thee."

But when Thetis had departed, to Achilles in his sorrow came Iris, fair messenger of the gods.

"Unto windy Ilios will the Trojans drag the body of Patroclus unless thou comest now. Thou needst not fight, Achilles, only show thyself to the men of Troy, for sore is the need of Patroclus thy friend."

Then, all unarmed, did Achilles go forth, and stood beside the trench. With a mighty voice he shouted, and at the sound of his voice terror fell upon the Trojans. Backward in flight they went, and from among the dead did the Greeks draw the body of Patroclus, and hot were the tears that Achilles shed for the friend whom he had sent forth to battle.

All that night, in the house of the Immortals, resounded the clang of hammer on anvil as Hephaistus, the lame god, fashioned new arms for Achilles.

Bronze and silver and gold he threw in his fire, and golden handmaidens helped their master to wield the great bellows, and to send on the crucibles blasts that made the ruddy flames dance.

No fairer shield was ever borne by man than that which Hephaistus made for Achilles. For him also he wrought a corslet brighter than a flame of fire, and a helmet with a golden crest.

And in the morning light did Thetis dart down from snowy Olympus, bearing in her arms the splendid gift of a god.

Glad was Achilles as he put on the armor, and terrible was his war-cry as he roused the Greek warriors. No man, however sore his wounds, held back when the voice of Achilles called him to the fight once again. Wounded was Agamemnon, overlord of the Greeks, but forth also came he. And there, while the sun rose on many a warrior who would fight no more, did Achilles and Agamemnon speak as friends once again, their long strife ended.

Hungry for war, with Achilles as their leader, did the Greeks then meet the Trojans on the plain. And as a fierce fire rages through the forest, its flames driven by the wind, so did Achilles in his wrath drive through the host of Troy.

Down to the Scamander he drove the fleeing Trojans, and the water reddened with blood, as he smote and spared not.

Merciless was Achilles; pitilessly did he exult as one brave man after another was sent by him to dye red the swift flood of the Scamander.

At length, at his lack of mercy, did even the river grow wrathful.

"Choked is my stream with dead men!" it cried, "and still thou slayest!"

But when Achilles heeded not, in fierce flood the river uprose against him, sweeping the slain before it, and in furious spate seeking to destroy Achilles. But as its waves smote against his shield, Achilles grasped a tall elm, and uprooting it, cast it into the river to dam the torrent. For the moment only was the angry river stayed. In fear did Achilles flee across the plain, but with a mighty roar it pursued him, and caught him.

To the gods then cried Achilles, and to his aid came Athene, and close to the walls of Troy again did Achilles chase the Trojan men.

From the city walls old Priam saw the dreadful things Achilles wrought.

And when, his armor blazing like the brightest stars of the sky, he drew near, and Hector would have gone to meet him, in grief did Priam cry to his dearly loved son:

"Hector, beloved son, I pray thee go not alone to meet this man; mightier far than thou is he."

But all eager for the fight was Hector. Of all the men of Troy he alone still stood unafraid. Then did the mother of Hector beseech him to hold back from what must surely mean death. Yet Hector held not back, but on his shining shield leaned against a tower, awaiting the coming of the great destroyer.

And at last they met, face to face, spear to spear. As a shooting-star in the darkness so flashed the spear of Achilles as he hurled it home to pierce the neck of Hector. Gods and men had deserted Hector, and alone before the walls of Troy he fell and died.

Thus ended the fight.

For twelve days did the Greek host rejoice, and all through the days Hector's body lay unburied. For at the heels of swift horses had the Greeks dragged him to the ships, while from the battlements his mother and his wife Andromache watched, wailing in agony, with hearts that broke.

Then at length went old Priam to the camp of the Greeks. And before Achilles he fell, beseeching him to have mercy and to give him back the body of his son.

So was the heart of Achilles moved, and the body of Hector ransomed; and with wailing of women did the people of Troy welcome home their hero.

Over him lamented his old mother, for of all her sons was he to her most dear, and over him wept, with burning tears, his wife Andromache.

And to his bier came Helen, and with breaking heart did she sob forth her sorrow:

"Dearest of my brothers," she said, "from thee have I heard neither reproach nor evil word. With kind words and gentle heart hast thou ever stood by me. Lost, lost is my one true friend. No more in Troyland is any left to pity me."

On lofty funeral pyre then laid they the dead Hector, and when the flames had consumed his body his comrades placed his white bones in a golden urn, and over it with great stones did they raise a mighty mound that all might see where he rested.

Yet still was the warfare between Greeks and Trojans not ended.

To Achilles death came in a shaft from the bow of Paris. By a poisoned arrow driven at venture and at dark midnight from the bow of an outcast leper was fair Paris slain. While winter snow lay white on Ida, in Helen's arms did his life ebb away.

Then came there a day when the Greeks burned their camp and sailed homeward across the gray water.

Behind them they left a mighty horse of wood, and the men of Troy came and drew it into the city as trophy and sign of victory over those who had made it. But inside the horse were

hidden many of the bravest warriors of Greece, and at night, when the Trojans feasted, the Greeks came out of their hiding-place and threw open the gates.

And up from the sea came the Greek host, and in fire and in blood fell the city of Troy.

Yet did not Helen perish. Back to his own kingdom by the sea Menelaus took her, to reign, in peace, a queen, she who had brought grief and death to so many, and to the city of Troy unutterable woe.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

ADAPTED BY JEANIE LANG

I

WHAT HAPPENED IN ITHACA WHILE ODYSSEUS WAS AWAY

WHILE Odysseus was fighting far away in Troyland, his baby son grew to be a big boy. And when years passed and Odysseus did not return, the boy, Telemachus, grew to be a man.

Telemachus loved his beautiful mother, Penelope, but his heart always longed for the hero father whom he could only dimly remember. As time went on, he longed more and more, for evil things came to pass in the kingdom of Odysseus.

The chiefs and lords of Ithaca admired Penelope for her beauty. They also coveted her money and her lands, and when Odysseus did not return, each one of these greedy and wicked men wished to marry her and make his own all that had belonged to brave Odysseus.

"Odysseus is surely dead," they said, "and Telemachus is only a lad and cannot harm us."

So they came to the palace where Penelope and Telemachus lived, and there they stayed, year in, year out, feasting and drinking and wasting the goods of Odysseus. Their roughness and greed troubled Penelope, but still more did they each one daily torment her by rudely asking: "Wilt thou marry me?"

At last she fell on a plan to stop them from talking to her of marriage.

In the palace hall she set up a great web, beautiful and fine of woof.

Then she said, "When I have finished weaving this robe I shall give you my answer."

Each day she worked at it, but each night, when the wooers

slept, she undid all that she had done during the day. So it seemed to the wooers as if the robe would never be finished.

Penelope's heart was heavy, and heavy, too, was the heart of Telemachus. For three weary years, while Odysseus was imprisoned on the island of Calypso, the mother and son pined together.

One day Telemachus sat at the door of the palace sadly watching the wooers as they drank and reveled. He was thinking of the brave father that he feared was dead, when there walked up to the door of the courtyard a stranger dressed like a warrior from another land.

The stranger was the goddess Athene. At the same time that she gained leave from the gods to set Odysseus free, they had agreed that she should go to Ithaca and help Telemachus. But she came dressed as a warrior, and not as a beautiful, gray-eyed, golden-haired goddess with golden sandals on her feet.

Telemachus rose up and shook her kindly by the hand, and led her into the hall. He took from her the heavy bronze spear that she carried, and made her sit down on one of the finest of the chairs, in a place where the noise of the rough wooers should not disturb her.

"Welcome, stranger," he said. "When thou hast had food, then shalt thou tell us in what way we can help thee."

He then made servants bring a silver basin and golden ewer that she might wash her hands, and he fetched her food and wine of the best.

Soon the wooers entered, and noisily ate they and drank, and roughly jested.

Telemachus watched them and listened with an angry heart. Then, in a low voice, he said to Athene:

"These men greedily eat and drink, and waste my father's goods. They think the bones of Odysseus bleach out in the rain in a far land, or are tossed about by the sea. But did my father still live, and were he to come home, the cowards would flee before him. Tell me, stranger, hast thou come from a far-off country? Hast thou ever seen my father?"

Athene answered: "Odysseus still lives. He is a prisoner

on a sea-girt island, but it will not be long ere he escapes and comes home. Thou art like Odysseus, my son. Thou hast a head like his, and the same beautiful eyes."

When Athene spoke to him so kindly and so hopefully, Telemachus told her all that was in his heart. And when the wickedness and greed of the wooers was made known to her, Athene grew very angry.

Thou art in sore need of Odysseus," she said. "If Odysseus were to come to the door now with lance in hand, soon would he scatter those shameless ones before him."

Then she told Telemachus what he must do.

"To-morrow," said she, "call thy lords to a council meeting, and tell the wooers to return to their homes."

For himself, she told him to fit out a ship with twenty oarsmen, that he might sail to a land where he should get tidings of his father.

"Thou art tall and handsome, my friend," she said. "Be brave, that even in days to come men may praise thy name."

"Thou speakest as a father to a son. I will never forget what thou hast said," said Telemachus.

He begged Athene to stay longer, and wished to give her a costly gift. But she would not stay, nor accept any present. To Telemachus she had given a gift, though he did not know it. For into his heart she had put strength and courage, so that when she flew away like a beautiful bird across the sea she left behind her, not a frightened, unhappy boy, but a strong, brave man.

The wooers took no notice of the comings and goings of the strange warrior, so busy were they with their noisy feast. As they feasted a minstrel played to them on his lyre, and sang a song of the return of the warriors from Troyland when the fighting was over.

From her room above, Penelope heard the song, and came down. For a little, standing by the door, she listened. Then she could bear it no longer, and, weeping, she said to the minstrel:

"Sing some other song, and do not sing a song of return from Troyland to me, whose husband never returned."

Then Telemachus, in a new and manly way that made her wonder, spoke to his mother:

"Blame not the minstrel, dear mother," he said. "It is not his fault that he sings sad songs, but the fault of the gods who allow sad things to be. Thou art not the only one who hast lost a loved one in Troyland. Go back to thy room, and let me order what shall be, for I am now the head of the house."

In the same fearless, manly way he spoke to the wooers:

"Ye may feast to-night," he said; "only let there be no brawling. To-morrow meet with me. For once and for all it must be decided if ye are to go on wasting my goods, or if I am to be master of my own house and king in mine own land."

The wooers bit their lips with rage, and some of them answered him rudely; but Telemachus paid no heed, and when at last they returned to their houses, he went upstairs to his own room. The old woman who had nursed him when he was a child carried torches before him to show him the way. When he sat down on his bed and took off his doublet, she folded and smoothed it and hung it up. Then she shut the door with its silver handle, and left Telemachus, wrapped in a soft fleece of wool, thinking far into the night of all that Athene had said to him.

When day dawned he dressed and buckled on his sword, and told heralds to call the lords to a council meeting. When all were assembled he went into the hall. In his hand he carried a bronze spear, and two of his hounds followed him, and when he went up to his father's seat and sat down there, the oldest men gave place to him. For Athene had shed on him such a wondrous grace that he looked like a young god.

"Never since brave Odysseus sailed away to Troyland have we had a council meeting," said one old lord. "I think the man who hath called this meeting is a true man—good luck go with him! May the gods give him his heart's desire."

So good a beginning did this seem that Telemachus was glad, and, burning to say all that had been in his heart for so long, he rose to his feet and spoke.

Of the loss of his father he spoke sadly, and then, with burning words, of the cowardly wooers, of their feastings and

revelings and wasting of his goods, and of their insolence to Penelope and himself.

When he had thus spoken in rage and grief, he burst into tears.

For a little there was silence, then one of the wooers said angrily:

"Penelope is to blame, and no other. For three years she has deceived us. 'I will give you my answer when I have finished weaving this robe,' she said, and so we waited and waited. But now that three years have gone and a fourth has begun, it is told us by one of her maids that each night she has undone all she has woven during the day. She can deceive us no longer. She must now finish the robe, and tell us whom she will marry. For we will not leave this place until she has chosen a husband."

Then, once again, with pleading words, Telemachus tried to move the hearts of the wooers.

"If ye will not go," at last he said, "I will ask the gods to reward you for your wickedness."

As he spoke, two eagles flew, fleet as the wind, from the mountain crest. Side by side they flew until they were above the place of the council meeting. Then they wheeled about, darted with fury at each other, and tore with their savage talons at each other's heads and necks. Flapping their great wings, they then went swiftly away and were lost in the far distance.

Said a wise old man: "It is an omen. Odysseus will return, and woe will come upon the wooers. Let us make an end of these evil doings and keep harm away from us."

"Go home, old man," angrily mocked the wooers. "Prophesy to thine own children. Odysseus is dead. Would that thou hadst died with him. Then thou couldst not have babbled nonsense, and tried to hound on Telemachus in the hope that he may give thee a gift."

To Telemachus they said again:

"We will go on wasting thy goods until Penelope weds one of us."

Only one other beside the old man was brave enough to speak for Telemachus. Fearlessly and nobly did his friend

Mentor blame the wooers for their shamelessness. But they jeered at him, and laughed aloud when Telemachus told them he was going to take a ship and go to look for his father.

"He will never come back," said one, "and even were Odysseus himself to return, we should slay him when he came."

Then the council meeting broke up, and the wooers went again to revel in the palace of Odysseus.

Down to the seashore went Telemachus, and knelt where the gray water broke in little white wavelets on the sand.

"Hear me," he cried, "thou who didst speak with me yesterday. I know now that thou art a god. Tell me, I pray thee, how shall I find a ship to sail across the misty sea and find my father? For there is none to help me."

Swiftly, in answer to his cry, came Athene.

"Be brave. Be thy father's son," she said. "Go back to thy house and get ready corn and wine for the voyage. I will choose the best of all the ships in Ithaca for thee, and have her launched, and manned by a crew, all of them willing men."

Then Telemachus returned to the palace. In the courtyard the wooers were slaying goats and singeing swine and making ready a great feast.

"Here comes Telemachus, who is planning to destroy us," they mocked. "Telemachus, who speaks so proudly—angry Telemachus."

Said one youth:

"Who knows but what if he goes on a voyage he will be like Odysseus, and never return. Then will we have all his riches to divide among ourselves, and his house will belong to the man who weds Penelope."

Telemachus shook off the jeering crowd, and went down to the vaulted chamber where his father's treasures were kept. Gold and bronze lay there in piles, and there were great boxes of splendid clothes, and casks of wine. The heavy folding doors of the treasure chamber were shut day and night, and the old nurse was the keeper of the treasures.

Telemachus bade her get ready corn and wine for the voyage.

"When my mother has gone to rest I will take them away," he said, "for this night I go to seek my father across the sea."

TELEMACHUS KNELT WHERE THE GRAY WATER BROKE ON THE SAND

At this the old nurse began to cry.

"Do not go, dear child," she wailed. "Thou art our only one, and we love thee so well. Odysseus is dead, and what canst thou do, sailing far away across the deep sea? As soon as thou art gone, those wicked men will begin to plot evil against thee. Do not go. Do not go. There is no need for thee to risk thy life on the sea and go wandering far from home."

"Take heart, nurse," said Telemachus. "The goddess Athene has told me to go, so all will be well. But promise me not to tell my dear mother that I am gone until she misses me. For I do not wish to mar her fair face with tears."

The nurse promised, and began to make ready all that Telemachus wished.

Meantime Athene, in the likeness of Telemachus, found a swift-sailing ship, and men to sail it. When darkness fell, she sent sleep on the wooers and led Telemachus down to the shore where his men sat by their oars.

To the palace, where every one slept and all was still and quiet, Telemachus brought his men. None but the old nurse knew he was going away, but they found the food and wine that she had got ready and carried it down to the ship. Then Athene went on board, and Telemachus sat beside her. A fresh west wind filled the sails and went singing over the waves. The dark water surged up at the bow as the ship cut through it. And all night long and till the dawn, the ship sailed happily on her way.

At sunrise they came to land, and Athene and Telemachus went on shore. The rulers of the country welcomed them and treated them well, but could tell nothing of Odysseus after the siege of Troy was over. Athene gave Telemachus into their care, then, turning herself into a sea-eagle, she flew swiftly away, leaving them amazed because they knew she must be one of the gods.

While Telemachus sought for news of his father in this kingdom, and the kingdoms near it, the wooers began to miss him at their feasts. They fancied he was away hunting, until, one day, as they played games in front of the palace, the man whose ship Athene had borrowed came to them.

"When will Telemachus return with my ship?" he asked

"I need it that I may cross over to where I keep my horses. I wish to catch one and break him in."

When the wooers heard from him that Telemachus had sailed away with twenty brave youths, in the swiftest ship in Ithaca, they were filled with rage.

At once they got a ship and sailed to where they might meet Telemachus in a strait between Ithaca and another rocky island.

"We will slay him there," said they. "We will give him a woful end to his voyage in search of his father."

When Penelope heard this, and knew that her son was perhaps sailing to his doom, her heart well-nigh broke. She wept bitterly, and reproached her maidens with not having told her that Telemachus had gone.

"Slay me if thou wilt," said the old nurse, "but I alone knew it. Telemachus made me promise not to tell thee, that thy fair face might not be marred by weeping. Do not fear, the goddess Athene will take care of him."

Thus she comforted her mistress, and although she lay long awake that night, Penelope fell asleep at last. In her dreams Athene came to her and told her that Telemachus would come safely home, and so Penelope's sad heart was cheered.

While she slept the wooers sailed away in a swift, black ship, with spears in their hands and murder in their hearts. On a little rocky isle they landed until the ship of Telemachus should pass, and there they waited, that they might slay him when he came.

II

HOW ODYSSEUS CAME HOME

While yet Telemachus sought news of his father, Odysseus was well-nigh home. On that misty morning when he found himself in Ithaca, and did not know it, because the gray fog made everything seem strange and unfriendly, Odysseus was very sad as he sat beside the moaning sea.

Then came Athene, and drove the mist before her, and

Odysseus saw again the land that he loved, and knew that his wanderings were past. She told him the tale of the wooers, and of the unhappiness of Penelope and Telemachus, and the heart of Odysseus grew hot within him.

"Stand by me!" he said to the goddess. "If thou of thy grace wilt help me, I myself will fight three hundred men."

"Truly I will stand by thee," said Athene, and many of the greedy wooers shall stain the earth with their blood."

She then told Odysseus how the wooers were to be destroyed, and Odysseus gladly agreed to her plans. First she made him hide far in the darkness of the cave, under the olive-tree, all the gold and bronze ornaments and beautiful clothes that had been given to him in the land of Nausicaa.

Then she touched him with her golden wand. In a moment his yellow hair fell off his head; his bright eyes were dim; his skin was withered and wrinkled, and he had a stooping back and tottering legs like a feeble old man. His clothes of purple and silver she changed into torn and filthy old rags, and over his shoulders she threw the old skin of a stag with the hair worn off.

"Go now," said Athene, "to where thy faithful swineherd sits on the hill, watching his swine as they grub among the acorns and drink of the clear spring. He has always been true to thee and to thy wife and son. Stay with him and hear all that he has to tell, and I will go and fetch home Telemachus."

"When thou didst know all, why didst thou not tell Telemachus?" asked Odysseus. "Is he, too, to go wandering over stormy seas, far from his own land?"

"Telemachus will be a braver man for what he has gone through," said Athene. "No harm shall come to him, although the wooers in their black ship wait to slay him."

Then Athene flew across the sea, and Odysseus climbed up a rough track through the woods to where the swineherd had built himself a hut. The hut was made of stones and thorn-branches, and beside it were sties for the swine made in the same way. The wooers had eaten many swine at their daily feasts, but thousands remained. These the swineherd tended, with three men and four fierce dogs to help him.

At an open space on the hill, from whence he could look down at the woods and the sea, Odysseus found the swineherd sitting at the door of his hut making himself a pair of sandals out of brown ox-hide.

When the swineherd's dogs saw a dirty, bent old man toiling up the hill, they rushed at him, barking furiously. Up they leapt on him and would have torn him to pieces if their master had not cast away his ox-hide, dashed after them, scolded them and beaten them, and then driven them off with showers of stones.

"If my dogs had killed thee I should have been for ever ashamed," he said to Odysseus, "and without that I have enough sorrow. For while my noble master may be wandering in a strange land and lacking food, I have to feed his fat swine for others to eat."

So speaking, he led Odysseus to his hut. He laid some brushwood on the floor, spread over it the soft, shaggy skin of a wild goat, and bade Odysseus be seated. Then he went out to the sties, killed two sucking pigs, and roasted them daintily. When they were ready he cut off the choicest bits and gave them to Odysseus, with a bowl of honey-sweet wine.

While Odysseus ate and drank, the swineherd talked to him of the greed and wastefulness of the wooers, and in silence Odysseus listened, planning in his heart how he might punish them.

"Tell me thy master's name," he said at length. "I have traveled in many lands. Perchance I may have seen him, and may give thee news of him."

But the swineherd answered:

"Each vagrant who comes straying to the land of Ithaca goes to my mistress with lying tales of how he has seen or heard of my master. She receives them all kindly, and asks many questions, while tears run down her cheeks. You, too, old man, would quickly make up a story if any one would give thee some new clothes. My master is surely dead, and wherever I may go I shall never again find a lord so gentle."

Then said Odysseus:

"My friend, I swear to thee that Odysseus shall return.

In this year, as the old moon wanes and the new is born, he shall return to his home."

When the other herds returned that evening they found Odysseus and their master still deep in talk. At night the swineherd made a feast of the best that he had, and still they talked, almost until dawn. The night was black and stormy, and a drenching rain blotted out the moon, but the swineherd, leaving Odysseus lying in the bed he had made for him, with his own thick mantle spread over him, went outside and lay under a rock that sheltered him from the storm, keeping guard on the white-tusked boars that slept around him. And Odysseus knew that he had still at least one servant who was faithful and true.

While Odysseus dwelt with the swineherd, Athene sought Telemachus and bade him hasten home. Speedily Telemachus went back to his ship and his men. The hawsers were loosed, the white sail hauled up, and Athene sent a fresh breeze that made the ship cut through the water like a white-winged bird. It was night when they passed the island where the wooers awaited their coming, and in the darkness none saw them go by.

By daybreak they reached Ithaca, and Telemachus, as Athene had bidden him, sent on the men to the harbor with the ship, but made them put him ashore on the woody coast near the swineherd's dwelling.

With his bronze-shod spear in his hand, Telemachus strode up the rocky path. Odysseus and the swineherd had kindled a fire, and were preparing the morning meal, when Odysseus heard the noise of footsteps. He looked out and saw a tall lad with yellow hair and bright eyes, and a fearless, noble face. "Surely here is a friend," he said to the swineherd. "Thy dogs are not barking, but jump up and fawn on him."

The swineherd looked, and when he saw his young master he wept for joy.

"I thought I should never see thee more, sweet light of my eyes," he said. "Come into my hut, that I may gladden my heart with the sight of thee."

He then spread before him the best he had, and the three

men ate together. Although Odysseus seemed only a poor, ragged, old beggar, Telemachus treated him with such gentleness and such courtesy that Odysseus was proud and glad of his noble son. Soon Telemachus sent the swineherd to tell Penelope of his safe return, and while he was gone Athene entered the hut. She made herself invisible to Telemachus, but beckoned to Odysseus to go outside.

"The time is come for thee to tell thy son who thou art," she said, and touched him with her golden wand.

At once Odysseus was again a strong man, dressed in fine robes, and radiant and beautiful as the sun.

When he went back into the hut Telemachus thought he was a god.

"No god am I," said Odysseus; "I am thy father, Telemachus."

And Odysseus took his son in his arms and kissed him, and the tears that he had kept back until now ran down his cheeks. Telemachus flung his arms round his father's neck, and he, too, wept like a little child, so glad was he that Odysseus had come home.

All day they spoke of the wooers and plotted how to slay them.

When the swineherd returned, and Athene had once more changed Odysseus into an old beggar-man, he told Telemachus that the wooers had returned, and were so furious with Telemachus for escaping from them, that they were going to kill him next day.

At this Telemachus smiled to his father, but neither said a word.

Next morning Telemachus took his spear and said to the swineherd:

"I go to the palace to see my mother. As for this old beggar-man, lead him to the city, that he may beg there."

And Odysseus, still pretending to be a beggar, said:

"It is better to beg in the town than in the fields. My garments are very poor and thin, and this frosty air chills me; but as soon as I am warmed at the fire and the sun grows hot, I will gladly set out."

Down the hill to the city strode Telemachus. When he came to the palace, his old nurse, whom he found busy in the hall, wept for joy. And when Penelope heard his voice, she came from her room and cast her arms round him and kissed his face and his eyes, and said, while tears ran down her cheeks:

"Thou art come, sweet light of my eyes. I thought I should never see thee more."

Then Telemachus, looking like a young god, with his spear in his hand and his two hounds following at his heels, went to the hall where the wooers sat. To his friend Mentor he told his adventures, but he looked on the wooers with silence and scorn.

Soon Odysseus and the swineherd followed him to the city. A beggar's bag, all tattered, was slung round the shoulders of Odysseus. In his hand he carried a staff. Men who saw him, tattered and feeble, mocked at him and his guide. But Odysseus kept down the anger in his heart, and they went on to the palace. Near the doorway, lying in the dirt, thin and old and rough of coat, lay Argos, the dog that long ago had been the best and fleetest that had hunted the hares and deer with Odysseus.

When he heard his master's voice he wagged his tail and tried to crawl near him. But he was too feeble to move. He could only look up with loving, wistful eyes that were almost blind, and thump his tail gladly. So glad was he that his faithful heart broke for joy, and before Odysseus could pat his head or speak a kind word to him, old Argos rolled over dead.

There were tears in the eyes of Odysseus as he walked past the body of his friend. He sat down on the threshold leaning on his staff, and when Telemachus sent him bread and meat from his table he ate hungrily. When the meal was over he went round the hall begging from the wooers. Some gave him scraps of broken meats, others called him hard names and bade him begone, and one of them seized a footstool and struck him with it.

But Odysseus still kept down the anger in his heart, and went back to his seat on the threshold with his beggar's bag full of the scraps that had been given to him.

As he sat there, a common beggar, well known for his greed and impudence, came to the palace.

"Get thee hence, old man," said he to Odysseus, "else I shall knock all thy teeth from thy head."

More, too, he said, rudely and roughly, and at last he struck Odysseus.

Then Odysseus could bear no more, and smote him such a blow on his neck that the bones were broken, and he fell on the ground with blood gushing from his mouth. Odysseus dragged him outside by the heels, and propped him, with his staff in his hands, against the courtyard wall.

"Sit there," he said, "and scare off dogs and swine."

The wooers laughed and enjoyed the sport, and gave gifts of food to the sturdy old beggar, as they took Odysseus to be. All evening they feasted and drank, but when night fell they went to their own homes.

When they were gone Odysseus and Telemachus carried all the helmets and swords and sharp-pointed spears that stood in the hall, away to the armory and hid them there.

Then Telemachus went to his room to rest, but Odysseus sat in the hall where the servants were clearing away the remains of the feast. While he sat there, Penelope came with her maids and rested on a chair in front of the glowing wood fire on which the servants had piled fresh logs.

She talked kindly and gently to the old beggar-man, and bade the old nurse bring water to wash his weary feet.

Now, once long ago, a wild boar that he hunted had torn the leg of Odysseus with his tusk, and as the old nurse washed his feet she saw the scar. In a moment she knew her master, and cried out. The brazen bath fell with a clang on the floor, and the water was spilt.

"Thou art Odysseus," she said; "I did not know thee, my dear child, until I found the scar."

Penelope must have heard her glad cry, had not Athene at that moment made her deep in thoughts of other things. Quickly Odysseus bade the old nurse be silent, and the old woman obeyed him.

Before Penelope went to rest she said sadly to Odysseus:

"I feel that the end is drawing near. Soon I shall be parted from the house of Odysseus. My husband, who was always the best and bravest, used to set up the twelve axes ye see standing here, and between each axe he shot an arrow. I have told the wooers that I shall marry whichever one of them can do the like. Then I shall leave this house, which must be for ever most dear to me."

Then answered the old beggar-man: "Odysseus will be here when they shoot. It will be Odysseus who shoots between the axes."

Penelope, longing for his words to be true, went up to her room and lay crying on her bed until her pillows were wet. Then Athene sent sleep upon her eyelids and made her forget all her sorrows.

Odysseus, too, would have tossed all night wide awake, with a heart full of anger and revenge, had not Athene gently laid her hands on his eyes and made him fall asleep.

Next day the wooers came to the palace, and with rough jest and rude word they greeted Odysseus.

"Who harms this man must fight with me," said Telemachus, and at that the wooers shouted with laughter.

But a stranger who sat among them cried out in a voice of fear:

"I see your hands and knees shrouded in blackness! I see your cheeks wet with tears! The walls and the pillars drip blood; the porch is full of shadows, and pale ghosts are hastening out of the gray mist that fills the palace."

At this the wooers laughed the more, for they thought the man was mad. But, as in a dream, he had seen truly what was to come to pass.

Weeping, Penelope then brought forth from the armory the great bow with which Odysseus had shot in years that were past. Her heart was full of love for Odysseus, and she could not bear to wed another.

Telemachus then threw aside his red cloak and ranged out the bronze axes.

One by one the wooers tried to move the great bow and make it drive a swift arrow before it. One by one they failed.

And when it seemed as if no man there was strong enough to move it, Odysseus took it in his hands, and between each axe he shot an arrow. When the last arrow was shot he tore off his rags, and in a voice that rang through the palace he cried to Telemachus: "Now is it time to prepare supper for the wooers! Now, at last, is this terrible trial ended. I go to shoot at another mark!"

With that he shot an arrow at the wooer who had ever been the most insolent and the most cruel. It smote him in the throat, his blood dripped red on the ground, and he fell dead.

The others gave a great cry of rage, but Odysseus looked at them with burning eyes, and with a voice that made them tremble he cried:

"Ye dogs! ye said I should never return, and, like the traitors ye are, ye have wasted my goods and insulted my queen. But now death has come for you, and none shall escape."

In vain did the cowards, their faces pale with fear, beg for mercy. Mercy there was none that day. It was useless for those who drew their swords and rushed on Odysseus to try to slay him, for ere their swords could touch him, his bow had driven sharp arrows into their hearts.

One of the servants of the palace treacherously climbed into the armory and brought spears and shields and helmets for the wooers. But even that did not daunt Odysseus and his son. Telemachus, with his spear, slew man after man. When his arrows were done Odysseus also snatched a spear, and they fought side by side. Beside them fought the swineherd and one other man, and they all fought the more fearlessly because, all the time, Athene put fresh courage in their hearts.

There were four men to very many others when that fight began. When it was ended the floor ran with blood, and Odysseus, like a lion at bay, stood with the dead bodies of the wooers piled in heaps around him and his face and hands stained with blood.

When all lay dead, the old nurse gave a great cry of joy.

"Rejoice in thy heart, old nurse," said Odysseus. "It is an unholy thing to rejoice openly over slain men."

The nurse hastened to Penelope's room.

"Penelope, dear child!" she cried, "Odysseus is come home, and all the wooers lie dead."

At first Penelope would not believe her. Too good did it seem to be true. Even when she came down and saw Odysseus leaning against a tall pillar in the light of the fire, she would not believe what her own eyes saw.

"Surely, mother, thy heart is as hard as stone," said Telemachus. "Dost thou not know my father?"

But Penelope saw only a ragged beggar-man, soiled with the blood of the men he had slain, old and ugly and poor.

Then Athene shed her grace upon Odysseus, and once more he was tall and strong and gallant to look upon, with golden hair curling like hyacinth flowers around his head. And Penelope ran to him and threw out her arms, and they held each other close and wept together like those who have suffered shipwreck, and have been tossed for long by angry seas, and yet have won safely home at last.

And when the sun went down that night on the little rocky island of Ithaca in the far seas, the heart of Odysseus was glad, for he knew that his wanderings were ended.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

ADAPTED BY JOHN LANG

I

HOW ROBINSON FIRST WENT TO SEA; AND HOW HE WAS SHIPWRECKED

LONG, long ago, before even your grandfather's father was born, there lived in the town of York a boy whose name was Robinson Crusoe. Though he never even saw the sea till he was quite a big boy, he had always wanted to be a sailor, and to go away in a ship to visit strange, foreign, far-off lands; and he thought that if he could only do that, he would be quite happy.

But his father wanted him to be a lawyer, and he often talked to Robinson, and told him of the terrible things that might happen to him if he went away, and how people who stopped at home were always the happiest. He told him, too, how Robinson's brother had gone away, and had been killed in the wars.

So Robinson promised at last that he would give up wanting to be a sailor. But in a few days the longing came back as bad as ever, and he asked his mother to try to coax his father to let him go just one voyage. But his mother was very angry, and his father said, "If he goes abroad he will be the most miserable wretch that ever was born. I can give no consent to it."

Robinson stopped at home for another year, till he was nineteen years old, all the time thinking and thinking of the sea. But one day when he had gone on a visit to Hull, a big town by the sea, to say good-by to one of his friends who was going to London, he could not resist the chance. Without even

sending a message to his father and mother, he went on board his friend's ship, and sailed away.

But as soon as the wind began to blow and the waves to rise, poor Robinson was very frightened and seasick, and he said to himself that if ever he got on shore he would go straight home and never again leave it.

He was very solemn till the wind stopped blowing. His friend and the sailors laughed at him, and called him a fool, and he very soon forgot, when the weather was fine and the sun shining, all he had thought about going back to his father and mother.

But in a few days, when the ship had sailed as far as Yarmouth Roads on her way to London, they had to anchor, and wait for a fair wind. In those days there were no steamers, and vessels had only their sails to help them along; so if it was calm, or the wind blew the wrong way, they had just to wait where they were till a fair wind blew.

While they lay at Yarmouth the weather became very bad, and there was a great storm. The sea was so heavy and Robinson's ship was in such danger, that at last they had to cut away the masts in order to ease her and to stop her from rolling so terribly. The Captain fired guns to show that his ship wanted help. So a boat from another ship was lowered, and came with much difficulty and took off Robinson and all the crew, just before their vessel sank; and they got ashore at last, very wet and miserable, having lost all their clothes except what they had on.

But Robinson had some money in his pocket, and he went on to London by land, thinking that if he returned home now, people would laugh at him.

In London he made friends with a ship's captain, who had not long before come home from a voyage to the Guinea Coast, as that part of Africa was then called; and the Captain was so pleased with the money he had made there, that he easily persuaded Robinson to go with him on his next voyage.

So Robinson took with him toys, and beads, and other things, to sell to the natives in Africa, and he got there, in exchange for these things, so much gold-dust that he thought he was soon going in that way to make his fortune.

And therefore he went on a second voyage.

But this time he was not so lucky, for before they reached the African coast, one morning, very early, they sighted another ship, which they were sure was a pirate. So fast did this other vessel sail, that before night she had come up to Robinson's ship, which did not carry nearly so many men nor so many guns as the pirate, and which therefore did not want to fight; and the pirates soon took prisoner Robinson and all the crew of his ship who were not killed, and made slaves of them.

The pirate captain took Robinson as his own slave, and made him dig in his garden and work in his house. Sometimes, too, he made him look after his ship when she was in port, but he never took him away on a voyage.

For two years Robinson lived like this, very unhappy, and always thinking how he might escape.

At last, when the Captain happened one time to be at home longer than usual, he began to go out fishing in a boat two or three times a week, taking Robinson, who was a very good fisher, and a black boy named Xury, with him.

One day he gave Robinson orders to put food and water, and some guns, and powder and shot, on a big boat that the pirates had taken out of an English ship, and to be ready to go with him and some of his friends on a fishing trip.

But at the last moment the Captain's friends could not come, and so Robinson was told to go out in the boat with one of the Captain's servants who was not a slave, and with Xury, to catch fish for supper.

Then Robinson thought that his chance to escape had come.

He spoke to the servant, who was not very clever, and persuaded him to put more food and water on the boat, for, said Robinson, "we must not take what was meant for our master." And then he got the servant to bring some more powder and shot, because, Robinson said, they might as well kill some birds to eat.

When they had gone out about a mile, they hauled down the sail and began to fish. But Robinson pretended that he could not catch anything there, and he said that they ought to go further out. When they had gone so far that nobody on shore

could see what they were doing, Robinson again pretended to fish. But this time he watched his chance, and when the servant was not looking, came behind him and threw him overboard, knowing that the man could swim so well that he could easily reach the land.

Then Robinson sailed away with Xury down the coast to the south. He did not know to what country he was steering, but cared only to get away from the pirates, and to be free once more.

Long days and nights they sailed, sometimes running in close to the land, but they were afraid to go ashore very often, because of the wild beasts and the natives. Many times they saw great lions come roaring down on to the beach, and once Robinson shot one that he saw lying asleep, and took its skin to make a bed for himself on the boat.

At last, after some weeks, when they had got south as far as the great cape that is called Cape Verde, they saw a Portuguese vessel, which took them on board. It was not easy for Robinson to tell who he was, because he could not talk Portuguese, but everybody was very kind to him, and they bought his boat and his guns and everything that he had. They even bought poor Xury, who, of course, was a black slave, and could be sold just like a horse or a dog.

So, when they got to Brazil, where the vessel was bound, Robinson had enough money to buy a plantation; and he grew sugar and tobacco there for four years, and was very happy and contented for a time, and made money.

But he could never be contented for very long. So when some of his neighbors asked him if he would go in a ship to the Guinea Coast to get slaves for them, he went, only making a bargain that he was to be paid for his trouble, and to get some of the slaves to work on his plantation when he came back.

Twelve days after the ship sailed, a terrible storm blew, and they were driven far from where they wanted to go. Great, angry, foaming seas broke over the deck, sweeping everything off that could be moved, and a man and a boy were carried overboard and drowned. No one on the ship expected to be saved.

This storm was followed by another, even worse. The wind

howled and roared through the rigging, and the weather was thick with rain and flying spray.

Then early one morning land was dimly seen through the driving rain, but almost at once the vessel struck on a sand-bank. In an instant the sails were blown to bits, and flapped with such uproar that no one could hear the Captain's orders. Waves poured over the decks, and the vessel bumped on the sand so terribly that the masts broke off near the deck, and fell over the side into the sea.

With great difficulty the only boat left on the ship was put in the water, and everybody got into her. They rowed for the shore, hoping to get perhaps into some bay, or to the mouth of a river, where the sea would be quiet.

But before they could reach the land, a huge gray wave, big like the side of a house, came foaming and thundering up behind them, and before any one could even cry out, it upset the boat, and they were all left struggling in the water.

Robinson was a very good swimmer, but no man could swim in such a sea, and it was only good fortune that brought him at last safely to land. Big wave after big wave washed him further and further up the beach, rolling him over and over, once leaving him helpless, and more than half drowned, beside a rock.

But before the next wave could come up, perhaps to drag him back with it into the sea, he was able to jump up and run for his life.

And so he got safely out of the reach of the water, and lay down upon the grass. But of all on board the ship, Robinson was the only one who was not drowned.

II

ROBINSON WORKS HARD AT MAKING HIMSELF A HOME

When he had rested a little, Robinson got up and began to walk about very sadly, for darkness was coming on; he was wet, and cold, and hungry, and he did not know where to sleep, because he was afraid of wild beasts coming out of the woods and killing him during the night.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE SHIPWRECK.

But he found that he still had his knife in his pocket, so he cut a big stick to protect himself with. Then he climbed into a tree which had very thick leaves, and there he fixed himself among the branches as well as he could, and fell sound asleep.

In the morning when he awoke, the storm was past, and the sea quieter. To his surprise, he saw that the ship had been carried in the night, by the great seas, much nearer to the shore than she had been when the boat left her, and was now lying not far from the rock where Robinson had first been washed up.

By midday the sea was quite calm, and the tide had gone so far out that he could walk very near to the ship. So he took off his clothes and swam the rest of the way to her. But it was not easy to get on board, because the ship was resting on the sand, and lay so high out of the water that Robinson could not reach anything by which he could pull himself up.

At last, after swimming twice round the vessel, he saw a rope hanging over, near the bow, and by its help he climbed on board.

Everything in the stern of the ship was dry, and in pretty good order, and the water had not hurt the provisions much. So he took some biscuits, and ate them as he looked about, and drank some rum, and then he felt better, and stronger, and more fit to begin work.

First of all, he took a few large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two, that were on the deck. These he pushed overboard, tying each with a rope to keep it from drifting away. Then he went over the side of the ship, and tied all the spars together so as to make a raft, and on top he put pieces of plank across. But it was long before he could make the raft fit to carry the things he wanted to take on shore.

At last, after much hard work, he got on to it three of the seamen's chests, which he had broken open, and emptied, and he filled these with bread, and rice, and cheese, and whatever he could find to eat, and with all sorts of things that he thought he might need. He found, too, the carpenter's tool-chest, and put it on the raft; and nothing on the whole ship was of more use to him than that.

Then he set about looking for clothes, for while he had been

on the ship, the tide had risen and had washed away his coat and waistcoat and shirt, which he had left lying on the sand.

Guns and pistols also, and powder and shot, he took, and two rusty old cutlasses.

Now the trouble was to reach land, for the raft had no mast nor sail nor rudder, and was too heavy and clumsy to be pulled by Robinson with the broken oars that he had found. But the tide was rising, and slowly she drifted nearer and nearer, and at last was carried up the mouth of a little river which Robinson had not seen when he was on shore.

There was a strong tide running up, which once carried the raft against a point of land, where she stuck for a time, and very nearly upset all the things into deep water. But as the tide rose higher, Robinson was able to push her into a little bay where the water was shallow and the ground beneath flat, and when the tide went out there she was left high and dry, and he got everything safely ashore.

The next thing that Robinson did was to climb a hill, that he might see what sort of country he was in, and find out if there were any other people in it. But when he got to the top, he saw to his sorrow that he was on an island, with no other land in sight except some rocks, and two smaller islands far over the sea. There were no signs of any people, and he saw nothing living except great numbers of birds, one of which he shot. But it was not fit to eat, being some kind of hawk.

After this, with the chests and boards that he had brought on shore, he made a kind of hut to sleep in that night, and he lay there on the sand very comfortably.

Day by day now for some time Robinson swam out to the ship, and made fresh rafts, loading them with many stores, powder and shot, and lead for bullets, seven muskets, a great barrel of bread, three casks of rum, a quantity of flour, some grain, a box of sugar, sails and ropes and twine, bags of nails, and many hatchets. With one of the sails he made himself a good tent, in which he put everything that could be spoiled by rain or sun. Around it he piled all the casks and other heavy things, so that no wild beast could very easily get at him.

In about a fortnight the weather changed; it blew very hard

one night, and in the morning the ship had broken up, and was no more to be seen. But that did not so much matter, for Robinson had got out of her nearly everything that he could use.

Now Robinson thought it time to find some better place for his tent. The land where it then stood was low and near the sea, and the only water he could get to drink tasted rather salt. Looking about, he found a little plain, about a hundred yards across, on the side of a hill, and at the end of the plain was a great rock partly hollowed out, but not so as quite to make a cave. Here he pitched his tent, close to the hollow place in the rock. Round in front of the tent he drove two rows of strong stakes, about eighteen inches apart, sharpened at top; and he made this fence so strong that when it was finished he was sure that nothing could get at him, for he left no door, but climbed in and out by a ladder, which he always hauled up after him.

Before closing up the end, Robinson hauled inside this fence all his stores, his food and his guns, his powder and shot, and he rigged inside a double tent, so better to keep off the hot sun and the rain.

Then he began to dig into the rock, which was not very hard, and soon behind his tent he had a cave in which he thought it wise to stow his gunpowder, about one hundred and forty pounds in all, packed in small parcels; for, he thought, if a big thunderstorm were to come, a flash of lightning might explode it all, and blow him to bits, if he kept the whole of it in his tent.

Robinson was now very comfortable, and as he had saved from the wreck two cats and a dog, he did not feel quite so lonely. He had got, also, ink and pens and paper, so that he could keep a diary; and he set up a large wooden cross, on which he cut with his knife the date of his landing on the island—September 30, 1659; and every day he cut a notch on the post, with a longer one each Sunday, so that he might always know how the months and years passed.

As for food, he found that there were many goats on the island, and numbers of pigeons, and he had no difficulty in shooting as many as he needed.

But now he saw that his tent and cave were too small for all the things he had stowed in them, so he began to make the cave

bigger, bringing out all the rock and soil that he cut down, and making with it a kind of terrace round the inside of his stockade. And as he was sure that there were no wild beasts on the island to harm him, he went on tunneling to the right hand till he broke through the rock outside his fence.

Then he began to hang things up against the side of the cave, and he even made shelves, and a door for the outside entrance. This was a very difficult job, and took him a long time; for, to make a board, he was forced to cut down a whole tree, and chop away with his axe till one side was flat, and then cut at the other side till the board was thin enough, when he smoothed it with his adze. But in this way, out of each tree he would only get one plank. He made for himself also a table and a chair, and finally got his castle, as he called it, in very good order.

With all his care, however, there was one thing that he forgot, and that was, when he had made the cave so much bigger, to prop it, so as to keep the roof from falling in. And so one day he got a terrible fright, and was nearly killed, by a huge bit of the soft rock which fell and buried many of his things. It took weeks of hard work afterwards to clear away the fallen rubbish, and to cut beams strong enough to prop the roof.

Every day, all this time, he used to climb up the hill and look around over the lonely waters, hoping, always hoping, that some morning he might see the sails of a ship that would take him home. But none ever came, and sometimes the tears ran down his cheeks because of the sorrow he felt at being so utterly alone. At times even, he thought in his misery that if he only had any kind of a boat, it would be better to sail away, and chance reaching other land, rather than to stop where he was. By and by, however, he grew less unhappy, for he had plenty of work to do.

III

THE EARTHQUAKE AND HURRICANE; AND HOW ROBINSON BUILT A BOAT

Now about this time, when Robinson had been some months on the island, heavy and constant rain began to fall, and some-

times weeks would pass without a single dry day. He found that instead of there being spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as in England, the seasons in his island were divided into the wet and the dry. There was no cold weather, no winter. It chanced that just before this first rain began, Robinson had emptied out some refuse from bags which had once held rice, and other grain, and he had forgotten all about having emptied them. So he was very much astonished to find, some time afterwards, both barley and rice growing near his tent, in the shade of the rock. The ears, when ripe, he kept to sow again, and from this very small beginning, in the course of a few seasons, he had a great quantity of grain, both for food and for sowing. But this meant every year much hard work, for he had no plow nor harrow, and all the ground had to be dug with a clumsy spade, made from a very hard, heavy wood that grew on the island.

At first Robinson could not grind the grain that he grew, nor make bread from it. If he could have found a large stone, slightly hollow on top, he might, by pounding the grain on it with another round stone, have made very good meal. But all the stones he could find were too soft, and in the end he had to make a sort of mill of hard wood, in which he burnt a hollow place, and on that he pounded the grain into meal with a heavy stick.

Baking he did by building a big fire, then raking away the ashes, and putting the dough on the hot place, covered with a kind of basin made of clay, over which he heaped the red ashes. In this way very good bread can be made.

Before the rainy season was over, and just after he had finished the fence round his tent, one day when Robinson was at work in the cave, all of a sudden the earth began to fall from the roof, and the strong props he had put in cracked in a way which frightened him terribly. At the same time there was a curious moaning, rumbling noise, that he could not understand. He rushed out, and so afraid was he that the roof was falling in, and that he should be buried, that he got over the fence and began to run.

But he was even more frightened when he found that all the ground was shaking. Then he knew that this was an earthquake.

Three times there came violent shocks; a huge rock about half a mile away fell with a great noise like thunder, and the sea was churned up as if by a whirlwind. Robinson was sick with the movement of the ground, and trembling with the dread of being swallowed by the earth as it cracked and gaped; and after the noise and shaking were over, he was too frightened to go back to his tent, but sat where he was, all the time expecting another shock.

Suddenly a furious wind began to blow, tearing up trees by the roots, and lashing the water till nothing could be seen but foam and flying spray. The air was full of branches and leaves torn off by the hurricane, and birds in hundreds were swept helpless out to sea. In about three hours, as suddenly as it had begun, the wind fell, and there was a dead calm, followed by rain such as Robinson had never before seen, which soaked him to the skin, and forced him to return to the cave, where he sat in great fear.

For long after this he was very uneasy, and made up his mind to shift his quarters as soon as he could find a better place for his tent. But the earthquake had one good result, for what remained of the wreck was again thrown up by the sea, and Robinson got more things out of it which were useful to him, and for days he worked hard at that. One day, too, when he was on his way to the remains of the ship, he came on a large turtle, which he killed, and this gave him plenty of good food, for besides the flesh, there were, inside the animal, many eggs, which she had come to the shore to lay in the sand, as is the habit of turtles, and which Robinson thought were even better than hen's eggs.

Now a few days after he had got so wet in the heavy rain, though the weather was hot, Robinson felt very cold and shivery, and had pains all over his body, and at night he dreamed terrible dreams. The following day, and many days, he lay very ill with fever and ague, and hardly knew what he was doing. So weak was he, that he believed he was dying, and there was no one to give him water to quench his thirst, nor to help him in any way. His only medicine was rum, in which he had soaked tobacco. It was very nasty, and made him sick, but it

also made him sleep for more than a whole day and a night, and he woke much better, and able to walk about a little, though for a fortnight he was too weak to work. From this illness he learned not to go out more than he could help during the rainy season.

When he was again quite strong, Robinson started to explore the island better than he had yet done, and he found many things growing, of which he made great use afterwards, tobacco, sugar-cane, and all manner of fruits, among them grapes, which he used to dry to raisins in the sun in great quantities.

Near the spot where the most fruit grew, he built a hut, and round it, for safety, he put a double fence made of stakes cut from some of the trees near at hand. During the next rainy season these stakes took root, and grew so fast that soon nothing of the hut could be seen from outside the hedge, and it made so good a hiding-place, that Robinson cut more stakes of the same kind, and planted them outside the fence around his first dwelling; and in a year or two that also was quite hidden from view. The twigs of this tree, too, were good for making baskets, of which he had been in great need.

When he had finished all this work, he started again to go over the rest of the island, and on his way across, from a hill, the day being very clear, he saw high land a great way off over the water, but whether it was another island, or the coast of America, he could not be sure.

When he reached the other side of his island Robinson found the beach covered with turtles in astonishing numbers, and he thought how much better off he would have been if he had been cast ashore here, for not only would the turtles have supplied him with plenty of food, but there were far more birds than on the part of the island where he had been living, and far more goats.

During the journey back to his castle he caught a young parrot, which, after a long time, he taught to speak and to call him by his name. It was so long since he had heard any voice, that it was a comfort to listen even to a parrot talking.

Now, the sight which Robinson had had of the far distant land raised in him again the great longing to get away from this

island where he had been so long alone, and he wished greatly for a boat. He went over to the remains of the boat in which he and the others had tried to come ashore when their ship struck on the sand-bank, and which had been flung far up on the beach by the sea, and he worked for weeks trying to repair her and to get her into the water. But it was all of no use; he could not move her.

Then, he thought, "I'll cut down a tree, and make a new boat." This he fancied would be easy, for he had heard how the Indians make canoes by felling a tree and burning out the inside. "If they can do it, then surely I can do it even better," he thought. So he looked about, and chose a huge tree which stood about a hundred yards from the water, and with great labor in about three weeks he had cut it down.

Four months Robinson worked at this boat, thinking all the time of what he would do when he reached the far distant land, and much pleased with himself for the beautiful boat he was making. Day after day he trimmed and shaped it, and very proud he was when it was finished and lay there on the ground, big enough to carry twenty men.

Then he started to get her into the water. But that was quite another thing. By no means in his power could he move her an inch, try as he might. She was far too big. Then he began to dig a canal from the sea to the boat; but before he had got much of that work done, he saw clearly that there was so much earth to dig away, that, without some one to help him, it must take years and years before he could get the water to the boat. So he gave it up, and left her to lie and rot in the sun and the rain—a great grief to him.

IV

ROBINSON BUILDS A SECOND BOAT, IN WHICH HE IS SWEPT OUT TO SEA

By the time that Robinson had been four years on the island, all his clothes had become very ragged, and he had hardly anything that could be called a hat. Clothes he must have,

for he could not go naked without getting his skin blistered by the hot sun, and he was afraid of getting a sunstroke if he went about without a hat.

Now he had kept all the skins of the goats, and other animals, such as hares and foxes, that he had shot; and from these, after many failures, at last he made a hat and coat of goatskin, and a pair of short trousers, all with the hair outside, so as to shoot off the wet when it rained. The hat was very tall, and came to a sharp peak on top, and it had a flap which hung down the back of his neck. Robinson also, with much trouble, made of the skins an umbrella which he could open and shut; and if his clothes and his umbrella, and especially his hat, were not very good to look at, they were useful, and he could now go about in any weather.

During the next five years nothing out of the common happened, and Robinson's time was mostly taken up with the getting of food, the yearly sowing and reaping of his crops, and the curing of his raisins. But towards the end of that time he made another attempt to build a boat, and this time he made one much smaller than the first, and though it took him nearly two years to finish, in the end he got her into the sea. She was not big enough for him to try to sail in to the far-off land that he had seen, and he used her only for cruising about the shores of his own island, and for fishing. In her he fixed a little mast, on which he rigged a small sail, made from a bit of one of the old ship's sails, and, using a paddle to steer with, he found that she sailed very well. Over the stern he fixed his big umbrella, to shade him from the sun, like an awning.

Eager to go all round the island, one day Robinson put a lot of food on board, and, taking his gun, started on a voyage. All went well till he came to the east end of the island, where he found that a ledge of rocks, and beyond that a sand-bank, stretched out to sea for eight or nine miles. Robinson did not like the idea of venturing so far in a boat so small, and he therefore ran the boat ashore, and climbed a hill, to get a good view of the rocks and shoals before going near them. From the hill, he saw that a strong current was sweeping past the

sand-bank, which showed just clear of the water, and on which the sea was breaking; but he thought there was an eddy which would swing him safely round the point, without bringing him near the breakers. However, that day and the next, there was a good deal of wind blowing in the direction contrary to the current, which, of course, raised a sea too big for a small boat, so Robinson stopped on shore where he was.

On the third day it was calm, and he set off. But no sooner had he come abreast of the sand-bank than he found himself in very deep water, with a current running like a mill-race, which carried the boat further and further away from the land, in spite of all that he could do with his paddle. There was no wind, and the sail was useless.

Now he gave himself up for lost, for the harder he worked, only the further away seemed the boat to be swept. The island was soon so far off that Robinson could hardly see it, and he was quite exhausted with the hard struggle to paddle the boat against the current. He was in despair, and giving up paddling, left the boat to drift where she would. Just then a faint puff of wind touched his cheek, and Robinson hurriedly hoisted his sail. Soon a good breeze blew, which carried him past a dangerous reef of rocks. Here the current seemed to divide, the part in which he now was began to swing round towards the island, and he plucked up heart again, and with his paddle did all he could to help the sail. Robinson felt like a man who is set free after he has been told that he must die; he could almost have wept for joy. Miles and miles he sailed, steadily getting nearer to the land, and late in the evening at last he got ashore, but on the other side of the point that he had tried to round in the morning. He drew up his boat on the shore of a little cove that he found, and when he had made her fast, so that the tide could not carry her away, there among the trees he lay down, and slept sound, quite worn out.

In the morning he again got on board, and coasted along close inshore, till he came to a bay with a little river running into it, which made a very good harbor for the boat. Here he left her, and went on foot.

Soon he found that he was not far from a spot that he had once before visited, and by afternoon he arrived at the hut which he called his country-house. Robinson got over the fence by the ladder, as usual, pulling it up after him, and then he lay down to rest in the shade, for he was still very weary from the hard work of the day before. Soon he fell asleep. But what was his surprise in a little time to be awakened by a voice calling, "Robin! Robin Crusoe! where are you?"

At first he thought he was dreaming. But still the voice went on calling:

"Where are you, Robin?"

Up he jumped, trembling with fright and wonder, for it was so long since he had heard any voice but his own that he fancied it must be something more than human that he now listened to. But no sooner had he risen than he saw, sitting on the tree near to him, his parrot, which must have flown all the way from Robinson's other house, where it had been left. It was talking away at a great rate, very excited at again seeing its master, and Robinson hardly knew whether to be more relieved or disappointed that it was only the bird that had called him.

For about a year after this Robinson kept to his own side of the island, and employed his time chiefly in working on his land, and in making dishes and pots of clay. These he had now learned to burn properly. Pipes, too, he made, and they were a great comfort to him, for he managed to cure very good tobacco from the wild plants that grew around. And as he feared lest his powder might begin to run short, he thought much over ways whereby he could trap goats for food, instead of shooting them. After many trials, the best plan, he decided, was to dig holes, which he covered with thin branches and leaves, on which he sprinkled earth, so that when anything heavy passed over, it must fall into the pit. By this means he caught many, and the kids he kept and tamed, so that in no great time he had quite a large herd of goats. These he kept in various small fields, round which from time to time he had put fences.

V

ROBINSON SEES A FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND, FINDS A CAVE, AND RESCUES FRIDAY

All this time Robinson had never gone near his canoe, but now the longing came on him to go over to where he had left her, though he felt that he should be afraid again to put to sea in her. This time, however, when he got to the hill from which he had watched the set of the current the day that he had been carried out to sea, he noticed that there was no current to be seen, from which he concluded that it must depend on the ebb and flow of the tide. Still, he was afraid to venture far in the canoe, though he stopped some time at his country-house, and went out sailing very often.

One day when Robinson was walking along the sand towards his boat, suddenly, close to the water, he stopped as if he had been shot, and, with thumping heart, stood staring in wonder and fear at something that he saw. The mark of a naked foot on the sand! It could not be his own, he knew, for the shape was quite different. Whose could it be?

He listened, he looked about, but nothing could he hear or see. To the top of a rising ground he ran, and looked all around. There was nothing to be seen. And though he searched everywhere on the beach for more footmarks, he found none.

Whose footprint could it be? That of some man, perhaps, he thought, who might come stealing on him out from the trees, or murder him while he slept.

Back to his house he hurried, all the way in a state of terror, starting every now and again and facing round, thinking he was being followed, and fancying often that a stump or a bush was a man, waiting to spring on him. That night he slept not at all, and so shaken was his nerve that every cry of a night-bird, even every sound made by an insect or a frog, caused him to start with fear, so that the perspiration ran down his brow.

As day followed day, however, and nothing happened, Robinson began to be less uneasy in his mind, and went about

HE SAW THE MARK OF A NAKED FOOT ON THE SAND

his usual work again. But he strengthened the fence round his castle, and cut in it seven small loopholes, in which, fixed on frames, he placed loaded muskets, all ready to fire if he should be attacked. And some distance from the outside of the fence he planted a thick belt of small stakes, so that in a few years' time a perfect thicket of trees and bushes hid all trace of his dwelling.

Years passed quietly, and nothing further happened to disturb Robinson, or to make him think more of the footprint that had frightened him so much. But he kept more than formerly to the interior of the island, and lost no chance of looking for good places to hide in, if he should ever need them. And he always carried a cutlass now, as well as his gun and a couple of pistols.

One day it chanced, however, that he had gone further to the west of the island than he had ever done before, and, looking over the sea, he fancied that he saw, at a great distance, something like a boat or a long canoe, but it was so far off that he he could not be sure what it was. This made him determine that always in future he would bring with him to his lookout-place the telescope which he had saved from the wreck.

The sight of this supposed boat brought back his uneasiness to some extent, but he went on down to the beach, and there he saw a sight which filled him with horror. All about the shore were scattered men's skulls and bones, and bits of burnt flesh, and in one place were the remains of a big fire. Robinson stood aghast, feeling deadly sick. It was easy for him to know the meaning of the terrible sight. It meant that cannibals had been there, killing and eating their prisoners; for when the natives of some parts of the world go to war, and catch any of their enemies, it is their habit to build a fire, then to kill the prisoners and feast on their roasted bodies, eating till they can eat no more. Sometimes, if the man they are going to eat is too thin, they keep him, and feed him up, till they think he is fat enough.

Now Robinson knew all this, though he had never yet met any cannibals. And when he looked around he saw many bones lying about. They were so old that it seemed certain

to him that all those years he had been living on an island which was a regular place for the natives to come to for such feasts. Then he saw what a mercy it was that he had been wrecked on the other side of the island, to which, he supposed, the cannibals never came, because the beach was not so good for them to land on.

Full of horror, Robinson hurried back to his house, and for almost two years he never again came near that part of the island where the bones lay, nor ever visited his boat. But all the time he kept thinking how he might some day kill those cannibals while they were at their feast, and perhaps save some of the poor men whom they had not yet killed.

Now one day when Robinson was down in the bottom of the valley, cutting thick branches to burn for charcoal, he cleared away some undergrowth at the foot of a great rock, in which, near the ground, there was a sort of hole, or opening. Into this hole Robinson squeezed, not very easily, and found himself in a cave of good size, high enough, at least, to stand up in. It was quite dark, of course, to him coming in from the sunlight, and he turned his back to the entrance to feel his way further in, when suddenly, from the back of the cave he saw two great fiery eyes glaring at him. His very hair bristled with fright, for he could only think that it must be the Devil at least that he saw; and through the mouth of the cave he fled with a yell.

But when he got into the bright sunshine he began to feel ashamed of his panic, and to reason with himself that what he had seen must be only his own fancy. So, taking up a big burning branch from his fire, in he went again.

Before Robinson had taken three steps he stopped, in almost as great a fright as at first. Close to him he heard a great sigh, as if of some one in pain, then a sound like a muttering, as of words that he could not understand; again another deep sigh. Cold sweat broke out all over him, and he stepped back trembling, yet determined this time not to run away.

Holding his torch well over his head, he looked around, and there on the floor of the cave lay a huge old he goat, gasping for breath, dying, seemingly of mere old age.

He stirred him with his toe to see if he could get him out of

the cave, but the poor beast could not rise, and Robinson left him to die where he was.

Now that he had got over his fright, Robinson looked carefully about him. The cave was small, not more than twelve feet across at its widest, but he noticed at the far end another opening. This was so low down, however, that he had to creep on his hands and knees to get in, and without a better light than the burning torch, he could not see how far it went. So he made up his mind to come again.

Robinson had long before this made a good supply of very fair candles from the tallow of the goats he had killed, and next day he returned to the cave with six of these, and his tinder-box to light them with. In those days there were no matches, and men used to strike a light with a flint and steel, and tinder, which was a stuff that caught fire very easily from a spark.

Entering the cave, Robinson found, on lighting a candle, that the goat was now dead. Moving it aside, to be buried later, he went down on his hands and knees, and crawled about ten yards through the small passage, till at last he found himself in a great chamber, the roof of which was quite twenty feet high. On every side the walls reflected the light of his candle, and glittered like gold, or almost like diamonds, he thought. The floor was perfectly dry and level, even on the walls there was no damp, and Robinson was delighted with his discovery. Its only drawback was the low entrance; but, as he decided to use the cave chiefly as a place to retreat to if he should ever be attacked, that was in reality an advantage, because one man, if he had firearms could easily defend it against hundreds.

At once Robinson set about storing in it all his powder, except three or four pounds, all his lead for making bullets, and his spare guns and muskets. When moving the powder, he thought he might as well open a barrel which had drifted ashore out of the wreck after the earthquake, and though water had got into it, there was not a great deal of damage done, for the powder had crusted on the outside only, and in the inside there was about sixty pounds weight, quite dry and good. This, with what remained of the first lot, gave him a very large supply, enough to last all his life.

For more than two-and-twenty years Robinson had now been in the island, and he had grown quite used to it, and to his manner of living. If he could only have been sure that no savages would come near him, he felt almost that he would be content to spend all the rest of his days there, to die at last, as the goat he found in the cave had died, of old age.

At times, when his spirits were more than usually low, when the burden of the lonely years pressed most heavily upon him, Robinson used to think that surely if the savages could come to his land, he could go to theirs. How far did they come? Where was their country? What kind of boats had they? And so eager to go was he sometimes, that he forgot to think of what he would do when he got there, or what would become of him if he fell into the hands of the savages. His mind was utterly taken up with the one thought of getting to the mainland, and even his dreams were of little else.

One night, when he had put himself almost into a fever with the trouble of his mind, he had lain long awake, tossing and moaning, but at last he had fallen asleep. And he dreamed, not as he had usually done of late, that he was sailing to the mainland, but that as he was leaving his castle in the morning he saw on the shore two canoes and eleven savages landing, and that they had with them another man, whom they were just about to kill and eat, when suddenly the prisoner jumped up and ran for his life. And in his dream Robinson fancied that the man came running to hide in the thicket round the castle, and that thereupon he went out to help him. Then in the dream, the savage kneeled down, as if begging for mercy, and Robinson took him over the ladder into the castle, saying to himself, "Now that I've got this fellow, I can certainly go to the mainland, for he will show me what course to steer, and where to go when we land." And he woke, with the joyful feeling that now at last all was well. But when he was wide awake, and knew that it was only a dream after all, poor Robinson was more cast down than ever, and more unhappy than he had been during all the years he had lived on the island.

The dream had, however, this result; that he saw his only plan to get away was, if possible, to rescue some day one of the

prisoners whom the cannibals were about to kill, and in time get the man to help him to navigate his canoe across the sea.

With this idea, he set himself to watch, more closely than ever he had done before, for the savages to land, and during more than a year and a half he went nearly every day to his lookout-place, and swept the sea with his telescope, in the hope of seeing canoes coming. But none came, and Robinson was getting terribly tired of the constant watch. Still he did not give up, for he knew that sooner or later the savages would land again.

Yet many months passed, and still they did not come, till one morning, very early, almost to his surprise, he saw no fewer than five canoes hauled up on the shore on his own side of the island. The savages who had come in them were nowhere to be seen. Now, he knew that always from four to six men came in each canoe, which meant that at least twenty, and perhaps as many as thirty men had landed.

This was a greater number than he cared to face, so he kept inside his castle, in great doubt what to do, but ready to fight, in case they should attack him.

When he had waited a long time and still could hear nothing of the savages, he climbed up his ladder and got to the top of the rock, taking great care not to show himself against the sky-line. Looking through his glass, he saw that there were at least thirty savages, dancing wildly round a fire.

As he looked, some of the men left the others, and going over to the canoes dragged from them two prisoners. One of these almost at once fell forward on his face, knocked down from behind, as it seemed to Robinson, with a wooden club, and two or three of the cannibals at once cut him open to be ready for cooking, while for a moment or two they left the other prisoner standing by himself.

Seeing a chance of escape, the man made a dash for his life, running with tremendous speed along the sands straight for that part of the beach near Robinson's castle.

Now this alarmed Robinson very much, for it seemed to him that the whole of the savages started after the prisoner. He could not help thinking it likely that, as in his dream, this

man would take shelter in the thicket round the castle, in which case Robinson was likely soon to have more fighting than he would relish, for the whole body of the cannibals would be on him at once.

As he watched the poor man racing for life, however, he was relieved to see that he ran much faster than his pursuers, of whom only three continued to run after him. If he could hold out for another mile or two there was little doubt that he would escape. Between the castle and the runners was the creek up which Robinson used to run his rafts from the wreck, and when the escaped prisoner came to that, he plunged in, and though the tide was full, with less than thirty powerful strokes he reached the other side, and with long easy strides continued his run. Of the men in pursuit, two also plunged in and swam through, but less quickly than the man escaping, being more blown with running, because of what they had eaten before starting. The third man stopped altogether, and went back the way he came.

Seeing the turn things were taking, it seemed to Robinson that now had come his chance to get a servant, and he resolved to try to save the life of the man who was fleeing from the cannibals. At once he hurried down the ladder, snatched up his two guns, and running as fast as he could, got between the man and his pursuers, calling out to him at the same time to stop. The man looked back, and the sight of Robinson seemed to frighten him at first as much as did the men who were trying to catch him. But Robinson again spoke, and signed to him with his hand to come back, and in the meantime went slowly towards the other men, who were now coming near. Then, rushing at the foremost, he knocked him senseless with the butt of his gun, for it seemed to him safer not to fire, lest the noise should bring the other cannibals around.

The second man, seeing his comrade fall, hesitated, and stopped, but Robinson saw when nearer to him that the savage had in his hands a bow and arrow with which he was just about to shoot. There was then no choice but to fire first, which Robinson did, killing the man on the spot.

Thereupon the man who had been chased by the others was

so terrified by the flash and noise of the gun, and at seeing his enemy fall dead, that he stood stock still, trembling, and it was with great difficulty that Robinson coaxed him to come near. This at last he did, stopping every few paces and kneeling down. At length, coming close to Robinson, he again knelt, kissed the ground, and taking hold of Robinson's foot, set it on his head as it rested on the sand.

While this was going on, Robinson noticed that the savage whom he had knocked down had begun to move, and to come to his senses. To this he drew the attention of the man whom he had rescued, who said some words that Robinson could not understand, but which sounded pleasant to an ear that had heard no voice but his own for more than twenty-five years. Next he made a motion with his hand, as if asking for the cutlass that hung at Robinson's belt, and when the weapon was given to him he ran at his enemy, and with one clean blow cut off his head. Then, laughing, he brought the head, and laid it with the cutlass at Robinson's feet.

But what caused most wonder to the man was how the savage whom Robinson shot had been killed at so great a distance, and he went to look as the body, turning it over and over, and looking long at the wound in the breast that the bullet had made, evidently much puzzled.

Robinson then turned to go away, beckoning to the savage to follow, but the man made signs that he would bury the two bodies in the sand, so that the others might not find them if they followed. With his hands he soon scraped holes deep enough to cover the bodies, and in less than a quarter of an hour there was hardly a trace left of what had happened.

Calling him away, Robinson now took him, not to his castle, but to the cave, where he gave him food and water; and then he made signs for him to lie down and rest, pointing to a bundle of rice straw.

Soon the man was sound asleep. He was, Robinson thought, a handsome and well-made man; the muscles of his arms and back and legs showed great strength, and all his limbs were beautifully formed. As near as Robinson could guess, he was about twenty-six years of age, with a good and manly face,

and long black hair. His nose and lips were like those of a European, and his teeth were white and even. In color he was not black, but of a sort of rich chocolate brown, the skin shining with health, and pleasant to look upon.

VI

ROBINSON TRAINS FRIDAY, AND THEY BUILD A LARGE BOAT; THEY RESCUE TWO PRISONERS FROM THE CANNIBALS

In a little while Robinson began to speak to him, and to try to teach him things. First he made him understand that his name was to be "Friday" (that being the day of the week when Robinson had saved him from a horrible death). Then he taught him the meaning of "Yes," and "No," and to call Robinson "Master."

Friday showed great quickness in learning. He seemed to be happy and contented, and free from trouble, except that the clothes which Robinson made him wear gave him at first great discomfort, for in those warm parts of the world the natives are not used to clothes, but always go about naked.

The day following that on which Robinson had saved Friday, they went out together to see if there were any signs of the cannibals still being on the island, but it was evident that they had gone away without troubling about the two men whom Robinson had killed.

For some time Robinson did not trust Friday, and did not allow him to sleep in the same part of his castle with himself, but kept him at night in a little tent outside the fence.

Friday was quite faithful, never sulky nor lazy, but always merry, and ready to do anything that Robinson told him.

At first when they went out in the woods together, Friday was terrified each time that Robinson's gun was fired. He had never seen anything like it, and it was more than he could understand how things could be killed merely by the noise and the flash of fire.

Friday told Robinson much about his country, and about his people, who he said were Caribs. And a great way "be-

yond the moon," by which he meant to the west, he said that white men lived who had beards such as Robinson wore. These white men, he said, had killed very many natives, from which Robinson fancied that they must be Spaniards, who about that time were very cruel to the people whose countries they had taken.

Robinson asked if Friday could tell him how he might get over to where the white men lived, and Friday said it would be very easy, if they had a big canoe, and again Robinson began to make plans and to hope to escape from the island.

Some time after this Robinson and Friday chanced to be on the high hill at the east end of the island. The day was very clear. Friday gazed long over the sea, and then began to jump and dance, pointing to the dim blue coast. "There my country! See! There my people live!" he said, his eyes sparkling with joy, and an eager light on his face.

After this, for a time Robinson was not easy in his mind about Friday. He had little doubt that if he could get back to his tribe, he would soon forget all he had been taught, might even return with a hundred or two of his friends, and kill and eat his master. But in this Robinson was very unjust to Friday, who had no such thoughts in his mind as those of which he was suspected. And this Robinson soon found out. One day he asked Friday if he would not be glad to be once more in his own land.

"Yes" said Friday; "very glad."

"Would you eat man's flesh again?"

"No, never," said Friday.

Then Robinson asked why he did not go back. Friday said he would go if Robinson came too.

Then Robinson, who thought if he could reach other white men, he would finally reach England, began to build a boat in which to leave the island. Together he and Friday went to work to fell a tree, and Friday soon showed that he knew far better than Robinson the kind of tree best suited for boat-making. Robinson showed him how to use tools, and in a little more than a month the boat was finished. After the boat was put into the water, Robinson was astonished at Friday's skill in paddling so large a canoe.

"Will she do to go over in?" he asked, and Friday, grinning, said, "Yes, even if big wind blow." But Robinson did not mean to depend on paddling, and fitted the boat with a mast, sails and rudder.

Twenty-six years had passed since Robinson came to the island, and he still went on digging and sowing. One morning he sent Friday down to the beach for a turtle. Back he came in a great hurry, crying out, "Master! Master! over yonder, one, two, three canoe." Loading his guns, Robinson gave them to Friday to carry, while he armed himself with muskets, a cutlass, and a hatchet.

When all was ready he went up the hill with his telescope, and saw that there were in all twenty-one savages, with three prisoners, one of whom was a white man.

Robinson knew the savages had landed on the island to kill and eat their prisoners, so he resolved to prevent them if possible. To get at the savages without being seen, they had to go nearly a mile out of their way, and being heavily laden they could not go very fast. Reaching the place, they saw, from behind a clump of bushes, the white man bound hand and foot on the sand. There was no time to lose, and their first shot killed three and wounded five of the savages. Snatching up fresh guns, both fired again, before the savages who were not hurt could get on their feet, for they were so taken by surprise, that the poor wretches hardly knew what was happening. This time only two dropped, but many more were wounded.

While Friday kept on firing, Robinson ran to the white prisoner and cut his bonds. The man said he was a Spaniard and began to thank Robinson for what he had done. Robinson handed him the cutlass and a pistol, telling him, if he had any strength left, to go and do what he could against the savages. As soon as the man got the weapons in his hands, he ran with fury at the cannibals and cut two down, and with equal fury attacked the rest. With the Spaniard to help them, Robinson and Friday were soon able to clear the place of these dreadful cannibals, many of whom jumped into the sea.

Friday advised Robinson to take a canoe and go after them lest they return with hundreds of others to avenge the death of

their friends. So the two ran to the beach and began to shove off a canoe. But to their surprise, on the bottom of the canoe lay another prisoner, an old man, tied so hard, neck and heels, that even when his bonds were cut he could not move.

No sooner did Friday look at him and hear him speak, than he began to dance and shout and laugh, and then kneeling down, rubbed noses with the savage (which is what these folks do instead of kissing each other), and he was so excited that for some time he could not explain what was the matter. As soon as he could speak, he told Robinson that the man whom they had found was his father.

Both Friday's father and the Spaniard, who was worn out with fighting, had to be carried up to the castle.

No cannibals were ever again known to visit this island.

VII

ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH SHIP; ROBINSON SAILS FOR HOME

Soon after this Robinson had a long talk with the Spaniard, who told him how he and his comrades had been wrecked four years since, on that part of the coast where Friday's tribe lived. He said that they were well treated by the natives, but that they were put to very great straits now for want of clothes, that their powder was finished, and that they had lost all hope of ever getting back to their own country. He himself, he said, had been captured in one of the many small wars that are always taking place among the various tribes.

It struck Robinson that it might be possible for him to get these men over to his island, provided that he could be sure of their good faith, and that when they came, they did not take the island from him by treachery. It was a risk, he thought, but then, if he got so many men, it would not be difficult to build a small ship that could carry them all to England.

So he asked the Spaniard if he would promise, and if he thought he could get his comrades to take an oath that, if Robinson helped them, they would look on him as their captain, and

would swear to obey him in all things. The Spaniard readily promised for himself, and said that he was sure his comrades would keep faith.

It was arranged, therefore, that in about six months, when the next harvest was reaped, and there would be plenty of food for so many extra men, the Spaniard and Friday's father should go over to the mainland in one of the canoes which had been taken from the savages.

Meantime, all hands set about the curing of very large quantities of raisins, and much other work was done to be in readiness for the coming of these men.

When the harvest was reaped, Robinson gave the Spaniard and Friday's father each a musket and a supply of powder and bullets, and loaded the canoe with food, enough to last them and the others about a fortnight, and the two men set off for the mainland in fine weather, and with a fair wind.

It was about eight days after this, and when Robinson had begun to look out for their return, that one morning very early, when Robinson was asleep, Friday came running in, shouting, "Master! Master! They come." Up jumped Robinson, and hurrying on his clothes, ran out.

Looking towards the sea, he soon made out a sailing-boat making for the shore, coming from the south end of the island, but still some miles away. This was not the direction from which the Spaniard and his comrades would come, nor were they likely to be in a sailing-boat. So Robinson took his telescope, and went to the top of the hill to see if he could make out who were on board, before they landed.

Hardly had he got on to the hill when he noticed a ship at anchor some distance from the shore. She looked like an English vessel, he thought, and the boat like an English long-boat.

This was a wonderful sight to Robinson, but yet he was not easy in his mind. It was not a part of the world where an English ship was likely to come, because in those days they were nearly all Spanish vessels that traded in these seas, and the English and Spaniards were bitter enemies. What could an English ship be doing here? There had been no storm to drive her out of her course.

ROBINSON RAN TO THE WHITE PRISONER AND CUT HIS BONDS

Robinson feared that if she was English there must be something wrong about her. Perhaps, he thought, she was a pirate. So he was careful not to show himself or Friday.

Presently, as he watched, he saw the men in the boat run her ashore and draw her up on the beach, about half a mile from his castle. When they had landed, he could easily see through his glass that they were Englishmen.

There were eleven men, but three of them had their hands tied behind their backs, and were evidently prisoners. When the first four or five men had jumped ashore, they brought out these three, all the while ill-treating them, and behaving as if they meant to kill their prisoners. Friday was sure that they meant to eat them.

Soon, without further harming the three men, the others scattered about among the trees near the shore, leaving the three sitting on the ground very sad-looking, but with their hands now untied.

At the time the boat was run aground, it was just high-water, and the two sailors who had been left in charge of her, and who had evidently been drinking too much rum, went to sleep, and never noticed that the tide was going out. When they woke, the boat was high and dry, and with all the strength of the whole crew they could not move her, because the sand at that part of the beach was very soft. This did not seem to trouble any of them very much, for Robinson heard one of the sailors shout, "Let her alone, Jack, can't ye? She'll float next tide."

All forenoon Robinson watched, and when the hottest time of the day had come, he noticed the sailors throw themselves down under the trees, and go to sleep, some distance away from the three prisoners.

Then Robinson and Friday, taking their muskets and pistols, stole down cautiously behind the three men, to try to speak to them without the others knowing.

Robinson had put on his goatskin coat and the great hairy hat that he had made for himself; and with his cutlass and pistols in his belt, and a gun over each shoulder, he looked very fierce.

The men did not see him till he spoke, and they were so

startled by his wild look, and by the sight of two men armed to the teeth, that they nearly ran away. But Robinson told them not to be alarmed; he was an Englishman, and a friend, and would help them if they would show him how it could be done.

Then they explained to him what had happened. One of the three was Captain of the ship that lay at anchor off the island. Of the others, one was mate of the ship, and the third man was a passenger. The crew had mutinied, the Captain told Robinson, and had put him and the other two in irons, and the ringleaders in the mutiny had proposed to kill them. Now they meant to leave them on the island to perish.

The Captain was so astonished at finding anybody there who proposed to help him, that he said in his wonder: "Am I talking to a man, or to an angel from heaven?"

"If the Lord had sent an angel, sir," said Robinson, "he would probably have come better clothed."

Then he asked if the boat's crew had any firearms, and was told that they had only two muskets, one of which was left in the boat. "The rest should be easy, then," Robinson said; "we can either kill them all, or take them prisoners, as we please."

The Captain was unwilling to see the men killed, for he said if two of the worst of them were got rid of, he believed the rest would return to their duty.

Robinson made a bargain that if he saved the Captain from the mutineers, and recovered the ship, he and Friday were to be taken home to England in her, free of cost; and to this the Captain and the others agreed.

Then Robinson gave each of them a musket, with powder and ball, after which the Captain and the mate and the passenger marched towards the spot where the mutinous sailors lay asleep. One of the men heard them advance, and turning round, saw them, and cried out to his companions. But it was too late, the mate and the passenger fired, and one of the ringleaders fell dead. A second man also fell, but jumped up immediately and called to the others to help him. But the Captain knocked him down with the butt of his musket, and

the rest of the men, seeing Robinson and Friday coming, and knowing they had no chance against five armed men, begged for mercy. Three others who had been straying about among the trees came back on hearing the shots, and were also taken, and thus the whole crew of the boat was captured.

The Captain and Robinson now began to think how they might recover the ship. There were on board, the Captain said, several men on whom he thought he could depend, and who had been forced by the others into the mutiny against their wills. But it would be no easy thing to retake the ship, for there were still twenty-six men on board, and as they were guilty of mutiny, all of them, if taken back to England, would most likely be hanged. Thus they were certain to make a fight for it.

The first thing that Robinson and the others now did was to take everything out of the boat—oars, and mast, and sail, and rudder; then they knocked a hole in her bottom, so that she could not float. While they were doing this, and drawing her still further up on the beach, they heard first one gun and then another fired by the ship as signals to the boat to return.

As she of course did not move, Robinson saw through his glass another boat with ten men on board, armed with muskets, leave the ship, coming to bring the others back.

This was serious enough, for now Robinson and his party had to make plans whereby they might capture also this fresh boat's crew. Accordingly, they tied the hands of all the men they had first taken, and sent the worst of them to the cave under the charge of Friday and of one of the men that the Captain said was to be trusted, with orders to shoot any who tried to give an alarm or to escape. Then Robinson took his party and the rest of the prisoners into the castle, where, from the rock, they watched for the landing of the second boat.

The Captain and mate were very nervous, and despaired of taking this fresh body of men, but Robinson was quite confident of success, and put heart into them by his cheerfulness.

Of the prisoners in his castle, there were two whom the Captain believed to be honest men, and on their promising solemnly to keep faith, and to fight for him, Robinson released them.

The crew of the second boat, when they landed, were ter-

ribly surprised to find the first boat empty and stove in, and they were seen anxiously consulting what to do. Then they hallooed and fired volleys. Getting no reply, they were evidently alarmed, for they all jumped into their boat and began to pull off to the ship. In a few minutes, however, they seemed to change their minds, for again they landed, this time leaving three men in charge of the boat, and keeping her in the water.

The other seven came ashore, and started in a body across the island to look for their lost comrades. But they did not care to go far, and soon stopped, again firing volleys and hallooing. Getting again no reply, they began to march back to the sea. Whereupon Robinson ordered Friday and the mate to go over the creek to the west and halloo loudly, and wait till the sailors answered. Then Friday and the mate were to go further away and again halloo, thus gradually getting the men to follow them away from shore.

This plan succeeded very well, for when the sailors, thinking they heard their missing friends hail, ran to find them, their way was stopped by the creek, over which they had to get the boat to carry them. They took with them, then, one of the three men whom they had left in the boat, and ordered the others to moor the boat to a tree, and remain there.

This was just what Robinson wanted. And, moreover, one of the men played still further into his hands, for he left the boat and lay down under a tree to sleep. On him the Captain rushed, and knocked him down as he tried to rise to his feet, whereupon the sailor left in the boat yielded, and more readily that he had joined the mutineers very unwillingly, and was now glad of the chance to rejoin his Captain.

Meantime Friday and the mate, by hallooing and answering, drew the rest of the boat's crew from hill to hill through the woods, till at last they had got them so far astray that it was not possible for them to find their way back before dark. When they did get back to where the boat had been left, and found the men whom they had left in her gone, they were in a terrible fright.

It was not difficult for Robinson and his men to surround

them, and it chanced that the boatswain of the ship, who was the greatest villain of the lot, and the chief cause of all the trouble, walked in the darkness close to the Captain, who jumped up and shot him dead. The others then surrendered, believing what they were told, that they were surrounded by fifty armed men. All begged hard for their lives, and a few whom the Captain said he could trust were set at liberty on promising to help retake the ship. The others were bound and put in the cave.

Robinson and Friday remained on shore to look after the prisoners, while the Captain and the mate and the passenger, with those of the crew who were trustworthy, having patched up the damaged boat, pulled off in her and in the other to the ship, which they reached about midnight. When they were a short distance off, the Captain made one of the crew hail the ship and say that they had brought off the boat and the men they had gone in search of. Then both boats ran alongside at once, one on each side of the vessel, and before the mutineers knew what was happening they were overpowered, one or two of them being killed. Only one of the Captain's party was hurt, the mate, whose arm was broken by a musket-ball.

As soon as the ship was secured, the Captain ordered seven guns to be fired, that being the signal he had agreed to make to let Robinson know if he succeeded in taking the ship.

Robinson's stay in the island had now come to an end, after more than twenty-eight years, for in a few days he and Friday sailed for England in the ship. Some of the mutineers were left on the island, and were afterwards joined by the Spaniard and his comrades, for whom Robinson left a letter.

Robinson did not forget, when he left, to take with him the money and gold bars he had got from the wreck of the Spanish ship, and he took also, as a memento, the goatskin coat and the great hairy hat. But the Captain was able before the ship sailed to give him proper clothing, the wearing of which at first put him to dreadful discomfort.

The voyage was a long one, but they sighted the English coast at last.

It was thirty-five years since Robinson had set foot in Eng-

land. And that morning, when at last, after the weary years of exile, he again saw his native land, he laid his head down on his arms and cried like a child.

And, may be, you too some day may know the joy of coming home, out of the land of bondage.

CANTERBURY TALES

By GEOFFREY CHAUCER

ADAPTED BY JANET HARVEY KELMAN

I

DORIGEN

ONCE upon a time a young knight, whose name was Arviragus, dwelt in Brittany. In the same country lived a beautiful lady called Dorigen. And the knight loved the lady.

For years Arviragus did not know whether she loved him or not. She was a great lady and very fair, and he was afraid to ask her. But she knew that he loved her, for when he rode past her window on his way to the wars, she could see her colors streaming from his helmet. At first she did not think much of this, for many knights fought for love of her; but as she heard of new and greater deeds that this noble knight did year by year, she began to care for him a great deal. When she thought of his goodness and of the honor in which he held her, she knew that there was no one else that she could love as she loved Arviragus. And when Arviragus knew that she loved him and was willing to be his wife, his heart was full of joy. So greatly did he wish to make Dorigen happy with him, that he said to her that he would obey her and do what she wished as gladly all his life as he had done while he was trying to win her love. To this she replied:

"Sir, since in thy great gentleness thou givest me so high a place, I pray to God that there may never be strife between us two by any fault of mine. Sir, I will be thy true and humble wife until I die!"

Then Arviragus took his bride home with him to his castle

by the sea. He honored Dorigen as much as he had done before his marriage, and tried to fulfil her wishes in everything. Dorigen was just as eager to please Arviragus as he was to please her, and they were happy together in all their work and play.

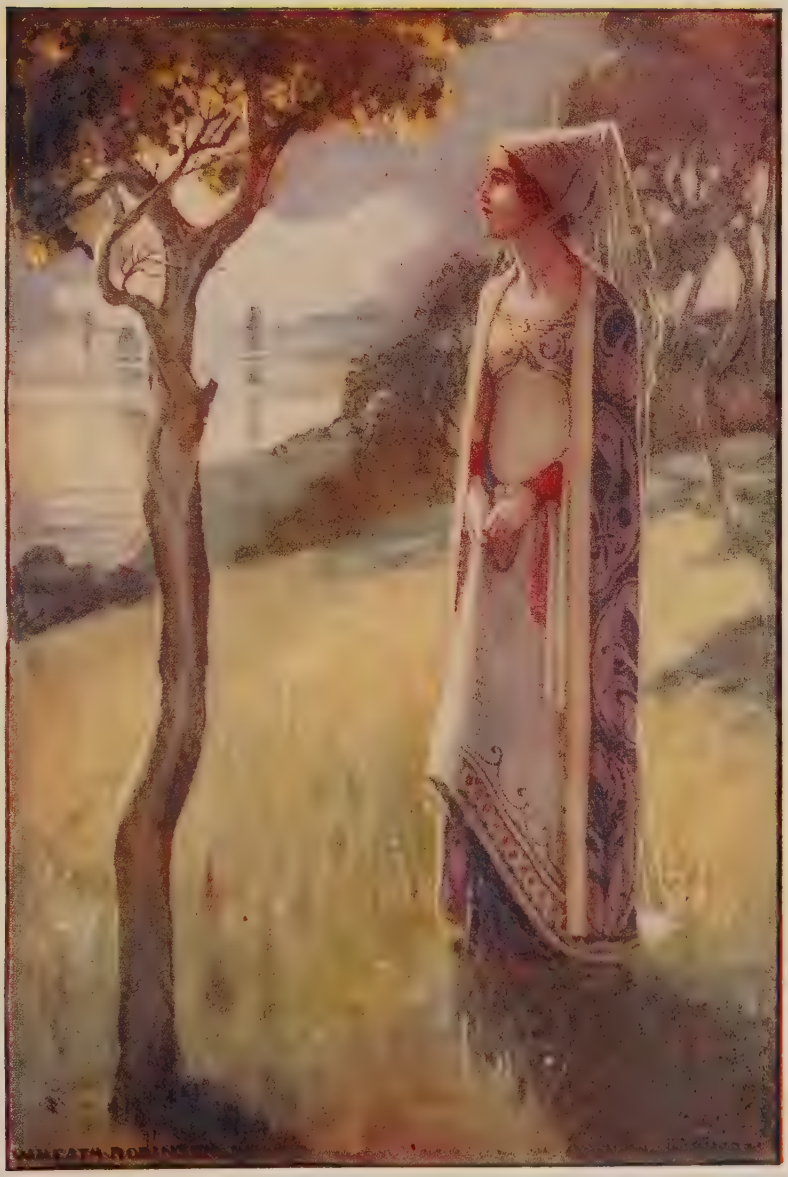
Arviragus stayed quietly at home for a year, but after that he grew restless. He felt that no true knight had a right to live on quietly at home, with nothing to do except to order his castle and to hunt. So he sailed away to England that he might win honor and renown in the wars there.

Dorigen stood by the castle and watched his sails disappear in the north. Poor Dorigen! her husband was gone, and she did not know if he would ever come back to her. For weeks she wept and mourned. At night she could not rest, and by day she would not eat. All the things that she had cared most to do were now dull and worthless to her because Arviragus was away.

Her friends saw her sorrow, and tried to comfort her in every way they could. When they found she would not be comforted, they spoke harshly to her, and told her that it was very wrong of her to kill herself with sorrow, when Arviragus hoped to come home again strong and famous. Then they began to comfort her again, and to try to make her forget her sadness.

After a long time Dorigen's sorrow began to grow quieter. She could not have lived if she had always felt her grief as deeply as she did at first. Indeed, as it was, this sorrow would have broken her heart, if letters had not come from Arviragus. They brought her tidings of his doings, and of the glory he had won. But what comforted her most was that they told her that he would soon return.

When Dorigen's friends saw that she was less hopeless, they begged her to come and roam with them to drive away the last of her dark fears. This she did. Often she walked with them by the edge of the cliffs on which her castle stood. But there she saw the white ships and the brown barges sailing, one north, another south, to the havens for which they were bound. Then she would turn away from her friends and say to herself:



ALAS! OF ALL THE SHIPS I SEE, IS THERE NEVER ONE THAT WILL BRING MY LORD HOME?

"Alas! of all the ships I see, is there never one that will bring my lord home? Then should I need no comfort. My heart would be cured of this bitter smart."

At times as she sat and thought, she leaned down and looked over the brink of the cliffs. But, when she saw the grisly, black rocks, her very heart trembled within her. Then she would sink down on the grass and wail:

"O God, men say Thou hast made nothing in vain, but, Lord, why hast Thou made these black, grisly rocks? No man nor beast is helped by them in all the world. Rocks have destroyed a hundred thousand men, and which of all Thy works is so fair as man? No doubt wise men will say, 'All is for the best.' But, oh Thou God, who makest the winds to blow, keep Thou my lord! And—would to God that these black rocks were sunk in the deep for his sake! They slay my heart with fear."

Dorigen's friends saw that the sea brought back her sorrow. They led her then by rivers and springs, and took her to every lovely place they knew, from which there was no glimpse of the sea.

In the valley, to landward of the castle, lay many beautiful gardens. One day in May, when the soft showers of spring had painted in brightest colors the leaves and flowers, they spent the whole day in the fairest of these gardens. They had games there, and they dined under a spreading tree. The breath of the fresh green leaves and the sweet scent of the flowers blew round them.

After dinner they began to dance and sing—every one except Dorigen. She had no heart to sing, and she would not dance because, of all who joined in the dance, not one was Arviragus. But, though she would not dance, she watched her friends and sometimes forgot her sorrow for a little.

Among the dancers there was a young squire named Aurelius. He was much beloved because he was young, and strong, and handsome. Men thought him wise and good, but he was not always wise and good.

When the dancing was over, Aurelius came up to Dorigen and asked her to give him a beautiful jewel that she wore on her

breast. He said to her, "Madam, of what use is thy jewel to thee when thou wearest it on thy bosom? Give it to me, and I will share with thee the price of it."

Dorigen turned and gazed at him.

"Is this what thou dost wish? I knew not what thou didst mean when thou didst look at me, but now I know. Listen, this is all I have to say to thee. I shall never part with my jewel, not though I were in rags and without food."

Then she remembered how Arviragus had loved to see her wear her jewel, as she always did, on a chain of gold that he had given to her on her wedding day. She thought of the sea that separated him from her, and of the cruel black rocks, and said in play:

"Aurelius, I will freely give thee my jewel when thou dost remove every rock on the shore from end to end of Brittany."

Then her anger at the selfishness of Aurelius rose again, and she bade him begone.

"Madam," he said, "it is impossible to move the rocks."

With that word he turned away, and went home to his own house. There his brother Austin found him in a trance, for Aurelius wished Dorigen's jewel more than he wished anything else on earth, and the thought that he could not get it made him so sad that he became dazed. Austin carried him to bed, and tried to soothe him in his grief and vexation.

The jewel that Aurelius wished to get from Dorigen was no common one. It had been given to her at her birth. It was clear as crystal, but far more rare, and it shone in the daylight like the sun. When Dorigen was a little child her mother told her of this wonderful stone. She told her that it would bring her joy and peace and the love of all who were good and true, if she kept it bright and pure; but that, if she ever gave it away, she would lose her youth and her beauty, and would be hidden away from all her friends and left alone in the world.

Dorigen shuddered at the thought of parting with her jewel. She did not know how her mother's words could come to pass, if she did give it away, nor by what magic power she could be so lost that no one who loved her could find her again. But she was sure that what her mother had said must be true.

And that was why Dorigen was so angry with Aurelius. She knew that he must have heard what sorrow she would suffer if she gave him her jewel, for all the court knew the story of the wonderful stone.

Not long after this, Arviragus came home. He had won more honor than before, and was now the very flower of chivalry. I cannot tell you how great the joy was, with which he greeted Dorigen, nor how soon she forgot her fears of the sea and the grisly rocks.

For two years, while they lived a joyful life together, Aurelius lay in bed unable to rise, with no one to take care of him except his brother Austin. This brother mourned over Aurelius in secret and wept at his unhappy fate, till one day he remembered a book of magic that he had seen when he was a student in Orleans. In that book he had read of the strange ways in which Magicians can make things seem what they are not. His heart leapt up. He said to himself, "My brother shall be cured. I am sure I have heard of stranger things than that the rocks should seem to vanish. Once I heard of a Magician who made every one believe that a great brown barge was rowing up and down a sheet of water inside the hall of a castle! If he could do that, then surely we shall be able to find a Magician who will make those black rocks seem to vanish. Then Dorigen will have to keep her promise and give Aurelius her wonderful jewel."

Austin then ran to his brother's room and told him about the book of magic at Orleans. No sooner had Aurelius heard him than he leapt out of bed. In less time than one would think possible he was ready to start on the long ride to Orleans.

When they came near the city they met a Magician. They knew him to be a Magician because of the strange look in his eyes, and because of his curious dress. When they rode up to him he bowed before them and wished them "Good day." Then he began to tell them why they had come to Orleans. Aurelius wondered how it was that this stranger knew so much about him and his errand. He thought he must be a very wise man indeed, and leaping from his horse in surprise and joy, he went home with the Magician to his house. His brother went too.

The house was the finest that Aurelius had ever seen. When he entered the study he looked in wonder at the rows of books that lined the walls, and at the quaint pictures and the strange old armor.

In one corner a curious light burned. It was not like the light of a lamp or of a candle, but cold and blue. Above it hung a map of the stars, and other strange drawings. Below the light stood a table, and on it lay a great book which was chained to the wall.

Austin saw Aurelius look at this book. He whispered to him, "It is the same book from which I read long ago."

This corner with its blue light made Aurelius frightened. A shudder passed over him when he saw the Magician cross over into the circle of the light and wave his wand.

In a moment Aurelius forgot all about the Magician and his own fear, for he and his brother saw before them the edge of a forest with a park stretching from the trees far, far away.

The sun shone, and the branches waved a little in the breeze. In the park the brothers saw herds of deer. Beautiful animals they were, with the highest antlers deer ever had. At first the deer fed in peace and safety. Then archers, clad in green, came to the edge of the forest. They glided out and in among the trees to see where they could best take aim with their arrows. When the archers had let their arrows fly, hounds broke out from behind them, and soon there was not one living deer of all the herd left in sight.

In a moment a calm river flowed where the park had been. In the shallow water at the river's edge tall herons stood. They watched for the little fishes that swam in the river. Again, into this quiet place a hunter came. He had no arrows. He had no dogs. But on his wrist he had an iron bracelet to which one end of a chain was fastened. The other end of the chain was round a hawk's foot, and the hawk sat on his master's wrist. When the hunter came near the river he loosed the chain from the bird's foot. The hawk flew over the river and swooped down among the herons. In a moment they had all vanished.

Aurelius had scarcely time to sigh, when the river itself was gone, and a plain lay where it had been. There he saw the

knights of King Arthur's Table jousting. Beautiful ladies sat and watched the struggle, and one more fair than all held the prizes the knights might win.

Then the figures of the knights began to grow dim and uncertain. The plain changed into a great hall where knights and ladies danced. Everything was bright and sparkling. Mirrors lined the walls, and their cut edges flashed back the light that fell on them. As Aurelius watched the dance, he started. There, before him, more beautiful than ever, was Dorigen. His heart gave a great leap, for, as he watched her, he saw that she no longer wore her jewel. In his delight he swayed to the music of the dance. Clap! clap! went the Magician's hands, and all was gone.

The great room that had seemed so splendid to Aurelius when he entered it, looked cold and plain now when he returned to it from fairyland.

The Magician called his servant and asked for supper. Then he led the brothers away and feasted them royally.

After supper the three men began to talk about what the Magician should get from Aurelius if he made the rocks vanish. The Magician said, "I cannot take less than a thousand pounds, and I am not sure if I can do it for that!" Aurelius was too delighted to bargain about what the cost would be. He said gladly: "What is a thousand pounds? I would give thee the whole round world, if I were lord of it. The bargain is made. Thou shalt be paid in full. But do not delay. Let us start to-morrow morning without fail."

"Thou mayest count on me to-morrow," said the Magician.

They went to bed, and Aurelius slept soundly and well, because of the hope he had that the Magician would make the rocks vanish.

Next morning they rose early. It was Christmas time, and the air was cold and frosty as they rode away. The very sunlight was pale, and the trees were bare. When they reached home the neighbors gathered round and wished them a Merry Christmas. "Noël, Noël," they said, but they would not have done so had they known what sorrow the riders brought to their beautiful lady Dorigen.

For many days the Magician worked with his maps and figures. Aurelius waited impatiently. There was nothing for him to do except to make the Magician as comfortable as he could, and to show him as much kindness as possible.

One morning Aurelius looked from his window towards the sea. He saw the Magician standing on the shore. As Aurelius gazed out to sea, the rocks vanished from north to south. His heart stood still. Then he rushed out and away to the edge of the cliffs for fear some rocks might still lie close to the land. But no, there was not one.

He went to meet the Magician and fell at his feet with the words, "Thanks to thee, my lord, thanks to thee, my cares are gone!"

After he had thanked the Wise Man, he hurried away to meet Dorigen. When he saw her he trembled. She was so pure and beautiful. His heart sank. Then he looked out to sea and saw the smooth surface of the water, and he grew selfish again.

Dorigen came quietly on. She had not noticed that the rocks had vanished, for Arviragus was safe on land, and she did not fear the sea any more. She had almost forgotten Aurelius and his selfish, greedy words. It was more than two years since she had seen him, and she had not heard of him since then.

She started back when he greeted her. Before she had time to speak he said, "My lady, give me thy jewel."

He saw Dorigen's face grow cold and angry, and said, "Think well lest thou break thy word, for, madam, thou knowest well what thou didst say. In yonder garden in the month of May thou didst promise to give me thy jewel when I should move the rocks. I speak to save thine honor. I have done as thou didst command me. Go thou and see if thou wilt, but well I know the rocks are vanished.

He left her then. She stood still, white and sick. She had never dreamt that such a trap as this could close on her.

"Alas," she said, "that such a thing could happen! I never thought a thing so strange and unheard-of could come to pass!"

Home she went in sadness and dismay. She was so weak

with fear that she could scarcely walk. She had to suffer her sorrow alone for three days, for Arviragus was away, and she would tell no one but him. Her ladies saw her distress, but they could not comfort her. To herself she moaned, "Alas, O Fortune, I lay the blame on thee; thou hast so bound me in thy chain, that I see no help nor escape save only in death."

Arviragus came home on the third day after the rocks had vanished. He came at night, so he noticed nothing strange about the shore. Though every one was talking of the curious thing that had happened, no one liked to tell him. They knew he would not like to hear of it. He would think his country was bewitched.

Arviragus looked for Dorigen in the hall. When he could not see her there, he hurried to her room, to make sure that she was safe and well. As he sprang up the broad staircase, the sheath of his sword and the spurs at his heels clanked harshly on the stone steps.

Dorigen heard him, but, instead of going to meet him, she buried her head deeper in her cushions and wept. Arviragus crossed the room to where she sat, and knelt before her. He drew her hands from her eyes and said, "Dorigen, what is it? Why dost thou weep like this, my beloved?"

For a little time Dorigen's tears only fell the faster, then she said brokenly: "Alas, that ever I was born! I have said it! Arviragus! I have promised!"

"What hast thou promised, my wife?"

Then Dorigen told Arviragus all that had happened; told him that she had promised to give her jewel to Aurelius when he would take all the rocks away.

Arviragus leapt up and went to the window. The moon had burst through a cloud, and everything was bright and clear. He looked away north, as Dorigen had so often looked to watch for his coming. In the moonlight Arviragus saw the sea lie smooth and cold. His eyes swept the skyline. It seemed as as if all the rocks had sunk into his heart, it was so heavy.

He turned towards Dorigen, and saw how great was her sorrow.

Then he said very gently: "Is there aught else than this, that thou shouldst weep, Dorigen?"

"Nay, nay, this is indeed too much already," she sighed.

"Dear wife," he said, "something as wonderful as the sinking of the rocks may happen to save us yet. God grant it! But whether or not, thou must keep thy troth. I had rather that my great love for thee caused me to die, than that thou shouldest break thy promise. Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

Then his courage broke down, and he began to sob and weep along with Dorigen.

Next morning he was strong and brave again. He said to Dorigen, "I will bear up under this great sorrow."

He bade her farewell, and she set out with only a maid and a squire to follow her.

Arviragus could not bear to see Dorigen as she went down from the castle, so he hid himself in an inner room. But some one saw her go out. It was Aurelius. For three days he had watched the castle gate to see what she did, and where she went. He came forward and said, "Whither goest thou?"

Dorigen was almost mad with misery, but she said bravely, "To thee, to keep my troth, and give my jewel to thee, as my husband bids me. Alas! alas!"

Aurelius was full of wonder when he heard this. He began to be sorry for Dorigen, and for Arviragus the worthy knight, who would rather lose his wife than have her break her word. He could be cruel no longer.

"Madam," he said, "say to thy lord Arviragus that since I see his great honor and thy sad distress, I had rather bear my own sorrow than drive thee away from him and all thy friends. I give thee back thy promise. I shall never trouble thee more. Farewell, farewell! thou truest woman and best that I have ever seen."

Down on her knees, on the roadway, fell Dorigen to thank Aurelius. Her blessing followed him as he turned and left her.

But how can I tell of Dorigen's return? She seemed to be treading on air. When she reached the room where her husband sat with his head sunk on his arms, she paused. She had not known the greatness of his love till then. He looked old and forlorn after the night of sorrow.

She spoke, and he raised his eyes to gaze on her, as if she had been a lady in a dream. But when she told him all, when he knew that she was there herself, and for always, he could not speak for joy.

Aurelius wished he had never been born when he thought of the thousand pounds of pure gold that he owed to the Magician.

He said to himself, "What shall I do? I am undone! I must sell my house and be a beggar. I will not stay here and make my friends ashamed of me, unless I can get the Magician to give me time. I will ask him to let me pay him part of my debt year by year till all is paid. If he will, my gratitude will know no bounds, and I will pay him every penny I owe."

With a sore heart he went to his coffer and took out five hundred pounds of gold. These he took to the Wise Man, and begged him to grant him time to pay the rest.

"Master," said he, "I can say truly, I never yet failed to keep a promise. My debt shall be paid to thee, even if I go begging in rags. But if thou wilt be so gracious as to allow me two years, or three, in which to pay the rest, I will rejoice. If not, I must sell my house; there is no other way."

When the Magician heard this he said, "Have not I kept my promise to thee?"

"Yes, certainly, well and truly!"

"Hast thou not thy jewel?"

"No, no," said Aurelius, and sighed deeply.

"Tell me, if thou mayest, what is the cause of this?"

"Arviragus in his honor had rather die in sorrow and distress than that his wife should break her word. Dorigen would rather die than lose her husband and wander alone on the earth. She did not mean to give me her promise. She thought the rocks would never move. I pitied them so much that I gave her back her promise as freely as she brought her jewel to me. That is the whole story!"

The Magician answered, "Dear brother, you have each behaved nobly. Thou art a squire, he is a knight, but by God's grace I can do a noble deed as well as another. Sir, thou art free from thy debt to me, as free as if thou hadst this moment crept out of the ground, and hadst never known me

till now. For, sir, I will not take a penny from thee for all my skill, nor for all my work. It is enough! Farewell! Good day to thee!"

Whereupon the Magician bowed once and again, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Dorigen and Arviragus were walking on the cliffs as the Magician parted from Aurelius. They noticed the two men, and when the horseman rode away they saw a strange white mist rise from the sea and follow the rider.

Dorigen caught her husband's arm, for there, there, out at sea, and close by the cliffs, were the rocks, grisly and black and fearsome as before. The sunlight fell on her jewel, and it shone more brightly than of old, nor did its light ever grow dim in all the happy years that followed.

II

EMELIA

Emelia the Radiant lived in a great castle in Athens.

Hippolyta, Emelia's sister, had once been queen of the Warrior Women, and had led her armies to battle. But Emelia had never fought in these battles. When she was still a child, Duke Theseus of Athens had fought with Hippolyta and conquered her. Instead of sending his royal captive to prison, Theseus married her, and took her home to Athens with him. When he took her there, he took Emelia with her. He was very kind to them both, and the castle in Athens was a happy home for Hippolyta and her little sister.

As Emelia grew up she became most beautiful. She was more graceful than a lily on its stem, and the flush on her cheeks was more delicate than the hue of the rose-petals in the old Greek castle garden. Her golden hair fell in heavy masses round her face, and lay in a great plait down her back. It caught all the light that fell on it, and sent it out again to make glad the hearts of those who looked on her. So men called her Emelia the Radiant, and all who met her smiled for joy at the sight of so beautiful a maid.

One May morning Emelia went into the castle garden to bathe her face in the early dew. Everything was dim and gray in the twilight. She looked up at the great dungeon tower which overshadowed the garden, and thought of the two young princes who were prisoners there. Duke Theseus had brought them from Thebes. He was very proud of them, and would not give them up, although the people of their land offered to give him gold and jewels for their ransom. The princes were cousins, and were the last of the royal line of Thebes. In the stillness Emelia murmured their names to herself, "Palamon and Arcite, Palamon and Arcite. How miserable they must be in their narrow cell!" she thought. Then she sighed that life should be so sad for them while it was so bright for her!

As she roamed up and down and gathered roses white and red to make a garland for her hair, the sun broke through the mist and shone into the garden. Once more she raised her eyes to the tower. This time she did not look at it, but at the sunlit clouds beyond. The light from the east fell on her. Her hair shone like gold, and her face was radiant with happiness.

Palamon at that moment came to the narrow iron-barred window through which alone he and his cousin could see the sky and the fields and the city. He saw the morning light fall on the fair buildings of Athens, and on the plains and hills beyond. Then a glad song which burst from Emelia's happy heart floated up to him. He looked down. Before him stood the maiden bathed in sunlight.

She seemed to him the very Spirit of Beauty. He thought of all the joy and life and freedom that he could never have. He started back from the window and cried aloud.

His cousin Arcite sprang from his couch and said, "My cousin, what aileth thee? I pray thee that thou bear our imprisonment in patience. Sad it is in truth, but we must abide it. We can do nought else."

But Palamon said: "Thou art mistaken. Prison walls drew not that cry from me. An arrow hath entered my heart through mine eye, and I am wounded. What life can give is bound up for me in the fairness of a maiden who roams in yonder

garden. Be she Spirit or woman I know not! But this I know, was never woman nor Spirit half so fair before."

"Spirit of Beauty," he cried, "if thou choosest to take the form of a radiant woman here before me in this garden, pity my wretchedness! Save us from this prison, and if that may not be, have pity on our country and help our fallen friends."

Arcite pressed forward and leant over Palamon's shoulder. The window was only a narrow slit, and the wall through which it was cut was thick, so it was not easy for Arcite to see into the garden. At last he caught a glimpse of Emelia.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he said. "I shall die of my wish to serve her. Most beautiful of maidens she is, truly."

When Palamon heard this, he turned on Arcite, looked coldly at him and asked, "Sayest thou so in earnest or in jest?"

"Nay, truly in earnest, my cousin; I have little will to jest!"

Palamon looked fiercely at him and said, "Little honor to thee then! Hast thou forgotten thine oath of truest brotherhood to me, and mine to thee? Hast thou forgotten thy promise to help me in all I do? How, then, canst thou dream of claiming to love my lady? This thou shalt not do, false Arcite! I loved her first, and told thee, and thou must help me to win her if ever we escape. Thine honor demands this of thee. Otherwise thou art no true knight."

But Arcite drew himself up scornfully and said, "Rather it is thou that art false! A moment ago thou didst not know whether she were maiden or Spirit! I loved her first for what she is, and told thee as my brother! But even if thou hadst loved her first, could I, because of that, refuse to love the fairest of maidens? Besides, why should we strive? Thou knowest too well that thou shalt never win her smile, nor yet shall I! These prison walls so thick and black leave no hope for us. We fight as did the fabled dogs for the bone. They fought all day, yet neither won. There came a kite while they raged, and carried off the bone. Love thou the maid if thou wilt. I shall love her till I die."

The prison had been narrow and bare and cold before, but now it seemed ten times more dismal. The world from which

it shut them in was so much more sweet because of the maiden who dwelt there, and the friendship for each other which had cheered them through many evil days was broken.

But Emelia the Radiant sang her gay songs and stepped lightly among the flowers, with never another thought of the weary eyes that watched her.

One day the greatest friend that Duke Theseus of Athens had, came to see him. This friend had known Arcite in Thebes, and had loved the handsome boy. He begged Theseus to forgive him, and to let him go free. Theseus was glad to find something he could do to please his dear friend, so one morning he took him with him to the prison where Palamon and Arcite were. The attendants could scarcely follow, for the royal robes filled all the dingy little space! A streak of light from the window fell on the Duke's mantle and his jewels. They looked strangely bright in that dark room beside the faded clothes of the two young prisoners.

Arcite and the friend of Theseus greeted each other joyously, and the heart of Arcite beat wildly with hope, but when he heard the words of Theseus the Duke it sank like lead.

"Arcite," said he, "by the desire of my friend, I grant to thee thy freedom. I grant it on one condition only. Thou must wander away far beyond my kingdom. If ever thou art seen for one moment on any furthest corner of my land, that moment shall be thy last. By the sword thou shalt die."

Homeward to Thebes sped Arcite with a sad heart.

"Woe is me for the day that I was born!" he moaned; "woe is me that ever I knew the friend of Theseus! Had he not known me, I might even now be gazing on the maiden I serve, from the window in the Duke's tower. Ah, Palamon, thou art the victor now! Day by day thou gazest on her, and kind fortune may grant to thee thy freedom and her favor while I am banished for ever! Ah, why do we complain against our fortune? We know that we seek happiness, but know not the road thither! Think how I dreamt and longed for freedom, and thought that if I were only out of prison my joy would be perfect. Behold, my freedom is my banishment, and my hope my undoing!"

As for Palamon, when he saw that Arcite was gone, he made

the great tower walls reëcho with his howls of misery. The very fetters on his ankles were wet with his salt tears.

"Alas," he groaned, "Arcite, my cousin, thou hast borne off the prize in this strife of ours! Thou walkest now at liberty in Thebes. Little thou thinkest of me and of my sorrow! Strong thou art, and wise. Doubtless thou art even now gathering together the people of Thebes to invade this land and win the sister of the Duke for thy wife, while I die here in this prison like a caged lion. The prison walls heed my weeping and my wailing not at all."

He could not even rejoice in the sight of Emelia when she walked in the garden, so fearful was he lest Arcite should win her.

Meanwhile Arcite passed his days in Thebes in grief. He wandered about alone, and wailed and made moan to himself. He cared not to eat, and sleep forsook him. His spirits were so feeble that the sound of music brought fresh tears to his eyes. He grew gaunt and thin, and his voice was hollow with sadness.

At last, when he was nearly dazed with sorrow, he dreamt one night that a beautiful winged boy with golden curls stood before him. "Go thou to Athens," said the boy; "the end of all thy sorrow awaits thee there!"

Arcite started up wide awake and said, "I will to Athens, to my lady. It were good even to die in her presence."

He caught up a mirror. He had not cared to look in one for many months, but now that he meant to return to his lady, he wished to see if he looked strong and young as ever. At first he was shocked to see how great a change had passed over his face. Then he thought, "If I do not say who I am, I may live unknown in Athens for years. Then I shall see my lady day by day."

Quickly he called to him a squire, and told him all his will, and bound him to keep his name a secret and to answer no questions about himself or his master. Then Arcite sent his squire to find clothes such as the laborers in Athens wore. When he returned, Arcite and he put on the clothes and set out by the straight road to Athens.

In Athens no one took any notice of the two poor men.

Before they came to the castle the squire left his master and found a house to live in, where he could do Arcite's bidding at any time. But Arcite hurried on to the courtyard gate. There he waited till the master of the servants who waited on Emelia came out. Then he said to him, "Take me, I pray thee, into thy service. Drudge I will and draw water, yea, and in all thou dost command I will obey."

The master of the servants asked Arcite what was his name. "Philostrate, my lord," said Arcite, and as "Philostrate" he entered that part of the castle where Emelia's home was.

He could hew wood and carry water well, but he was not long left to do such rough work. The master of the house saw that whatever he trusted to Philostrate's care was rightly done, so he gave him less humble work to do, and made him a page in the house of Emelia. The lords and ladies of the castle began to notice what a gentle and kind page this Philostrate was. They spoke to Theseus about him, and said that he deserved to have a higher place that he might show his goodness and courage in knightly deeds. To please them, Theseus made him one of his own squires.

Seven years passed away, and Palamon was still in prison. This year, however, in the May-time, a friend of his, who heard where he was, helped him to escape. During the short night he fled as fast as he could, but when the early dawn began to break he strode tremblingly to a grove of trees, that he might hide there all day. When the darkness fell once more he meant to go on again to Thebes, there to gather his old armies to make war on Theseus. He wished either to win Emelia or to die. He cared little for his life if he might not spend it with her.

As Palamon lay beside a bush in the grove, he watched the sunbeams drying up the dewdrops on the leaves and flowers near him, and listened to the joyous song of a lark that poured forth its welcome to the morning.

The same lark that Palamon heard awakened Arcite. He was now the chief knight in the Duke's house, and served him with honor in peace and war. He sprang up and looked out on the fresh green fields. Everything called to him to come out. He loosed his horse from the stall and galloped over hill and dale.

He came to the edge of a grove, and tied up his steed to a tree. Then he wandered down a woodland path to gather honeysuckle and hawthorn to weave a garland for himself. Little he thought of the snare into which he was walking.

As he roamed he sang—

> "O May, of every month the queen,
> With thy sweet flowers and forests green,
> Right welcome be thou, fair fresh May."

The grove was the one in which Palamon lay beside a pool of water. When he heard the song of Arcite, cold fear took hold on him. He did not know that it was Arcite who sang, but he knew that the horse must belong to a knight of the court, and he crouched down to the ground lest he should be seen and taken back to prison.

Soon Arcite's joyous mood passed away, and he grew sorrowful. He sighed and threw himself down not far from the spot where Palamon lay.

"Alas, alas!" said Arcite, "for the royal blood of Thebes! Alas that I should humbly serve my mortal enemy! Alas that I dare not claim my noble name, but must be known, forsooth, as Philostrate, a name worth not a straw! Of all our princely house not one is left save only me and Palamon, whom Theseus slays in prison. Even I, free though I am, am helpless to win Emelia. What am I to her but an humble squire?"

Palamon was so angry when he heard this, that he forgot his own danger. He started out from his hiding-place and faced Arcite.

"False Arcite," he cried, "now art thou caught indeed! Thou hast deceived Duke Theseus and hast falsely changed thy name, hast thou? Then surely I or thou must die. I will suffer no man to love my lady, save myself alone. For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe. I have no weapon in this place, for only last night did I escape from prison. Yet I fear thee not. Thou shalt die, or thou shalt cease to love my lady. Choose as thou wilt!"

Then Arcite rose up in his wrath and drew his sword. He said, "Were it not that thou art ill and mad with grief, and

that thou hast no weapon here, thou shouldest never step from where thou standest. I deny the bond thou claimest! Fool! how can I help thee to win the lady I fain would wed myself? But because thou art a worthy knight and a gentle, and art ready to fight for thy lady, accept my promise. To-morrow I will not fail to wait for thee here without the knowledge of any other. Also I will bring armor and weapons for thee and me, and thou shalt choose of them what thou wilt, ere I arm myself! Food and drink will I bring to thee this night into the grove. If so be that thou slay me here to-morrow, then indeed thou mayest win thy lady if thou canst!"

Then Palamon answered, "Let it be so."

Next morning Arcite rode to the wood alone. He met Palamon on the woodland path where the flowers he had gathered the day before lay withered on the ground. No word nor greeting passed between them, but each helped to arm the other in silence. As the buckles were tightened and the armor slipped into its place, the color came and went in the faces of the two princes. They deemed that this would be the last of all fights to one of them.

When they were ready they fenced together for a little, and then the real fight began. So fierce was it that the men seemed like wild animals in their rage. Palamon sprang at Arcite like a strong lion, and Arcite glanced aside and darted at him again like a cruel tiger. In the midst of this they heard a sound of the galloping of horses that brought the royal hunters to the spot. In a moment the sword of Theseus flashed between the fighters, and his voice thundered out, "Ho! no more, on pain of death. Who are ye who dare to fight here alone, with none to see justice done?"

The princes turned and saw Theseus, Duke of Athens. Behind him rode Hippolyta with her sister, Emelia the Radiant, and many knights and ladies.

Palamon answered the Duke's question swiftly, before Arcite had time to speak. "Sire, what need of words? Both of us deserve death. Two wretches are we, burdened with our lives. As thou art a just judge, give to us neither mercy nor refuge, but slay us both. Thou knowest not that this knight,

Philostrate, is thy mortal foe, whom thou hast banished. He is Arcite, who hath deceived thee for that he loveth Emelia. And I too love her. I too am thy mortal foe, for I am Palamon, and I have broken from my prison. Slay us then, here before fair Emelia."

"That is easily granted," said Theseus. "Ye judge yourselves. Ye shall die."

Then the queen began to weep, and Emelia too. They were sad to think that these two princes should die so young, and all for the service they wished to do to the queen's sister.

The other ladies of the court begged the Duke to forgive the fighters. "Have mercy, sire," they urged, "on us women, and save the princes!"

At first Theseus was too angry to listen to them, but soon he thought that he would have done as the princes had done, if he had been in their place, so he said, "Arcite and Palamon, ye could both have lived in peace and safety in Thebes, yet love has brought you here to Athens into my power, who am your deadly foe. Here then for the sake of Hippolyta, my queen, and of Emelia the Radiant, our dear sister, I forgive you both. Promise never to make war on my land, but to yield me your friendship evermore." Joyfully the princes promised this, and thanked the Duke for his grace.

Then Theseus said, "Both of you are noble. Either might wed Emelia the Radiant, but she cannot wed you both. Therefore I appoint a tournament in this place a year hence. Come here then, ye Princes of Thebes, each of you, with a hundred knights of the bravest, and that one of you, who shall slay or capture the other, he shall wed Emelia.

Whose face could be brighter than was Palamon's when he heard those words, and who could step more lightly than did Arcite? Every one thanked the Duke for his kindness to the princes, while they rode off to Thebes with high hopes and light hearts.

When the day of the tournament came, great buildings stood in a circle on the plain beside the grove. Within them stretched an immense arena in which the knights must fight. Great marble gates opened on to the space at either side.

Palamon and Arcite found it easy to bring a hundred knights to Athens. So splendid were the preparations for the tournament that every one was eager to fight in it.

Emelia alone was sad as the day of the fighting came nearer. Her maidens heard her say, "Oh that I might not wed at all! I love the free life of the woods. I love to hunt, and to ride, and to roam. Why cannot Palamon and Arcite love each other as they used to do long ago, and leave me free?"

On the morning of the tournament Duke Theseus and his queen sat with Emelia on a high seat overlooking the lists. When the trumpet sounded, Arcite and his knights rode in through the western gate. His red banner shone bright against the white marble pillars. At the same moment Palamon entered from the east, and his white banner floated out against the blue sky.

Soon the heralds ceased galloping up and down, and the whole space was left to the warriors.

The trumpets sounded "Advance," and the fray began. Through the bright sunshine they fought, advancing here, and beaten back there, till at last Palamon was hurled from his horse and taken prisoner.

The trumpets sounded, and all stood still while Theseus called out, "Ho! no more. All is over. Arcite of Thebes shall wed Emelia." Then the people shouted till it seemed that the great marble gates would fall.

In the eagerness of the fight Emelia had begun to like the warriors who fought for her, and her liking grew ever stronger as they showed their worth. When Arcite rode towards her with glowing face she was proud of him, and leant forward to welcome him gladly.

But as he galloped, his horse started aside and he was thrown to the ground. He was too much hurt to rise. So he was lifted by his knights and carried to the palace. There he was cared for in every way, but nothing could save him.

Before he died, he called for Emelia and Palamon.

"No words can tell the sorrow I bear because I must leave thee, my lady! Alas, death tears me from thee! Farewell, my wife! farewell, my Emelia! Ah, take me softly in thine arms,

and listen while I speak! For years I have had strife with my dear cousin Palamon. Yet now I say to thee, in all this world I never have met with one so worthy to be loved as Palamon, that hath served thee, and will serve thee, his life long. Ah, if ever thou dost wed, let it be Palamon!"

His voice began to fail. "Emelia!" he said, and died.

Emelia mourned sadly for her valiant knight. As for Palamon, all his old love for Arcite came back, and he wept for him as bitterly as he had bewailed his own sorrow in the dungeon.

When all the Greeks had ceased to mourn for Arcite, Palamon still grieved for the death of his friend, and for the strife that had been between them.

After two years Theseus sent one day for Palamon and Emelia. Palamon came to the court in his black robes of mourning; but Emelia was dressed in white, as she had been on the May morning in the garden years before. She had ceased to mourn for Arcite, and was Emelia the Radiant once more.

Palamon caught his breath. He had not seen her since they parted after Arcite's death.

Duke Theseus said, "Sister, I desire thee now to take the noble knight Palamon to be thy husband. Have pity on his long service, and accept him."

Then he said to Palamon, "It will not need much speech to gain thy consent! Come, take thy lady by the hand."

Then, in the presence of all the court, they were wed. When all was over, Emelia fled from the noise and tumult of the hall, and beckoned to Palamon to follow. Out at the great hall doors she led him, and down the pathway to the garden beneath the tower. When he joined her, she pointed to the dungeon window, and told him of the day when she had looked at the prison in the morning mist, and murmured to herself the names of the captive princes, "Palamon and Arcite, Palamon and Arcite."

But it was not till many years of joyous life had passed over their home that Palamon told Emelia that he had seen her first on that very morning when she had thought so sadly of his misery.

III

GRISELDA

Once upon a time there lived a fair young girl whose name was Griselda. Her home was in an Italian village. There she dwelt in a lowly cottage with her father, Janicola. He was too old and weak to work for her, or even for himself.

All round the village lay the fruitful fields and vineyards of the plain, and on the slopes near grew olive-trees laden with fruit. Far in the distance rose the snow-capped mountains of the North.

Even in so rich a land it was not easy for this young Griselda to make her father's life as pleasant as she would have wished it to be. She lived plainly and barely. She was busy all day long. Now she was herding a few sheep on the broken ground near the village, and spinning as she watched her flock. Again she fetched the water from the well or gathered roots and herbs from which to make drugs.

Griselda was not unhappy though her life was hard, because she was so glad that she could serve her father and show her love to him, forgetting about herself and her own wishes.

One day as she sat watching her sheep her eyes fell on the white towers of a castle that stood not far from the village where she lived. It was the castle of the Marquis Walter, who was lord of all that land. Griselda looked kindly at the white towers. She thought that their master was the best and greatest man in the world. She knew that he was kind also, and courteous. When she saw him ride towards her, her face lighted up, and she rose to courtesy to him. She hoped he would draw up his horse beside her, and greet her, and ask for her father Janicola.

This morning, as she looked at the castle, she saw a company of men hurrying along the road that led to its gate. Farmers were there in dull and homely clothes, and knights in armor that flashed back the sunlight, and lords in gay colors that glanced and gleamed among the olive-trees under the blue Italian sky.

Griselda knew why they were going to Lord Walter, and she wondered what they would do and say when they reached him.

She could not go after them, for her sheep would have wandered away if she had left them.

When the men that Griselda had watched reached the courtyard gate, they met Lord Walter. He was on horseback ready for the hunt. The foremost of the company prayed him to grant them a little time that they might tell him why they had come.

Lord Walter threw the reins to a squire, and led his people into the great hall of the castle. There he seated himself in state to listen to their grievance whatever it might be.

Then the same man who had spoken before said to him:

"Noble Marquis, thy generous kindness in times past giveth us courage to come before thee. Truly, sire, thou and all thou dost art so dear to us that, save in one thing, we cannot wish for better fortune than to live under thy government. One thing alone disturbs the peace of thy faithful people. Though thou art young and strong, yet age creeps on! Time flies and waits for no man. Death threatens young and old alike. We pray thee, sire, that thou wilt wed, for if swift death should lay thee low ere a son be born to thee, then alack for us and for our children! In the power of a stranger then would lie our fair lands and even our lives. Grant us this boon, noble Marquis, and, if thou wilt, we will choose for thee a wife. Noble shall she be, and good, so that thou shalt have honor and gladness in thy wedding."

Then the Marquis said:

"My people, loyal and true, ye ask of me that which I thought not to grant, for the free life of the forest and the hunt pleaseth me well. Yet will I do this thing that ye desire. Only to me myself must fall the choice of her whom I will wed. On you I lay this command that, be she who she may, yet shall ye honor her as if she were an Emperor's daughter through all her life. Nor shall ye raise one word against the maiden of my choice. Unless ye agree to this, I will not wed!"

Gladly the people promised. But ere they left the Marquis, they begged him to fix a day for the marriage lest he should put off too long. The Marquis granted their request, and farmers, knights, and lords trooped joyfully home.

When the morning of the day that was fixed for the wedding came, the castle of the Marquis was gaily decorated. Flags floated out from the towers, and garlands trailed over the doorway and the gate. Within in the great hall a royal feast was spread, and there lay royal robes and gems.

In the courtyard and on the terraces lords and ladies stood in groups. Wonder and doubt were on every face. The wedding-feast was prepared, the guests were come, but there was no bride.

A trumpet sounded "to horse," and all was hurry and noise. Then Lord Walter rode out through the castle gate. He was followed by bearers, who carried the beautiful robes and gems that had lain in the hall.

They rode out by the same road along which Griselda had watched the people go to ask the Marquis to wed, many months before. Now she saw the bridal train ride down from the castle. "Ah," she said, "they ride this way to fetch the bride. I shall work more busily than ever to-day that I may be free to stand and watch Lord Walter's fair bride as the riders return with her to the castle!"

Then she went to the well to fetch water. When she came back she found Lord Walter at her father's door. In the narrow lane beside the cottage stood lords and ladies, while their horses impatiently pawed the ground.

Quickly Griselda set her pitcher in a trough near the cottage door, and knelt before the Marquis to hear his will.

"Where is thy father?" Lord Walter asked.

"Close at hand, my Lord," said Griselda, and went to bring him without delay.

"My faithful servant," said Lord Walter to the old man, "grant me thy daughter for my wife!"

Janicola knew not what to say for surprise. At last he answered, "My will is thine! Do as thou wilt, my own dear Lord!"

"Then must I ask Griselda if she will be my wife; but stay thou by us. Thou shalt hear her answer."

Griselda was amazed. She did not know what the meaning of Lord Walter's visit was, and when she stood before him her

face was full of fear. Her wonder was very great when she heard him say:

"Griselda, I am come for thee. Thee only will I wed. Thy father also is willing. But ere thou tell me whether or no thou wilt be my bride, listen to the demand I make. Art thou ready to obey me in everything, and to let me do to thee evil or good as I will without so much as turning to me a frowning face?"

This seemed a strange request to Griselda, but she loved and trusted Lord Walter so truly that she said:

"Lord, I am not worthy of this honor. Verily in all things thy will shall be mine. Life is sweet, but I will die rather than displease thee."

"Enough, Griselda!" he said.

Then Lord Walter turned to the courtiers and the people of the village who had gathered round:

"Behold my wife! Let all show their love to me by the honor and love they bear to her."

The ladies of the court were commanded to take off Griselda's old clothes and to array her in the costly robes they had brought with them. They did not like to touch the poor soiled clothes she wore, nor to move about in the little cottage with their sweeping gowns; but the gentleness of Griselda made it pleasant to help her. They caught up Griselda's royal robes with great clasps of gold set with gems, and put a crown on her beautiful hair.

She came out and stood in the low doorway, where she had so often stood before. But now the people scarcely knew her: she looked so fair in her new robes and with the love-light shining in her eyes.

Lord Walter did not wait till he reached the castle. He was married to Griselda at her father's cottage door. The villagers gathered round and gazed at the simple wedding. They saw Lord Walter put a great ring on Griselda's finger, and lift her on to a milk-white steed. Then they led her with joy towards the castle. Wedding-bells rang out gladly across the plain, and ever as the wedding-party drew near to the white towers with their floating flags, happy bands of people came to meet and welcome Griselda.

THE CURTAIN AT THE DOORWAY WAS DRAWN ASIDE

Very soon the fame of Lord Walter's beautiful wife spread through the land. Nor was it only for her beauty that men praised her. Gracious she was and wise, able to rule her home, and to bend fiery spirits to her will.

From all the countryside men came to her in trouble. Every one rejoiced in the good fortune that had come to their land, and some even called her an angel from heaven come to right all wrong.

After some time a daughter was born to Griselda. Then she thought she was the happiest woman in the world. She thought of the care that she would give her child as she grew up, and of Lord Walter's delight in his little daughter when the time should come that she could talk and ride with him.

But before the baby was a year old, all Griselda's dreams were broken. Lord Walter said to himself, "It is easy for Griselda to keep her promise when I ask of her nothing that is not just and right. How can I trust her until I know that she will obey me in everything? I wonder whether she would be patient still if I hurt our little daughter."

These thoughts came back to his mind so often that at last he resolved to try Griselda's patience by taking away her baby from her.

One evening Griselda was playing with her little child. The baby laughed in her arms and looked sweeter than ever. At that moment the curtain at the doorway was drawn aside and Lord Walter came into the room. His face was sad and drawn, and as Griselda looked up at him she feared that some great blow had fallen on him, or that some enemy had entered the country.

Lord Walter said to her:

"Griselda, thou hast not forgotten the day on which I brought thee from thy father's lowly cottage to this my castle. Although thou art most dear to me, thou art not dear to my nobles. They say that it is hard that they should serve one so lowly born as thou. Since thy daughter was born they have said this more and more, I doubt not. As thou knowest, my will is to live with my people in joy and peace. Therefore must I do to my child not as I wish myself, but as my nobles

wish. Show then to me the obedience that thou didst promise to show when thou wert wed in the village street."

As Griselda heard these words she made no moan. Neither did she let the pain that caught at her heart be seen in her face. When she could speak, she said:

"Lord, we are thine! My child is thine. I also am thine. With thine own thou mayest ever do as pleaseth thee best."

The Marquis was full of joy because of the patience and humbleness of Griselda; but he appeared to be sad, and left her with a troubled face.

Soon after this, Griselda started as she heard a heavy footstep on the stairway. Then an evil-looking man walked into the quiet room.

"Madam," he said, "I must obey my lord's will. He bids me take this child. Thou knowest we must obey, although we may complain and mourn."

Then the soldier took the child so roughly that it seemed as if he would kill it before her. Griselda said:

"Pray, sir, do thou suffer me to kiss my child ere it die." He gave it back to her. Gently she gathered it in her arms. She blessed it, and lulled it, and kissed it. Then she said in her sweet voice: "Farewell, my child, I shall see thee never again. The blessing of Him who died on a cross of wood for us, rest on thee. To Him I give thy soul, my little one! To-night thou must die because of me."

To the rough soldier she said:

"Take again the child and obey my Lord. But if it please my Lord, then of thy kindness bury thou the little body where no cruel bird nor beast can harm it!"

But in silence the soldier carried away the child.

Then Lord Walter looked to see if Griselda would fret or be less kind to him. He watched, but could see no change in her. She was as busy and loving and cheerful as ever. Neither in earnest nor in play did she name her child.

After four years a son was born to Griselda. The people were very glad because there was now an heir to rule the land at the death of Lord Walter. Griselda too was happy, though her

heart longed for the little maid who might have been playing with her brother.

When the boy was two years old, Lord Walter began to wish once more to try the patience of Griselda.

This time he said to her:

"Wife, I have told thee before how ill the people bear our marriage. Now that a son is born they are more wrathful than before. My heart is weary with the thought of their complaints. They say, 'When Lord Walter is gone, the grandson of Janicola shall rule us!' Therefore I shall do with my son as I did with his sister. Be patient, I pray thee."

"Thou art my Lord," said Griselda. "My will and my freedom lie in my father's cottage with the poor soiled clothes I left there on the day thou didst bring me hither. Could I know thy will before thou didst tell it to me, it would be done, though it were death to do it. Life cannot compare with thy love."

Lord Walter looked down to the ground. He could not look at his wife lest he should not have heart to do as he wished.

Again the rude soldier came to Griselda. He was even harsher than before, and carried off the child without a kind word to the patient mother.

When the little boy was gone, the people said very bitter things about Lord Walter. The love they had given him before was turned into hatred because he had treated his beautiful wife so unkindly, and because he had murdered his children.

Though Lord Walter saw this, he wished to try his wife once more. He knew that he could send away his wife and marry another if he got a letter from the Pope to say that he might. He sent a messenger to Rome, where the Pope lived. This messenger was told to bring back a letter, not from the Pope, but as like one of his as possible.

The letter came. It said that because of the anger of Lord Walter's people at the lowly birth of his wife Griselda, the Marquis might send her away and marry another.

The news of the letter spread throughout the land. Every one believed that it had really come from the Pope.

Griselda's heart was very sore when she heard of this letter.

But she went on quietly with each day's work. She did not even speak of the letter to her husband.

At last Lord Walter spoke before all his court, and with no knightly gentleness.

"Griselda," he said, "there is no freedom in the life of one who rules. I may not act after my own wish as any laborer on my land may do. As thou knowest, my people hate thy presence, and demand of me that I wed another. The Pope's letter thou hast heard. Return then, swiftly and without complaint, to thy father's cottage, for already my bride cometh hither."

"My Lord, it is no new thought to me, that I am unworthy to be thy servant—far more unworthy to be thy wife. In this great house of which thou didst make me queen, I have not acted as mistress, but only as lowly handmaid to thee. For these years of thy kindness, I thank thee. Gladly do I go to my father's house. There he tended me when I was but a child. Now I will stay with him till death enters the cottage door. To thee and to thy bride be joy. To her I willingly yield the place where I have been so happy. Since thou, who once wert all my joy, wilt have me go, I go!"

Lord Walter turned away in sadness. He could scarcely speak for pity, but he held to his purpose.

Then Griselda drew her wedding-ring from her finger, and laid it down. Beside it she put the gems that Lord Walter had given her. Her beautiful robes she laid aside. In the simplest gown she could find, and with head and feet all bare, Griselda went down through the olive-trees towards her father's house.

Many of Lord Walter's people followed her, weeping and bewailing the fickleness of fortune. Griselda did not turn to them, nor speak, nor weep. She quietly went on her way.

When the tidings reached her father, he wished that he had never been born, so sad was he in the sorrow of his beautiful daughter. He hastened out to meet her, and wrapped her tenderly in her old cloak, and led her home with tears.

Griselda spoke no word of complaint, nor did she speak of her former happiness. Once more she tended the sheep on the common. Once more she carried water from the well. Once more she thought first of her father.

After some weeks Lord Walter sent for Griselda. She went to the castle and greeted him humbly as of old. She showed no grudge because of his unkindness.

"Griselda," he said, "thou knowest, as doth no other, how all this castle should be ordered for my pleasure. Stay thou then, and have all in readiness for the fair young bride whom I shall wed to-morrow. It is my will that she be welcomed royally."

"My whole desire is to serve thee, my Lord. Neither weal nor woe shall ever make me cease to love thee with all my heart."

At once Griselda took control of all who worked in the castle. Of them all she was the neatest and the quickest. Soon every room in the tower was sweet and clean. The great hall was decked for the wedding-feast, and the table glittered with silver.

Early next morning many horsemen came to the castle. Among them was a beautiful girl dressed in a shimmering white robe. Near her rode a charming boy younger than the maiden. Round them were many nobles, and a guard of soldiers, who had brought them to Lord Walter's court.

The people crowded round the gates. So charmed were they with the fair young maid, that some of them forgot their love for Griselda, and were ready to welcome the bride whose coming caused her so much sorrow.

Still Griselda moved about the castle in her old worn clothes. She went to the gate to welcome the bride. Then she received the guests and greeted each of them according to his degree.

The stranger nobles wondered who Griselda could be. She was so wise and gentle, and yet so meanly dressed.

Before the feast began, Lord Walter called Griselda to him. Then he asked her, "What dost thou think of my wife? Is she beautiful?"

"Never have I seen a fairer," said Griselda. "Joy be with you both evermore! But oh! I beg of thee, torment not this child as thou didst me. She has been tenderly cared for. She could not bear what I have borne."

When Lord Walter saw her great patience, and thought of the pain he had caused her, his heart went out to her in great

pity, and he cried, "It is enough, Griselda; fear no more, nor be thou longer sad. I have tried thy faith and thy sweetness, as faith and sweetness have never before been tried."

His arms were around her, and he kissed her. Griselda looked at him in wonder. She could not understand.

"Griselda," he said, "thou art my wife. I have no other. This is thy daughter; her brother is my heir. Thine are they both. Take them again, and dream not that thou art bereft of thy children.

When Griselda heard all this she fainted away in her great joy. When she woke again she called her children to her. Timidly they came, but soon they were caught close to her breast. While she fondled them, and kissed them, her hot tears of joy fell on their fair faces, and on their hair. Then she looked at Lord Walter, and said, "Death cannot harm me now, since thou lovest me still." Then she turned back to the children.

"Oh tender, oh dear, oh little ones, my children! Your sorrowful mother thought that cruel dogs or other fearsome beasts had torn you! but God has kept you safe."

Once again the ladies of the court dressed Griselda in royal robes. Once again they set a golden crown upon her head. Once again the wedding-ring slipped into its own place on her finger.

Ere she entered the hall of feasting again, swift messengers had brought her old father, Janicola, to the castle, never to leave it again.

Then Griselda sat with her children beside her husband. To her feet came lords and nobles, peasants and farmers, eager to kiss her hand and to show the joy they felt in her return.

Never had the walls of the castle reëchoed the laughter of so glad a people. All day long till the stars shone in the cool clear sky the feasting went on.

For Griselda this was the first of many happy days, happier than she had known before.

In her home sounded the gay voices of happy children as they played with, and cared for, the old grandfather whom their mother loved so dearly. And ever as she moved about the castle she met the eyes of Lord Walter, that told her again and yet again that he trusted her utterly.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By JOHN BUNYAN

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

AS I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face away from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein, and as he read, he wept and trembled. His fear was so great that he brake out with a mournful cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight therefore he went home, and did all he could to hide his distress from his wife and children. But he could not be silent long, because his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he began to talk to his wife and children thus: "O my dear wife," said he, "and you my children, I am in despair by reason of a burden that lieth heavy on me. Moreover I am for certain told that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, when both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall be ruined, except some way of escape can be found." At this his wife and children were sore amazed, not because they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought he must be ill to talk in so strange a way. Therefore, as it was evening, and they hoped sleep might soothe him, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day, wherefore instead of sleeping he spent it in sighs and tears.

So when the morning was come, they asked him how he did. He told them, "Worse and worse," and began to talk to them again in the same strange manner, but they began to be careless of his words. They also thought to drive away his fancies by harsh and rough behavior to him. Sometimes they would mock, sometimes they would scold, and sometimes they

would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to stay in his room to pray for and pity them, and also to comfort his own misery. He would also walk alone in the fields, sometimes reading and sometimes praying, and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw in my dream that when he was walking in the fields, he was reading his book and greatly distressed in mind. And as he read, he burst out crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run. Yet he stood still, because, as I saw, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man, named Evangelist, coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, "Sir, I see by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to be judged. And I find I am not willing to die, nor able to be judged."

Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since in this life you are so unhappy?"

The man answered, "Because I fear this burden will sink me lower than the grave, and the thought of that makes me cry."

Then said Evangelist, "If this be thy fear, why standest thou still?"

He answered, "Because I know not whither to go."

So Evangelist gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come." The man therefore read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly!"

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, "Do you see yonder Wicket-gate?"

The man said, "No."

"Well," said the other, "do you see yonder shining light?"

He said, "I think I do."

Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in thine eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate. When thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children,

seeing it, began to cry after him to return. But the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain. The neighbors also came out to see him run. And as he ran some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return. Among those that did so were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other was Pliable. Now by this time the man was got a good distance from them, but they had made up their minds to follow him, which they did, and in a little time overtook him.

Then said the man, "Neighbors, wherefore are you come?"

They said, "To persuade you to go back with us."

But he said, "That can by no means be. You dwell in the City of Destruction, the place where I was born. Be content, good neighbors, and go along with me."

"What!" said Obstinate, "and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!"

"Yes," said Christian, for that was his name.

"What do you seek, since you leave all the world to find it?" said Obstinate.

"I seek a treasure that never fades away. It is laid up in heaven and is safe there," said Christian. "Read it so, if you will, in my book."

"Tush!" said Obstinate, "away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?"

"No, not I," said the other, "because I have just set out."

"Come then, Neighbor Pliable, let us turn again and go home without him."

Then said Pliable, "If what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours. My heart makes me wish to go with him. But, my good Christian, do you know the way you are going?"

"I am directed by a man, whose name is Evangelist, to speed me to a little gate that is before us, where we shall be told about the way."

"Come then, good neighbor," said Pliable, "let us be going." Then they went both together.

"And I will go back to my place," said Obstinate. "I will be no companion of such mistaken and foolish fellows."

Now I saw in my dream that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain. "I will tell you what my book says of the country to which we are going, and of the people we shall meet there," said Christian.

"But do you think the words of your book are certainly true?" said Pliable.

"Yes," said Christian, "for it was written by Him who cannot lie."

"Well," said Pliable, "tell me about this country."

"In this country," said Christian, "we shall live for ever. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun."

"This is excellent," said Pliable; "and what else?"

"There shall be no more crying nor sorrow, for He that is the Owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes," said Christian.

"And what companions shall we have there?" asked Pliable.

"There we shall be with those that will dazzle your eyes to look on. There also you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. None of of them are hurtful, but loving and holy. In a word, there shall we see some with their golden crowns, there we shall see maidens with golden harps, there we shall see men that here were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten by beasts, and drowned in the seas, all for the love they bare to the Lord of this place. Now they are all well, and clothed with beautiful garments."

And as Pliable heard of the excellence of the country and of the company to which they were going, he said, "Well, my good companion, glad I am to hear of these things. Come on, let us go with more speed."

"I cannot go as fast as I would by reason of this burden that is on my back," said Christian.

Now I saw in my dream that just as they ended their talk, they drew nigh to a bog that was in the midst of the plain, and they being heedless did both fall suddenly into it. The name of

this bog was the Slough of Despond. Here therefore they struggled for a time, being grievously covered with dirt. And Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire. Then said Pliable, "Ah, Neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

"Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

At this Pliable began to be offended, and said angrily, "Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while? If I get out again with my life, you shall possess the wonderful country alone."

And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the bog which was next to his own house. So away he went, and Christian saw him no more. Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone. But still he tried to struggle to that side of the Slough that was further from his own house, and next to the Wicket-gate. But he could not get out because of the burden that was upon his back.

And I beheld in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there. "Sir," said Christian, "I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, and as I was going thither I fell in here."

"Why did you not look for the steps?" said Help.

"I was so full of fear," answered Christian, "that I fled the next way and fell in."

Then said Help, "Give me thy hand." So Christian gave him his hand, and he drew him out and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Now in my dream I stepped up to the man that plucked Christian out, and said:

"Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to the Wicket-gate, is it that this Slough is not mended, that poor travelers might go over in more safety?"

And he said to me, "This place cannot be mended, yet it is not the pleasure of the King that it should remain so bad. His laborers also have for more than sixteen hundred years been employed on this patch of ground, in the hope that it might

perhaps be mended. There has been swallowed up here twenty thousand cartloads of the best material in the attempt to mend the place. But it is the Slough of Despond still; and still will be so, when they have done all they can. It is true that there are some good and strong steps even through the very midst of this mire. But men through the dizziness of their head miss the steps and so tumble into the mire, but the ground is good when they have once got in at the gate."

Then I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable was got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him, and some of them called him wise man for coming back, and some called him fool for going with Christian. Others again did mock at his cowardliness, saying, "Surely since you began to go, you need not have been so base as to have given out for a few difficulties. So Pliable sat like a coward among them.

Now as Christian was walking alone, he espied one afar off, come crossing over the field to meet him. The gentleman's name was Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He dwelt in a very great town, close by the one from which Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian, began thus to enter into some talk with him: "How now, good fellow, whither are you going in this burdened manner?"

"A burdened manner indeed," said Christian. "I am going, sir, to yonder Wicket-gate before me, for there, I am told, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden."

"Hast thou a wife and children?" asked Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

"Yes, but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly."

"Will you hearken to me if I give thee counsel?"

"If it be good, I will, for I stand in need of good counsel."

"I would advise thee, then, that thou with all speed get thyself rid of thy burden, for thou wilt never be contented till then."

"That is what I seek for, even to be rid of this heavy burden, but get it off myself I cannot, nor is there any man living in our country who can take it off my shoulders. Therefore I am going this way, as I told you, that I may be rid of my burden."

"Who bid thee go this way to be rid of thy burden?"

"A man that appeared to me a very great and honorable person. His name, as I remember, is Evangelist."

"He has given thee foolish counsel. There is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that unto which he hath directed thee. Thou hast met with some danger already, for I see the mud of the Slough of Despond is upon thee. Hear me, I am older than thou. Thou art likely to meet with, in the way which thou goest, painfulness, hunger, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness, and death."

"Why, sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than all these things."

"But why wilt thou seek for ease this way, seeing so many dangers attend it? Hadst thou but patience to listen, I could direct thee how to get what thou desirest, without the danger that thou in this way wilt run thyself into."

"Sir, I pray that thou wilt tell me this secret."

"Why, in yonder village there dwells a gentleman, who is very wise, and who has skill to help men off with burdens like thine from their shoulders. To him thou mayest go to be helped at once. His house is not quite a mile from this place, and if thou dost not desire to go back to the City of Destruction, as indeed I would not wish thee, thou mayest send for thy wife and children to come to thee to this village. There are houses now standing empty, one of which thou mayest have without great cost. Food is there also, cheap and good, and what will make thy life the more happy is, that thou shalt live beside honest neighbors, in respect and comfort."

Now the Christian puzzled, but he thought, "If what Mr. Worldly Wiseman says is true, my wisest plan is to take his advice."

"Sir," said Christian, "which is my way to this honest man's house?"

"Do you see yonder high hill?"

"Yes, very well."

"By that hill you must go, and the first house you come to is his."

So Christian turned out of his way to go to the house for

help. But behold, when he was now close to the hill, it seemed so steep, and also that side of it that was next the wayside did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture farther, lest the hill should fall on his head. Wherefore he stood still, and knew not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burned. Here therefore he did quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. Then he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer, and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance.

"What dost thou here, Christian?" said he. At which words Christian knew not what to answer, wherefore at first he stood speechless before him. Then said Evangelist, "Art not thou the man I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction?"

"Yes," said Christian, "I am the man."

"Did I not direct thee the way to the little Wicket-gate?"

"Yes," said Christian.

"How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned out of the way?"

"I met with a gentleman, as soon as I had got over the Slough of Despond, who told me that in yonder village I might find a man who could take off my burden."

"What was he like?"

"He looked like a gentleman, and talked much to me, and got me at last to believe his words. So I came hither, but when I beheld this hill and how it hangs over the way, I suddenly stood still lest it should fall on my head."

"What said that gentleman to you?"

"Why, he asked me whither I was going, and if I had a wife and children, and he bid me make speed to get rid of my burden. And I said, "I am going to yonder gate to be told how I may get rid of it."

"So he said he would show me a better and a shorter way, and not so full of difficulties as the way that you directed me

But when I came to this place, I stopped for fear of danger, and now I know not what to do!" So Christian stood trembling before Evangelist.

Then said Evangelist, "Give heed to the things I shall tell thee. Mr. Worldly Wiseman sought to turn thee out of the way and to bring thee into danger. In yonder village has no man ever yet got rid of his burden, nor is he ever likely to lose it there. Therefore, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and his friend are deceivers, and cannot help thee."

After this there came words and fire out of the mountain under which Christian stood. Now Christian looked for nothing but death, and began to cry out, saying he would he had never met Mr. Worldly Wiseman or that he had never listened to him. Then he turned to Evangelist and said, "Sir, what do you think? Is there any hope? May I now go back and go up to the Wicket-gate? Or shall I be sent back from the gate ashamed? I am sorry I have listened to this man's counsel, but may my sins be forgiven?"

Evangelist said to him, "Thy sin is very great. Thou hast left the good way and walked in forbidden paths. Yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has good will for men. Only," said he, "take heed that thou turn not aside again."

Then did Christian prepare to go back. And Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed. So Christian went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way. Even if any one spoke to him, he would not venture an answer. He walked like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe, till again he had got into the way which he had left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked therefore more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will. He asked who was there, and whence he came, and what he desired.

"I am a sinner," said Christian; "I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion. I am told that by

this gate is the way thither, and I would know if you are willing to let me in."

"I am willing with all my heart," said Good-will, and he opened the gate. So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull.

"Why do you do that?" said Christian.

Then Good-will told him, "A little distance from this gate a strong castle has been built, of which Beelzebub is the captain. And he and those that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, hoping they may die before they enter in."

So when Christian had come in, Good-will asked him who had directed him to the gate.

"Evangelist bid me come here and knock, as I did. And he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do."

Then Good-will said, "Come a little way with me, good Christian, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go, and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go."

"But," said Christian, "are there no turnings, nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?"

"Yes, there are many ways join this, but they are crooked and wide. Thou mayest know the right from the wrong way, for the right way is always strait and narrow."

Then I saw in my dream that Christian asked him if he could not help him off with his burden that was upon his back. For as yet he had not got rid of it, nor could he get it off without help. But Good-will said, "Thou must be content to bear it, until thou comest to a place where stands a Cross, for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

Then Christian began to get ready to continue his journey. So Good-will told him that when he had gone some distance from the gate, he would come to the house of the Interpreter, at whose door he should knock, and he would show him wonderful things. Then Christian took leave of his friend, and he again bid him Godspeed. Now Christian went on till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door and asked who was there.

"Sir," said Christian, "I am a traveler who was told by Good-will to call here. I would therefore speak with the master of the house." So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian and asked what he would have.

"Sir," said Christian, "I am a man that has come from the City of Destruction, and I am going to Mount Zion. I was told by the man that stands at the Wicket-gate that if I called here you would show me things that would help me on my journey."

Then said the Interpreter, "Come in, and I will show thee what will help thee." So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bid Christian follow him. Then he took him into a private room, and bid his man open a door. And Christian saw the picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall. He had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, and a crown of gold did hang over his head.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

"The man whose picture this is," answered the Interpreter, "is one of a thousand. He is the only man who may be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way. Wherefore be very careful to remember whom thou hast seen."

Then the Interpreter led him into a very large parlor that was full of dust, because it was never swept, and after he had looked at it for a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began to fly about, so that Christian was almost choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood near, "Bring hither the water and sprinkle the room." And when this was done the room was swept and cleansed.

Then said Christian, "What does this mean?"

The Interpreter answered, "This parlor is like the heart of an evil man. The dust is his sin, and the damsel that sprinkles the water is the Gospel."

I saw moreover in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a little room, where sat two little children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. Passion seemed to be very discontented, but Patience was very quiet.

Then Christian asked, "What is the reason of the discontent of Passion?"

The Interpreter answered, "The governor of the children would have them wait for their new toys, till the beginning of next year, but Passion wishes to have them all now, while Patience is willing to wait." Then the Interpreter took Christian to a place where there was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing near it, always casting much water upon it to quench it, yet did the fire burn higher and hotter. But afterwards the Interpreter took him to the back of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, and he poured the oil continually, but secretly, into the fire.

"What does this mean?" asked Christian.

The Interpreter answered, "The fire is a picture of the grace God puts into the heart. He that casts water on it to put it out is the Evil One. And the man who pours oil on the fire to keep it alight is Christ."

I saw also that the Interpreter took Christian again by the hand and led him into a place, where was builded a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted. He saw also upon the top of the palace certain persons walking, and they were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, "May we go in here?" So the Interpreter took him and led him toward the door of the palace. Now before they came up to the door, they passed a man, sitting at a table, with a book and his inkhorn before him, to take down the name of any who should enter. And, behold, at the door stood a great company of men, who wished to go in, but did not dare to enter, for within the doorway stood many men in armor to guard it. Now, these men in armor were determined to do any who would enter as much harm and mischief as they could. Christian was amazed. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man with a very strong face come up to the man that sat at the table, saying:

"Set down my name, sir."

And when this was done, Christian saw the strong man draw his sword and put an helmet on his head, and rush toward

the door upon the armed men. The armed men fought with great strength, but the man with the strong face was not at all discouraged, but fought most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that tried to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace. Then there was a pleasant voice heard from those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying:

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in and was clothed in such garments as they.

"Now," said Christian, "let me go."

And the Interpreter said, "Hast thou understood these things?"

"Yes," said Christian, and he began to get ready to go on his journey.

Then said the Interpreter, "God be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to Mount Zion."

Now I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall. Up this way therefore, did Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came to a steeper place, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, a Sepulcher. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up to the Cross his burden fell from off his back, and began to tumble till it came to the mouth of the Sepulcher, where it fell in and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad and happy, and he stood for a while to look and wonder, for it was surprising to him to see that the Cross should make him lose his burden. Now as he stood looking, behold three Shining Ones came to him and greeted him.

The first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." The second took away all his rags and clothed him in new raiment. The third set a mark on his forehead and gave him a roll with a seal on it, which he should give in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy and went on singing.

I saw then in my dream that as he walked he saw two men come tumbling over the wall into the narrow way.

"Gentlemen, where do you come from and whither do you go?" said Christian.

They told him, "We were born in a land called Vainglory, and we are going to Mount Zion."

"Why came you not in at the gate?" said Christian.

They said that to go to the gate was too far, so they had taken a short cut and climbed over the wall.

"But," said Christian, "will the Lord of the City to which we are going be pleased that you should come into the way over the wall?"

But the men said he need not trouble his head about that, for what they did had been done many times before. It had been a custom for more than a thousand years. And besides, said they, "If we get into the way, what does it matter how we get in? You came in by the Wicket-gate, and are in the way, and we came tumbling over the wall and are in the way, so now we are all in the same condition."

"But," said Christian, "I walk by the Rule of my Master, and you walk just as you like best."

Then said they, "We see not how thou art different to us, except by the coat thou wearest, and that, we suppose, was given thee by some of thy neighbors, to hide thy rags."

"Well," said Christian, "the Lord of the City to which I go gave me this coat the day that he took away from me my rags. He will surely know me, since I have His coat on my back. I have also a mark in my forehead, which you may not have noticed, and this was given to me by one of my Lord's friends, on the day my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you too, that I had a roll given me, to comfort me by reading, as I go on the way. I am also to give in the roll at the Celestial Gate. All these things I think you are without, because you came not in at the gate."

To these things they gave him no answer, only they looked at each other and laughed. I beheld then, that they all went on without talking much together, till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring. The

narrow way lay right up the hill, but there were also two other ways here. One turned to the left hand and the other to the right at the bottom of the hill. Christian now went to the spring and drank to refresh himself, and then began to go up the narrow path that led to the top of the hill. The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, they made up their minds to go in the other paths that lay round the side of the hill. So one took the way that was called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took the way called Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell and rose no more. I looked then to Christian to see him go up the hill, and then I saw that he had begun to clamber upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travelers. When Christian got there he sat down to rest, then he pulled out his roll and read in it to comfort himself, and he began again to look at the garment that was given to him at the Cross. Thus he at last fell into a slumber, and then into a sound sleep, which kept him in that place, until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him and awaked him. Then Christian suddenly started up and sped on his way till he came to the top of the hill.

When he was got to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him. The name of the one was Timorous, and the other Mistrust.

"Sirs," said Christian, "what is the matter? You run the wrong way."

Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion and had got up that difficult place. "But," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust; "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, but we thought if we came within reach, they would pull us in pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid, but yet I will go forward." So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. And as he went he thought again of what he heard from the men. Then he felt for his roll, that he might read and be comforted, but he felt and found it not.

Now was Christian in great distress and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that was on the side of the hill, and then he went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can tell the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and often he chid himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep. Thus therefore he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that all the way as he went. For he hoped to find the roll that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went back till he came again within sight of the arbor where he had sat and slept, but that sight renewed his sorrow again, by reminding him how eagerly he had slept there. And as he went towards the arbor, he sighed over his sleepiness, saying, "Oh, foolish man that I was, why did I sleep in the daytime? oh, that I had not slept."

Now, by the time he was come to the arbor again, for a while he sat down and wept, but, at last, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, he espied his roll, which with trembling haste he caught up. But who can tell how joyful Christian was when he had got his roll again, or with what joy and tears he began to go up the hill again. And, oh, how nimbly did he go up! Yet before he reached the top the sun went down. Now Christian remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous had told him, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. And he said to himself, "If these beasts meet me in the dark, how shall I escape being by them torn in pieces?"

But while he was in this fright, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway side. So I saw in my dream that he made haste, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, and looking before him as he went, he

espied two lions in the way. The lions were chained, but Christian did not see the chains. Then he was afraid and thought he would go back, but the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, seeing Christian stop, as if he would go back, cried, "Fear not the lions, for they are chained."

Then I saw that Christian went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. And Christian said to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? May I lodge here to-night?"

The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, for the safety of pilgrims."

So Watchful the porter rang a bell, at the sound of which a grave and beautiful damsel came out of the door. When she saw Christian she brought him into the Palace Beautiful, and she and her sisters talked with him until supper was ready. Now all their talk at table was about the Lord of the hill, and, by what they said, I knew that He had been a great Warrior, and that He had fought and slain Death, but not without great danger to Himself, which made me love Him the more. They talked together till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they went to bed. The room in which the pilgrim slept had a window opening towards the sunrising, and the name of the room was Peace. In the morning they all got up, and after some more talk, they told him that they would take him to the armory before he left them. So they did, and when he came out, he was harnessed from head to foot, lest he should be attacked in the way. Then Christian walked with his friends to the gate, and there he asked the porter if he had seen any pilgrims pass.

The porter answered, "Yes, a pilgrim called Faithful has passed this way."

"Oh," said Christian, "I know him. He comes from the place where I was born. How far do you think he has got?"

"By this time he is below the hill," said the porter.

Then Christian began to go down the hill into the Valley of Humiliation, where it is difficult not to slip. He went down very warily, yet he slipped once or twice. Now in the valley Christian had a hard fight with a fiend called Apollyon. Apoll-

yon was a monster and hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish, he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion, and out of it came fire and smoke. When he came up to Christian he looked at him with rage in his face, and said, "Prepare thyself to die, for thou shalt go no farther." And he threw a flaming dart at him, but Christian had a shield in his hand, which caught the dart, so that it did him no harm. Then did Christian draw his sword, but Apollyon threw darts at him as thick as hail, and wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This great combat lasted half a day, till Christian was almost worn out.

Then Apollyon came close to Christian, and wrestled with him and gave him a dreadful fall, and Christian's sword flew out of his hand.

"I am sure of thee now," said Apollyon. But while he was taking a last blow to kill this good man altogether, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it. Then he gave Apollyon a deadly thrust, and Apollyon spread his wings and sped him away, so that Christian saw him no more. In this combat no man could imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight. He spake like a dragon. On the other side, sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him give so much as a pleasant look, till he saw that he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword. Then indeed he did smile and look upward, but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will give thanks to Him that did help me against Apollyon."

He also sat down in that place to eat and drink, so being refreshed, he again began his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, "For," said he, "I do not know if some other enemy may not be at hand."

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Through it Christian must go, because the way to the Celestial City lay through it. Now this valley is a very lonely place. It is like a wilderness or a desert, full of pits. No man dwells in it, and no man but a Christian

THEN DID CHRISTIAN DRAW HIS SWORD

passeth through it. Here Christian had a worse time than even in his fight with Apollyon. I saw then in my dream that when Christian had reached the borders of this valley, there met him two men, making haste to go back.

Christian said to them, "Whither are you going?"

"Back, back," they cried, "as you will go, if you prize life or peace!"

"Why, what is the matter?" said Christian.

"Matter!" said they. "We were going the way you are going, and we went as far as we dared. But had we gone a little farther we had not been here to bring the news to thee."

"But what have you met with?" said Christian.

"Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but by good chance we looked before us and saw the danger before we came to it."

"But what have you seen?" said Christian.

"Seen!" said the men, "why, the valley itself was as dark as pitch. We also saw hobgoblins and dragons, and we heard a continual howling and yelling as of people in great misery. Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is altogether dreadful, being utterly without order."

"But," said Christian, "this is the way to the Celestial City."

"Be it your way, then; we will not choose it for ours." So they parted. Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, lest he should be attacked.

I saw then in my dream, that as far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous mire, into which if a man falls he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on. The pathway here was also exceeding narrow, and therefore Christian was the more distressed. For when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tumble over into the mire on the other, and when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would nearly fall into the ditch. Then he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly. For besides these dangers, the pathway was here so dark, that when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where, nor

upon what he should set it next. About the middle of this valley I saw the mouth of hell to be, and it stood close to the wayside.

"Now," thought Christian, "what shall I do?"

And ever and anon the flame and smoke came out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, that he was forced to put away his sword and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer.

Then he cried out in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be rushing towards him. Also he heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets.

This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together. Then Christian came to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, and he stopped and began to think what it would be best for him to do. Sometimes he thought he would go back, but again he thought he might be half-way through the valley. So he resolved to go on, yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come almost close to him, he cried out in a loud voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God." Then the fiends went back and came no farther.

Now Christian thought he heard the voice of a man going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Then he was glad, for he thought that some one who feared God was in this valley, as well as himself, and he hoped to overtake him and have company by and by.

Now morning being come, he looked back to see by the light of day what dangers he had gone through in the night. So he saw more plainly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the mire that was on the other, also how narrow the way was that lay between them both. He saw, too, the hobgoblins and dragons, but all afar off, for after break of day they came not nigh.

About this time the sun was rising, and this was a great help to Christian, for you must know that though the first part of

the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, through which he had to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous. For, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all along so full of snares, traps, and nets here, so full of pits, pitfalls, and deep holes down there, that if it had been dark, he would almost surely have been lost, but as I said just now, the sun was rising. In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley.

Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little hill, and going up he looked forward and saw Faithful before him. Then said Christian, "Stay, and I will be your companion."

And when he overtook Faithful they went very lovingly on together, and talked of all that had happened to them in their pilgrimage. Then I saw in my dream that when they got out of the wilderness they saw a town before them, and the name of that town was Vanity, and at the town there was a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It was kept all the year long.

At this fair there were sold houses, lands, trades, husbands, wives, children, silver, gold, pearls, and precious stones. And, moreover, at this fair, there were at all times cheats and jugglers and knaves and rogues.

Now the way to the Celestial City lay just through this town, so the pilgrims had to go through the fair.

The Prince of princes Himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that on a fair-day too. And, I think, it was Beelzebub the chief lord of this fair that invited the Prince to buy of his vanities. Beelzebub even said he would have made Him lord of the fair, if He would have done him reverence as He went through the town. Yea, because the Prince was so great a person, Beelzebub took Him from street to street and showed Him all his kingdoms, that he might, if possible, tempt the Prince to buy some of his vanities. But the Blessed One did not wish any of these vanities, and therefore left the town without spending so much as one farthing upon these vanities.

Now these pilgrims, Christian and Faithful, as I said, had to go through this fair.

Well, so they did, but behold, whenever they entered into

the fair, it and the town itself were in a hubbub about them. For the pilgrims were clothed with raiment that was very different from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people gazed upon Christian and Faithful and called them outlandish men.

Then also, they wondered at the pilgrim's speech, as few could understand what they said, for they spoke the language of the Celestial City. But those that kept the fair spoke the language of the city of Vanity Fair, and they could not understand one another.

Now when these pilgrims would not buy their wares and would not even look at them, the sellers were angry and mocked these men, and some called on others to smite them. At last the master of the fair told his men to question the pilgrims. And when Christian and Faithful told the men that they were strangers in the world and were going to the Celestial City, the men thought they were mad. Therefore they took them and beat them and threw mud at them, and then they put them in a cage to be a show to the people at the fair. But when they were tired of mocking them, these two pilgrims were again examined and charged as guilty of the great disturbance in the fair. So they beat them pitilessly, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair. Then Christian and Faithful behaved so wisely and patiently, that the others were still more angry, and said they would put these men to death.

Therefore, after a trial, Faithful was brought out, to do with him according to their law. And first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they stoned him with stones, then they pricked him with their swords, and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Now I saw behind the people a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who was taken by it through the clouds, the nearest way to the Celestial City. Then was Christian sent back to the prison, where he dwelt for a time, till he escaped and went again on his way. But he did not go alone, for there was one whose name was Hopeful, who left the town of Vanity, and was a companion to Christian in his pilgrimage. They went on their way till they

came to a pleasant river. Now their way lay just along the bank of the river, and Christian and his companion walked there with great delight. They drank also of the river, and ate of the fruit that grew on the trees by its bank. On either side of the river was also a meadow, very beautiful with lilies, and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie safely. Now I beheld in my dream that they had not journeyed far, when the river and the way parted, and at this they were very sorry, yet they dare not go out of the way.

A little before them was a meadow and a stile to go over into it. Then said Christian, "If this meadow lies along by our path, let us go over." He went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay alongside of the way, on the other side of the fence.

"That is as I wish," said Christian. "Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

"But," said Hopeful, "what if this path should lead us out of the way?"

"That is not likely," said the other. "Look, it goes along by the wayside." So Hopeful, being persuaded by Christian, went after him over the stile. When they had gone over and had got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet. And as they looked before them they saw a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence. So they called after him, and asked where this way led.

He said, "To the Celestial City."

"Look," said Christian to Hopeful, "did I not tell you so? You see, we are right after all." So they followed Vain-confidence, and he went before them.

But behold, the night came on, and it was very dark, so that they that went behind lost sight of him that went before. Vain-confidence then went on, not seeing the way before him, and fell into a deep pit which was there. This pit was made by the Prince of those grounds on purpose, to catch such foolish men as Vain-confidence. He, then, fell into the pit and was dashed to pieces with his fall. Now Christian and Hopeful heard him fall, so they called to know what was the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning.

Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" But Christian was silent, for he began to be afraid that he had led Hopeful out of the way.

Now it began to rain and thunder and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the river flowed over the banks.

And Hopeful groaned, "Oh that I had kept on my way."

By this time the waters were greatly risen, so that to go back was very dangerous. Yet they tried to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that as they went they were nearly drowned nine or ten times, and they could not reach the stile again that night. Wherefore at last, coming to a little shelter, they sat down, but being weary they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, and the owner of the castle was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds the pilgrims were now sleeping. Wherefore the giant, getting up early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep. Then with a grim and surly voice he woke them, and asked them what they were doing in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and had lost their way.

The giant said, "You have trampled on my ground, and slept on it, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. Also they said very little, for they knew they had done wrong.

The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay, from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any one to speak to them. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and he told her he had taken a couple of men prisoners, because they were sleeping on his grounds. Then she told him that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy.

So Giant Despair got a cudgel, and went down to the dungeon and beat Christian and Hopeful fearfully, so that they could not move. Then the giant left them, and they spent their time in sighs and bitter tears.

The next night Giant Despair again talked to his wife, and

she said, "Tell your prisoners to kill themselves, for they will never escape from the dungeon."

So when morning came, the giant went to them in a surly manner, and seeing they still ached with the stripes he had given them, he told them to poison themselves, for they would never get away from him in any other way. But they asked the giant to let them go. That made him so angry that he rushed on them and would have killed them, but he fell into a fit and lost for a time the use of his hand, wherefore he withdrew and left them as before. Well, towards evening the giant went down again to the dungeon to see if his prisoners had followed his advice and poisoned themselves. He found them alive, but because of their wounds and for want of bread and water they could do little but breathe.

Now at night the giant's wife said: "Take the prisoners into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those prisoners you have already killed. Tell them that in a week you will tear them to pieces, as you have torn your other prisoners."

When the morning was come, the giant went to them again and took them into the castle yard, and showed them all his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were pilgrims once as you are, but they walked in my grounds as you have done. And when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do to you. Get you down to your den again," and he beat them all the way there.

That night, about midnight, Christian and Hopeful began to pray, and they prayed till dawn of day.

Now just at dawn Christian spoke in sudden amazement. "How foolish we are to lie here, when we might be free after all. I have a key in my pocket called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful, "That is good news, pull it out of your pocket and try."

Christian pulled it out and began to try the dungeon door, and the bolt, as he turned the key, yielded, and the door flew open, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he

went to the door that led to the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too. That lock was terribly hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape in haste, but, as it opened, that gate made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who got up hastily to follow his prisoners, but he could not run after them, for again he took one of his fits. Then Christian and Hopeful went on till they came to the King's highway and so were safe, because they were out of the giant's grounds. Now when they had got over the stile, they began to wonder what they should do to keep other pilgrims from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they agreed to put up there a pillar, and to write on it this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country and seeks to destroy His holy pilgrims."

Many pilgrims, that came after, read what was written and escaped Giant Despair. They then went on till they came to the Delectable Mountains. These mountains belonged to the Lord of the steep hill which Christian had climbed. So they went up these mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains. There, too, they drank and washed themselves and ate the fruit of the vineyards. Now there were Shepherds on the mountains, who welcomed them lovingly and showed them many wonders. First they took them to the top of a hill which was very steep on one side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had had from the top.

"These," said the Shepherds, "are for an example to others to be careful not to clamber too high, or to come too near the brink of this mountain." The name of this mountain was Error.

Then the Shepherds took them to the top of another mountain, and the name of it was Caution, and the Shepherds bid them look afar off. When the pilgrims did this, they saw, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there. And they saw that the men were blind,

because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Shepherds then answered, "Did you see a little below these mountains a stile that led into a meadow?"

They answered, "Yes."

"From that stile," said the Shepherds, "there goes a path that leads straight to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair. These men," and the Shepherds pointed to those among the tombs, "came once on a pilgrimage as you do now. But when they came to the stile, because the right way was rough, they went over it into the meadow. Here they were taken by Giant Despair and cast into Doubting Castle. After they had been kept some time in the dungeon, he at last did put out their eyes. Then he led them among those tombs, and left them to wander there till this very day."

Then Christian and Hopeful thought of their escape from Doubting Castle, and they looked at one another with tears in their eyes. But yet they said nothing to the Shepherds. Now I saw in my dream that the Shepherds brought them to another place, where was a door in the side of a hill, and they opened the door and bid the pilgrims look in. They looked in therefore and saw that within it was very dark and smoky. They also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise as of fire, and a cry as of some in trouble.

Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Shepherds said, "This is a byway to hell."

And the Shepherds said one to another, "Let us show the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our glass."

So they took Christian and Hopeful to the top of another high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look. They tried to look, but the remembrance of that last thing the Shepherds had showed them made their hands shake, so that they could not look steadily through the glass. Yet they thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the beauty of the place. When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bid

them beware when they met the Flatterer. The third bid them take heed that they did not sleep upon the Enchanted Ground. And the fourth bid them "Godspeed." So I awoke from my dream.

And I slept and dreamed again, and I saw the same two pilgrims going down the mountains and along the highway. They went on then till they came to a place where they saw another path that seemed to be as straight as the way which they should go. And here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them, therefore here they stood still to think.

And as they were thinking about the way, behold, a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there.

They answered they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take.

"Follow me," said the man. "It is there I am going."

So they followed him in the path that had joined the way, and this path slowly turned, and at last turned them so far from the City that they wished to go to, that in a little time their faces were turned away from it. Yet they still followed him. But by and by before they knew what had happened, he led them both into a net, in which they were so entangled that they knew not what to do. Then the white robe fell off the black man's back, and they knew that he was the Flatterer and had brought them into his net. Wherefore there they lay, crying some time, for they could not get themselves out. And as they lay weeping in the net, they saw a Shining One coming toward them with a whip of small cord in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they were doing there.

They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white. "He bid us," said they, "follow him, for he was going thither too."

Then said the Shining One, "It is a Flatterer that has clothed himself like an angel of light." So he rent the net and let the men out. And he said to the pilgrims, "Follow me," and he

led them back to the way which they had left when they followed the Flatterer.

The one with the whip then asked them where they slept last night.

They said, "With the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains."

He asked them if the Shepherds had not given them a note, telling them about the way. They answered, "Yes," but they had forgotten to read it. He asked them also if the Shepherds did not tell them to beware of the Flatterer. They answered, "Yes," but they did not think that this man who spoke so well could be he. Then I saw in my dream that the Shining One commanded them to lie down. And he took his whip, and when he had whipped them he said, "As many as I love I rebuke and punish, be careful therefore and repent."

This done, he bid them go on their way and take good heed to the other directions of the Shepherds. So they thanked the Shining One for all his kindness, and went gladly along the right way. Now I saw in my dream that when the pilgrims had got safely over the Enchanted Ground, they entered a beautiful country where the air was very sweet and pleasant. Every day they heard continually the singing of birds, and every day they saw the flowers appear in the earth. In this country the sun shineth night and day, and here they were within sight of the City to which they went. So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light. These men asked the pilgrims where they came from, and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way, and they told them.

Then said the men that met them, "You have but two difficulites more to meet and then you are in the City." So they all walked together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I saw that between them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was deep. At the sight of the river Christian and Hopeful were stunned,

but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come in at the gate."

The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to be afraid, and looked this way and that way, but could find no way by which to escape the river. Then they entered the river, and Christian began to sink and to cry out to his friend Hopeful, saying, "I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head."

But Hopeful cheered Christian, and said he felt the ground under his feet. Yet a great horror and darkness fell upon Christian, for he thought he should never reach the Celestial City, and Hopeful had much difficulty to keep his friend's head above water. Then I saw in my dream that at last Christian took courage, and soon he found ground to stand upon, and the rest of the river was shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who waited there for them, and led them toward the gate.

The City stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that with ease, talking gladly to their shining companions, and thus they came up to the gate.

And over the gate there were written in letters of gold "Blessed are they that do the King's Commandments and may enter in through the gates into the City."

I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo! as they entered they were transfigured. And they had raiment put on that shone like gold. They had harps given to them to praise on, and crowns were given to them in token of honor.

Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun, the streets also were paved with gold. And I heard many voices saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord."

And after that they shut up the gates, and when I had seen this, I wished I myself were within. So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

I

THE TEMPEST

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave.

to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

MIRANDA WATCHING THE STORM

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since then my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm,

my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon aroused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in

the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man, said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing

that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not re-

member the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the

feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had

been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his

service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merriyl.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

II

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

There was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to

death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning duke of Athens), to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it: and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius, or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one

OBERON: "Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM *Act* II *Scene* I

of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret, but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet, was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies.*

Oberon the king, and Titania the queen of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood, but they were quarreling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon: "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy counselor.

Puck (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical

pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter: nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call *Love in Idleness*; the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood: he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt

great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite, "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously: and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enameled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me: but first sing me to sleep. Then they began to sing this song:

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his

Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

"What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued, that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out, that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm, to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as

she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground: is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just as that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia, were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you who have set Lysander to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me Goddess, Nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia: "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena, "persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake;

did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark, that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep: "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love;" and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamored queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies: their names were, Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman;

hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red humblebee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed: "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch; I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried pease," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! how I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again de-

manded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals,

became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

FUNNY STORIES

FUNNY STORIES

THE BLACK SNAIL WITH A WHITE HEART

By CHARLES McEVOY

NOW, there was once one of those black and sticky snails that come out on wet days, and he awfully wanted to get across the road. But he knew the danger. He had heard too many tales of snails getting run over to feel at all comfortable about it. But he had got tired of living inside the boundary of the different roads which surrounded him, and wanted to see more of the world. So one day he started across.

Now, there's no hurry to think about that snail any longer, for it takes a snail a long time to cross a road. I am going to tell you now about a little girl who was starting for school on her bicycle on that very same morning. Her name was Arabella, and she was always in trouble at school, because she was always late.

Now, she had the very funniest excuse for being late. It was so funny that she didn't like to tell anybody. And it was just this, that she was always seeing insects and little things crossing the road, and she could not help stopping to pick them up and take them across, in case anything came along and ran over them. It made her late every day, and though she started early, there was always a snail, or a caterpillar, or something right in the road, and though she often passed them and went on a long way, she was always sorry and went back and picked them up.

Well, at school she had got the reputation this way of being a naughty girl, and she was kept in and punished in all sorts of ways, until at last the master had said that she should have the cane the very next time that she was late. So this

morning, she was starting extra early, and was determined not to look at anything on the road at all.

All went well for a long way, and she went so fast that she overtook and passed a lumbering old steam-roller, making its way slowly along the same road. And it was now, with the steam-roller quite a long way behind, and the school getting nearer in front, that she passed that snail.

You can guess how fast he went, because he wasn't half-way across the road. But Arabella made up her mind that she just wouldn't think about him, and shot past, and went on as fast as she could. And then, suddenly, she thought about that steam-roller.

She tried not to think about it, and went on quite a long way, but she couldn't keep it out of her mind, how that snail was sure to get run right over, and what a pity it would be. Her eyes filled with tears, for she was fond of snails, and horribly afraid of the cane, but with a little sigh she turned her bicycle round in the road and pedaled back again.

She was just in time. The steam-roller was nearly there, and the snail was right out in the middle, and quick as anything she put her bicycle in the hedge and picked the snail up and carried him out of danger, just as the steam-roller went rumbling by.

"There!" Arabella said to the snail, as she put him down in the nice soft grass at the side of the road. "You are quite safe now; but please, please don't do it again."

She turned to her bicycle, but the next moment she had uttered a little cry of despair. A thorn had gone right through the tire of her front wheel and punctured it, and it was flat on the ground.

She couldn't help downright crying, because she would have to walk all the way now, and was sure to be late, and sure to be punished.

She jumped when there was a little voice down in the grass, and realized that it was the snail speaking.

"Have you nothing to mend it with?" the snail asked.

"Nothing," she said, wringing her hands. "I haven't any sticky stuff."

"You mean solution," said the snail. "I've got a solution. Take the tire off and get a little leaf, and I'll walk up and down it, and make it as sticky as anything."

Now, Arabella did just as the snail told her, and they mended it between them; and when the snail had promised never to cross the road again unless it was in the very, very middle of the night, Arabella hurried off, and was just in time.

THE SAUCY SEA HORSE

A SEA HORSE and a Saw Horse
Saw a see-saw one day;
Said the Sea Horse to the Saw Horse,
"See here, Saw Horse, say,
Can you see-saw with a Sea Horse?"
"Saucy Sea Horse," said the Saw Horse,
"To see-saw with a Sea Horse
For me is only play."

Then the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
Climbed the see-saw with pride.
Both the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
Were determined to ride,
So the see-saw saw the Sea Horse,
And the Sea Horse saw the Saw Horse,
And see-sawed Saw and Sea Horse,
One perched upon each side.

So the Sea Horse and the Saw Horse
First "seed" and then "sawed"
Both Sea Horse and Saw Horse
On the long see-saw board,
Till the Saw Horse said, "Sea Horse,
A see-sawing Saw Horse
And a saucier Sea Horse
Have never see-sawed!"

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry, 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

MENDING THE CLOCK

By SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

IT is a little American clock, which I got as a present about two years ago on my coming of age. The donor told me it cost two and a half dollars, but on inquiry at the shop where it was bought (this is what I always do when I get a present), I learned that the real price was a dollar and ten cents. Up to this time I had been hesitating about buying a stand for it, but after that I determined not to do so.

Since I got it, it has stood on my study mantelpiece, except once or twice at first, when its loud tick compelled me to wrap it up in flannel, and bury it in the bottom of a drawer. Until a fortnight ago my clock went beautifully, and I have a feeling that had we treated it a little less hardly it would have continued to go well. One night a fortnight ago it stopped, as if under the impression that I had forgotten to wind it up. I wound it up as far as was possible, but after going for an hour it stopped again. Then I shook it, and it went for five minutes. I strode into another room to ask who had been meddling with my clock, but no one had touched it. When I came back it was going again, but as soon as I sat down it stopped. I shook my fist at it, which terrified it into going for half a minute, and then it went creak, creak, like a clock in pain. The last thing it did before stopping finally was to strike nineteen, and alarm the neighborhood for two and a half minutes.

For two days I left my clock serenely alone, nor would I ever have annoyed myself with the thing had it not been for my visitors. I have a soul above mechanics, but when these visitors saw that my clock had stopped they expressed surprise at my not mending it. How different I must be, they said,

from my brother, who had a passion for making himself generally useful. If the clock had been his he would have had it to pieces and put it right within the hour.

Then the donor of the ill-fated clock called for the first time since he had smilingly presented me with the gift and murmured some incoherent words about ingratitude and hardness of heart. I pointed out that my mind was so full of weightier matters that I could not descend to clocks, but they had not the brains to see that what prevented my mending the clock was not incapacity, but want of desire to do so. This has ever been the worry of my life, that, because I don't do certain things, people take it for granted that I can't do them. I took no prizes at school or college, but you entirely misunderstand me if you think that was because I could not take them. The fact is, that I had always a contempt for prizes and prizemen, and I have ever been one of the men who gather statistics to prove that it is the boy who sat at the foot of the class that makes his name in after life. I was that boy, and though I have not made my mark in life as yet, I could have done it had I wanted to do so as easily as I could mend a clock. My visitors, judging me by themselves, could not follow this argument, though I have given expression to it in their presence many times, and they were so ridiculous as to say it was a pity that my brother did not happen to be at home. "Why, what do I need him for?" I asked, irritably.

"To mend the clock," they replied, and all the answer I made them was that if I wanted the clock mended I would mend it myself.

"But you don't know the way," they said.

"Do you really think," I asked them, "that I am the kind of man to be beaten by a little American clock?"

They replied that that was their belief, at which I coldly changed the subject.

"Are you really going to attempt it?" they asked, as they departed.

"Not I," I said. "I have other things to do."

Nevertheless, the way they flung my brother at me annoyed me, and I returned straight from the door to the study to mend

the clock. It amused me to picture their chagrin when they dropped in the next night and found my clock going beautifully. "Who mended it?" I fancied them asking, and I could not help practicing the careless reply, "Oh, I did it myself." Then I took the clock in my hands, and sat down to examine it.

The annoying thing, to begin with, was that there seemed to be no way in. The clock was practically hermetically sealed, for, though the back shook a little when I thumped it on my knee, I could see quite well that the back would not come off unless I broke the mainspring. I examined the clock carefully round and round, but to open the thing up was as impossible as to get into an egg without chipping the shell. I twisted and twirled it, but nothing would move. Then I raged at the idiots who made clocks that would not open. My mother came in about that time to ask how I was getting on.

"Getting on with what?" I asked.

"With the clock," she said.

"The clock," I growled, "is nothing to me." for it irritated me to hear her insinuating that I had been foiled.

"But I thought you were trying to mend it," she said.

"Not at all," I replied; "I have something else to do."

"What a pity," she said, "that Andrew is not here."

Andrew is the brother they are always flinging at me.

"He could have done nothing," I retorted, "for the asses made this clock not to open."

"I'm sure it opens," my mother said.

"Why should you be sure?" I asked fiercely.

"Because," she explained, "I never saw or heard of a clock that doesn't open."

"Then," I snarled, "you can both see and hear of it now"—and I pointed contemptuously at my clock.

She shook her head as she went out, and as soon as the door shut I hit the clock with my clenched fist (stunning my fourth finger). I had a presentiment that my mother was right about the clock's opening, and I feared that she still labored under the delusion that I had been trying to mend the exasperating thing.

On the following day we had a visit from my friend Sum-

mer, and he had scarcely sat down in my study when he jumped up, exclaiming:

"Hullo, is that the right time?"

I said to him that the clock had stopped, and he immediately took it on his knees. I looked at him sideways, and saw at once that he was the kind of man who knows about clocks. After shaking it he asked me what was wrong.

"It needs cleaning," I said at a venture, for if I had told him the whole story he might have thought that I did not know how to mend a clock.

"Then you have opened it and examined the works?" he asked, and not to disappoint him, I said yes.

"If it needs cleaning, why did you not clean it?" was his next question.

I hate inquisitiveness in a man, but I replied that I had not had time to clean it. He turned it round in his hands, and I knew what he was looking for before he said:

"I have never taken an American clock to pieces. Does it open in the ordinary way?"

This took me somewhat aback, but Summer, being my guest, had to be answered.

"Well," I said, cautiously, "it does and it doesn't."

He looked at it again, and then held it out to me, saying: "You had better open it yourself, seeing that you know the way."

There was a clock in the next room, and such a silence was there in my study after that remark that I could distinctly hear it ticking.

"Curiously unsettled weather," I said.

"Very," he answered. "But let me see how you get at the works of the clock."

"The fact is," I said, "that I don't want this clock mended, it ticks so loud that it disturbs me."

"Never mind," Summer said, "about that. I should like to have a look at its internals, and then we can stop it if you want to do so."

Summer talked in a light way, and I was by no means certain whether, once it was set agoing, the clock could be

stopped so easily as he thought, but he was evidently determined to get inside.

"It is a curious little clock," I said to him; "a sort of puzzle, indeed, and it took me ten minutes to discover how to open it myself. Suppose you try to find out the way?"

"All right," Summer said, and then he tried to remove the glass.

"The glass doesn't come off, does it?" he asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," I replied.

"Stop a bit," said Summer, speaking to himself: "is it the feet that screw out?"

It had never struck me to try the feet; but I said: "Find out for yourself."

I sat watching with more interest than he gave me credit for, and very soon he had both the feet out; then he unscrewed the ring at the top, and then the clock came to pieces.

"I've done it," said Summer.

"Yes," I said, "but you have been a long time about it."

He examined the clock with a practiced eye, and then—

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "to require cleaning."

A less cautious man than myself would have weakly yielded to the confidence of this assertion, and so have shown that he did not know about clocks.

"Oh, yes, it does," I said, in a decisive tone.

"Well," he said, "we had better clean it."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I replied, "but, if you like, you can clean it."

"Are they cleaned in the ordinary way, those American clocks?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "they are and they aren't."

"How should I clean it, then?" he asked.

"Oh, in the ordinary way," I replied.

Summer proceeded to clean it by blowing at the wheels, and after a time he said, "We'll try it now."

He put it together again, and then wound it up, but it would not go.

"There is something else wrong with it," he said.

"We have not cleaned it properly," I explained.

"Clean it yourself," he replied, and flung out of the house.

After he had gone I took up the clock to see how he had opened it, and to my surprise it began to go. I laid it down triumphantly. At last I had mended it. When Summer came in an hour afterward he exclaimed:

"Hullo, it's going."

"Yes," I said, "I put it to rights after you went out."

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I cleaned it properly," I replied.

As I spoke I was leaning against the mantelpiece, and I heard the clock beginning to make curious sounds. I gave the mantelpiece a shove with my elbow, and the clock went all right again. Summer had not noticed. He remained in the room for half an hour, and all that time I dared not sit down. Had I not gone on shaking the mantelpiece the clock would have stopped at any moment. When he went at last I fell thankfully in a chair, and the clock had stopped before he was halfway down the stairs. I shook it, and it went for five minutes, and then stopped. I shook it again, and it went for two minutes. I shook it, and it went for half a minute. I shook it, and it did not go at all.

The day was fine, and my study window stood open. In a passion I seized hold of that clock and flung it fiercely out into the garden. It struck against the trunk of a tree, and fell into a flower bed. Summer must have wound up the alarm when he was dickering with the thing, for a wild tr-r-ring suddenly cleft the noontide stillness. An old tabby leaped on the garden wall, made a spinal curve for a second, and then vanished. I stood at the window sneering at the clock, when suddenly I started. I have mentioned that it has a very loud tick. Surely I heard it ticking! I ran into the garden. The clock was going again! Concealing it beneath my coat I brought it back to the study, and since then it has gone beautifully. Everybody is delighted except Summer, who is naturally a little annoyed.

EVERYDAY STORIES

ROMANCE

By GABRIEL SETOUN

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck,
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

EVERYDAY STORIES

GRANNY

(A True Story)

By KATE UPSON CLARK

"SHOO, shoo there! Ah, worse luck to yez! An' it's peckin' me tomatties ye'd be afther, is it? Be off wid ye, the whole botherin' Granny's lot of ye!" And Mrs. Bridget O'Toole shook a dilapidated broom fiercely at Granny's innocent-looking flock of hens, and drove them into the little enclosure where they belonged.

Then she leaned against the side of the house to get her breath.

"Ah!" she continued sagely, wagging her head, "a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

Granny's hens were indeed a great trial to her daughter-in-law; but so wonderfully did they thrive and multiply under Granny's watchful care, that they were a source of considerable revenue to that dear old lady; and when Bridget would lose her patience Granny would hear her out, and then say with the sliest of winks, and the mellowest of brogues, "But I notice that ye liked the dress purty well, Bridget, me dear, that I bought ye with me egg-money, an' ye all seem to relish a roast of thim."

Which was true, and no doubt the reasons why the O'Tooles were so completely dominated by Granny's hens, that even the daily breakfast had come to consist, out of deference to them, almost invariably of "hasty pudding," a dish relished alike by both parties.

The serving up of the family breakfast earlier was almost as interesting as Granny's administration of the remainder to

the hens. Mr. Dennis O'Toole, her son, had inherited the politest of manners from his father, who had been a butler in a great house over in the old country, and he waited upon his family with the utmost ceremony.

"An' what will the Granny take for her breakfast?" Mr. O'Toole was in the habit of inquiring, as though the subject were a highly complicated one, and admitted of a variety of answers. At the same time he flourished his ladle, and regarded his mother with a smile of deferential interest.

"Mush an' milk, af it plaze ye, Dennis me son," Granny would reply with her silvery brogue.

"Biddy, me love?"

"Mush an' milk in coorse!"

Biddy had little admiration for the grand ways of her husband.

"Terry, me boy, an' how is it with ye the mornin'?"

"Mush an' milk, sir, af ye plaze."

"An' Norah, honey, what will ye have?"

"Mush an' milk, sir, plaze ye."

And so on until all were helped in due order.

But "moild" as was the father, and "sinsible" as was the mother, it was to Granny's lap the culprit always fled who had just escaped from the scene of some gay roguery; and it was into Granny's ear that they poured daily a recital of the trials and adventures of each individual little O'Toole, which is saying a good deal, for there were eight of them.

And when the day was ended, and from the four quarters of the globe the eight little O'Tooles came trooping in for supper and bed, while Dennis rested by the fire, and Bridget bustled more softly than usual about the room, it was Granny's silver voice which related to them some marvelous story, giving them glimpses into beautiful paradises outside their own poor, besmirched little world.

Sometimes the story would be of the exquisite fairy Erina, who waved a wand and a green island rose from the depths and settled into the midst of the sea, "the same bein' called Ireland, me dears, at the prisent day"; sometimes it was of the noble giant Ap Tolladin, the founder of the kingly house of O'Toole;

but oftener the story was of the charming and unfortunate Princess of Kilcannel, who, after being hunted from her father's kingdom, and treated with exasperating cruelty, was finally rescued and restored to her possessions by a brave and handsome knight, in whose society she enjoyed all manner of blessings forever after. This story Granny related to one child or another almost every day of her life.

One afternoon when Terry was eight or ten years old, he was trudging along the highway in a doleful mood, because he could not go to school. A maiden lady, who kept house by herself in the village near Terry's home, had that day opened a "select school," and as there was no other in the place just then, nearly all of Terry's mates were going. Terry had begged hard to be allowed to go too; but Dennis had answered sadly:

"Spade it as hard as I can, me boy, it's little enough we get to ate, let alone the larnin'."

Terry knew that his father spoke the truth, so he had quite given up the idea, and was plodding homeward from the village with a package of nails, wherewith to make coops for some of Granny's expected broods, when he suddenly met the teacher face to face. Terry's eyes filled with tears the minute.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the teacher, who was odd, but kindly.

Terry paused to sob a bit, for the sympathizing tone had filled his heart full to overflowing; then added:

"Nothin' much, mum!"

"Tell me about it," said the teacher peremptorily.

"Nothin' "—with a great swallow of salt tears—"only—I can't go to school."

"Do you keep hens?" inquired the teacher with apparent irrelevance. She knew something about the O'Tooles.

Terry beamed all over with a vague sense of encouragement.

"Granny does."

"Well, bring me an egg a day, and you can come to school."

Terry went home hop-skip, sure of Granny's help; and

every day he carried an egg to school, and learned far more than its worth, while Granny—Granny was the happiest little Irish woman in the world, to think that she could do something to make a "gintleman" of her pet.

Terry grew tall and strong very fast, and at sixteen could do a man's work, and earn almost a man's wages, and take care of his own schooling evenings. Granny's hens were housed now, thanks to Terry's skill, in a regular palace which stood on a knoll behind the house, and was surrounded by a village of ornamental coops. In fact a good many improvements had been made all about the modest O'Toole dwelling. This had originally consisted of two rooms below and a "loft" above, which was roughly partitioned into two dusky chambers.

Granny had always slept in a curtained little bed in her own special corner of the western and larger room below, which served also for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen; but now an "ell" had been built on one end of the little house, and the lower of the two nice rooms thus added was fitted up by Terry for Granny, and Granny alone; for the bond between Terry and Granny, who had made a "gintleman" of him, waxed stronger year by year.

At a distance of only a few rods from the O'Toole cottage, though somewhat below it, ran a broad deep brook, a mild, inoffensive little stream in ordinary weather, but quick to rise and overflow its banks whenever a steady rain saturated the neighboring hills. Still as a narrow meadow stretched a little below and on the other side, there was usually plenty of room for the water to spread, so that no damage had ever come from it to the O'Tooles.

Shortly after their house had been repaired and enlarged, however, and when they were beginning to regard it as a more precious possession than ever before, an elm-tree of enormous size fell across the broad brook just above the little meadow, and was allowed to lie there; and more than once they had thought seriously of possible danger from the great bridge above, which was old and very rickety. If the bridge should go down when the water was high, and lodge against the tree and thus dam the stream, the whole force of

the current would be turned toward their own little house; and though it had a little meadow beyond it also, the worst results might follow.

One night after it had been raining hard for twenty-four hours, the sunshiny stalwart young Terry came in very wet, and looking uncommonly sober.

"The old bridge is a-shakin' like the ager," he said savagely.

Biddy began a sharp tirade about the "select men," but Granny knitted silently away as usual. Terry came and stood by her, and stroked her soft hair, still a satiny brown.

"If it's to coom, it'll coom, Terry, me boy," she said brightly. "I belave everythin's for the best, an' I'll go to bed to-night as aisy as ever. Besides," smiling upon the pride of her heart, "what a stout boy is here to take care of the old Granny!"

Her reassuring words made Terry feel a great deal calmer, and indeed it affected all of them comfortably, for they relied much on Granny's sweet wisdom, believing her, in fact, to be under the special protection of the saints; and the family retired only a little later than usual.

As the rain poured harder and harder on the roof above his head, however, Terry could not help getting up and half-dressing himself. Then feeling a trifle ashamed of his fears, he threw himself back upon the bed, and lay there listening.

Suddenly he heard a distant crackling noise, and presently a swish of water different from the steady dashing and roar of a moment before. At that instant there was a loud knock at the door; a man shouted outside:

"One pier's gone from the bridge! It'll be down in ten minutes! Get over your meadow to high land, and be quick about it!"

Terry woke his brothers and sisters, and sprang downstairs at a bound. His mother met him, dressing as she spoke.

"Here's the babies," she said, running back to the bed and bringing the two youngest children to him.

With but a single blanket around them, he hurried out of the house, and across the meadow.

Crack, crack, thud! Into a whirlpool din of waters went the bridge; and just as Terry, with his frightened little brothers and sisters at his heels, reached "high land," they knew that the timbers had reached the old elm, and that the stream was dammed just as they had often foreboded; for it seemed as though the whole Atlantic Ocean had been suddenly let loose below and all about them. Ah! the dear cabin must go! Terry turned in silence, to meet the remainder of the family struggling up the knoll.

It was a chilly night in fall, and pitchy dark, though it was the time of the full moon. Dennis had caught up the lantern in his terrified flight, and had matches in his pockets, so that soon they were able to see a little, and to count up the shivering little group. Eight children, father and mother—so far, so good; but where—why, where was Granny?

"O father!" cried Terry, "how could you leave her asleep when you knew I had the babies?"

Dennis wrung his hands, and silently heaped maledictions upon his own head. The children wept and howled, for how could they live without Granny? And even Biddy broke into a high Irish lament.

Suddenly from the window which was toward them of their little home, the window of Granny's room, beamed a light.

Granny was awake, then, and so far safe and sound. They saw her raise the curtain, saw her moving about briskly and peering out, and then they all saw her sit down beside the window. They could not see her face, but they knew that it wore the same smile-like calm as ever.

"Take care of yeselves now," said Terry, pulling his hat down a little more firmly upon his head, and turning toward the seething flood that covered the acre and a half between him and the little house. "I'm off for Granny."

Biddy threw her arms up with a shrill cry. She was "shure he'd be did, stone-did, by the time he got safe there!"

But the children applauded. It seemed a simple enough thing to them for Terry to wade over to the house, and to bring Granny over on his shoulders. They did not know that

the water was already as deep in many places as Terry was high, and that if a piece of the solid old bridge timbers which were whirling down stream one by one, should strike him, he would float away as dead as the timbers themselves; and you may be sure Terry did not stop to tell them.

He simply shut his teeth tight, and waded in. By the light of the lantern they could see him out a little way; then the darkness took him in, and there were ten minutes of suspense, in which the howling of the tempest, and the thunder of the waters, sounded more terrible than ever; at least to Dennis and Bridget.

Then the wind brought them a faint "halloo!" Next, in front of the light that streamed from Granny's window, a dark figure was visible by Granny's side. Terry was safely over.

"Oh, but he'll never get the Granny safely across there!" groaned Dennis. "A plague on me ould rheumatism that I couldn't go with the b'y."

"Terry'll manage," said little Norah shrewdly. "Terry's as strong as a horse."

But in her heart even Norah was anxious, and they held their breaths, and shiveringly paced about on the knoll. The little ones, wet, and cold, and sleepy, at last began to cry vehemently, and to demand dry clothes. Biddy tried to hush them; but at last, feeling the babies shiver in her arms, she decided to get them to the nearest neighbor's, a mile on to the north, put them to bed, and then return herself. As she hurried away, she and they all heard from the house the sound of rapid and vigorous pounding. In a moment it had stopped. What was Terry doing?

In fact, Terry was taking down the front door for a raft. The water was already up to the doorstep, and rising every instant. So while Granny, wrapped up and ready for flight, with all the valuables that she could carry fastened firmly to her clothes, sat placidly in her chair crooning an old Irish song, Terry with a few stout strokes had the door off, and soon Granny was balancing on it out on the water; the clothesline was wound around it, and over her lap, with plenty of it

in her hands to hold on by. She had gathered together a pile of blankets and clothing, and Terry heaped them up around her.

"Ah, me hins!" groaned Granny tenderly. "Don't ye belave, Terry dear, that one coop could get on behint me here?"

Terry, the boy that Granny had educated with "an egg a day," couldn't resist such an appeal as that. He waded around to the hen-coops, securing Granny's craft meanwhile to a window casement, brought back the best coop of hens, established it as Granny had suggested—with a bend of the clothes-line—and then he set out on the perilous return voyage, pushing his unwieldy craft before him when he could, pulling it by the clothes-line when he couldn't push it, and when he came to a deep place, swimming with it against his "upper" side.

The water grew deeper. Suddenly the lantern unaccountably disappeared from the knoll—it had gone with Bridget and the babies—and Terry had no longer any idea whither they were tending. The loud, steady rush of the broad river into which the brook emptied in full view from the O'Toole cottage, sounded ominously near.

Before ten minutes had passed, it seemed to Terry as though he had been wading for a whole day, and as though he might as well give it up altogether, excepting for Granny's courage and calmness.

"Let the raft go, Terry, me boy!" she had said, observing his exhaustion, and pausing in telling a story with which she was beguiling the way. "The old Granny has lived her day, an' she's ready to go."

"Not without yer boy, Granny," said Terry, between hard breaths.

At that instant the dim star of light in the little cabin which had been drifting very fast to the south of them, went out, and their last beacon was gone. They knew then—Granny as well as Terry—that the water had crept in and overturned the little stand on which they had left it burning. Even Granny gave a long, quivering sigh. Terry tugged and tugged. He

could not speak, for not only was he strained and tired, but he was very sick at heart.

Suddenly he felt that the rain was ceasing, and at the same instant the clouds broke a little, and it grew lighter. A knoll in the meadow scraped the raft, and Terry sprang upon the small, but precious Ararat, keeping tight hold of his swaying charge meanwhile, and clinging to a stout young tree which perhaps a kind, foreseeing Providence had planted directly on top of the knoll.

Terry could almost have cried, great stout fellow that he was, sitting there in the shallows on the knoll, clinging to the tree, dripping wet from top to toe, sore and tired to the last degree, his home gone, and seeing nothing but a watery grave at last for the dear old Granny and himself, and the precious "hins."

But the moon began just then to make its presence known, and after a moment's struggle with the flying clouds, shone out clear, and full, and bright. The tempest was evidently over, and Terry's heart began to come back to him.

"Hooray, Granny!" he cried with a crazy laugh. "Here we are! We'll sail a few steps further, and if we can't get on, we'll come back here. We can hold out here, if we can't anywhere else."

Granny's teeth were chattering with the cold, but she went on cheerfully with her discourse:

"And thus it was with the beautiful princess. 'Alack, me lord,' she said, with the tears streaming down her purty cheeks, 'I'm no' ungrateful to ye. I'll not forget how in the darkness an' the storm ye stood by me.' "

"An' I niver understood it so well before," said Terry, putting his face up close to the dear old story-teller's, to see just how she looked once more.

The wind blew her soft hair about her forehead, but the blue eyes were shining underneath, and the kind old lips were smiling, as they had always smiled on Terry ever since he could remember.

The rain having subsided, Terry struck out boldly for a shore. The family came running along the bank to meet him.

and a great shout burst from all the shivering group as Terry with his raft slowly made the land.

The hens were clucking, and the cocks were crowing; the blankets and wraps had mostly fallen off in the struggle with the waters, but Granny, with her soft locks blowing, and the water dripping from her soaked clothes, sat placid and unruffled amid the tumult, though she was shaking with the cold, and though she knew that they had lost everything.

"An' it's a foine moonlit sail the boy has given the old Granny!" she said with her own delightful brogue. "An' it's a foine house he'll build us again."

"Ah, but I never could have got through it all." rejoined Terry, dropping exhausted, and covering her thin smiling cheek with kisses, "if every time I could stop to listen, I hadn't heard the dear voice, for all the world as if we were sitting by the fireside yonder, telling me the old brave story of the Princess of Kilcannel."

"An' she did that, did she?" cried Bridget admiringly, who had just returned from escorting the little ones to a place of safety. "Well, a quare world it is, and a quare family is the O'Tooles!"

THE DOLL THAT WAS RICH

By E. MARIA ALBANESI

IT had been a very tempestuous morning. Cosy had started the day badly by refusing to be dressed, and she had hit Marlie on the hand with a hair brush. Then Marlie had slapped her in return, and chaos had ensued, which brought the head housemaid running upstairs with her ladyship's compliments to inquire which of the young ladies was being murdered? Then, just by way of making everything very cheerful, it was a wet morning.

Had they been at home things might have been better, for there was always some form of entertainment forthcoming even if it went no further than turning out the toy cupboard and discovering lost treasures; but here in Grannie's house there was no nursery worthy of the name. The furniture was all so good and one had to be so careful not to shout too loudly, or otherwise enjoy one's self.

Nurse confessed to Bartram, Grannie's lady's maid, that she literally did not know what to do with the children this very wet morning.

"Of course, if I had my own way I'd put on their mackintoshes and turn them out of doors; their mother would not object, I know, but her ladyship would make a great fuss, I suppose."

"Oh! my lady would have a fit right away," replied Bartram promptly.

When the telegram had come from the War Office saying Daddy had been badly wounded, and when mother flew about from one place to another and got passports and papers, and told Marlie she was going out to be with Daddy, she also told the little girl that she and Cosy were to stay with Grannie till she came home again.

"And, of course, darling, I leave Cosy in your charge, and you'll look after everything just as I should, won't you?"

"Oh! of course," said Marlie, and she swallowed some big tears bravely but with a great effort. Cosy never pretended to be brave or to have a monopoly of virtues. She wailed loudly and clung to her mother just at the last.

"I don't want you to go, Mummy; and I want to see my Daddy. I want 'im 'orribly! I misbelieve that I shall enjoy myself with Grannie."

"I *don't* believe, you mean," Marlie had corrected her. Then she had made signs over Cosy's crop of flaxen curls to her mother. Mysterious signs, denoting that everything would be all right, and that there was not the least little need in the world to be worried about; and, indeed, when the taxi had flashed away, carrying mother, so white-faced, but always with a smile on her lips, Marlie had taken Cosy in her arms and had comforted her with words of tender affection and the gift of a much beloved pencil-case.

So ably had she played her part that in a very little while her small sister was running about the nursery "packing up"; a proceeding which consisted in crowding her arms with toys which were dropped one by one on the floor, so that nurse had great difficulty in treading anywhere safely.

And just for a few days after they arrived in the country Cosy remained in the best of spirits.

"Behaven herself quit wonerful," as Marlie wrote to her mother.

Unfortunately, however, good manners and good temper had a way of evaporating with Cosy, and on this day in particular she excelled herself in fractiousness and restlessness.

Marlie had felt it incumbent upon her to reprove her sister.

"My dear child," she said on one occasion (sometimes Marlie really did feel her full age—she would be nine in December), "you really are the limit."

This was a phrase which she had caught from one of her boy cousins, and had treasured it, using it only on very special occasions.

Cosy's answer had been to fling a book at her sister's head. It missed its mark, but Marlie felt none the less an injured person.

Curbing a desire to throw the book back again, she picked it up with dignity and smoothed its pages.

"Something will happen to you," she said in a trembling voice, "if you go ill-treating a book of Bible stories."

"I 'ate you!" responded Cosy, pausing in the middle of a new howl. "And I 'ate 'oly stories—you know I do."

This was just about the period when nurse was confiding to Bartram, the lady's maid, that she really was so flustered, and that the children were altogether too much for her this morning.

"They're good enough as a general rule, I will say that for them," she said; "but Miss Cosy, ever since she woke up, she's been too naughty for words. I expect it was going out to that tea yesterday what's done it."

"Ah!" said Bartram. "You're about right there."

"Even Miss Marlie's a bit of a handful to-day," said nurse. "Usually she's so good and sensible. But she can talk of nothing but that little girl who danced yesterday. Why, the last thing she said to me last night, after she'd said her prayers, mind you, was as she didn't see why one little girl should make such a lot of money by her dancing for the wounded soldiers and the prisoners, and other little girls not to be able to do a single thing. I am right sorry that her ladyship took the children to that entertainment yesterday—that I am!"

"Look here," said Bartram. "Let me see what I can do with them. You go downstairs and sit with the others for a little while."

When Bartram entered the nursery she found Marlie crouched up on a chair by the table, her two elbows planted on the table supporting her little face, all puckered up with frowns. Cosy was crying noisily on the floor at her feet.

"Dear, dear, dear me!" said the maid. "Why, whatever has happened? Where's the sunshine?" She stood and looked about her in a wondering way. "There's always sunshine in a nursery, you know."

"Not when it's raining," said Marlie decisively.

"Oh, yes," said Bartram. "Rain has nothing to do with sunshine in a nursery. It comes from all sorts of unexpected corners. Now I shouldn't be one bit surprised, if you were both of you to shut your eyes at this moment and keep them shut while I count ten, that when you open them again you'd find the sunshine just in front of you."

Cosy scrambled to her feet, her tears forgotten. She stood at attention like a little soldier.

"Shut eyes, Marlie!" she shouted. "Shut eyes!"

On the table in front of them were two dolls, one dressed and one partially dressed. Beside them was an open parcel, full of bits of bright-colored silk; and beside that again a work-basket.

"I wonder who wants to make some money for poor prisoners and the wounded soldiers," asked Bartram.

Cosy screamed: "Me! me! me!" and clapped her hands and jumped up and down.

Marlie turned a little pale and caught her breath sharply.

"Oh, Bartram!" she said. "But *can* we? Do you suppose," very eagerly, "we could make as much money as Vera has made with her dancing? I've been trying so hard not to hate her! You see, it made us feel such little wormy things yesterday when she told us what *she* had done, and we had to tell her that we hadn't made a single penny. Of course, we've sent money out of our money boxes, but that's not the same thing, you know."

Cosy solemnly repeated every word that Marlie said.

"Not the same thing, you know," she said, shaking her head.

"Why, of course it isn't," said Bartram. "But we're going to alter that. Now, then, let's get to work. Her ladyship's gone out to luncheon; she is in London to-day, so I've got a lot of time to myself; and we're going to be very busy."

"Very busy," said Cosy.

She dragged a chair to the table and climbed on to it, not without great difficulty.

Marlie heard the news about her grandmother with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Going out to luncheon again," she observed. "Grannie *is* so funny, always eating her food in other people's houses." Then she came back to the business of the moment. "But how are we going to get money when the dolls are ready, Bartram?"

Cosy repeated the sentence, putting her head on one side and looking adorably pretty.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said Bartram. "There's going to be a sale in the village in aid of the fund that sends parcels out to the prisoners in Germany, and everybody is asked to send in something; so I want you and Miss Cosy to finish dressing these two dolls. You must make them look very beautiful, and then I'll see that they have a good and prominent place on the bazaar counter."

"What's proment?" asked Cosy, from across the table.

"Hush!" said Marlie severely. "Don't get beginning with your questions, Cosy, or there'll never be no work done."

Bartram apportioned out the various bits of silk.

"You see, Miss Marlie," she said, "they've both of them got frocks, and some under things, but they've neither of them got petticoats. To be really nice, well-behaved dolls they *must* have petticoats."

"Of course," said Marlie eagerly; "and this green silk will be just too lovely, won't it, Cosy?"

"Um!" said Cosy doubtfully; she had possessed herself of a large piece of pink silk. "I—'ates green."

"You are always hating something!" said Marlie heatedly. "What you'll be like when you're growed up, goodness only knows."

"What's growed up?" asked Cosy. "What's it for?"

Marlie's shoulders went up to her ears. She looked at Bartram as if to say: "Did you ever meet with such ignorance in all your life before?" Then she said: "It isn't *for* anything. Why, mother's grown up, stupid!"

"Is she?" queried Cosy, as she tried to thread her needle to the great danger of stabbing her nose. "Is she very old?"

"Course she is," said Marlie; "years and years and years old!"

"Oh!" said Cosy, impressed but not satisfied. "Is she the oldest woman in the world?"

Bartram laughed and, stooping over the little speaker, kissed her.

"There, Miss Baby," she said. "Let me help you. This is too much silk for a petticoat; suppose we make a cloak with a hood? and you can have this other piece for a skirt. You see, the smarter the dolls are the more money they will bring."

"More money they will bring," said Cosy, nodding her head at her sister; but Marlie made no reply. A sudden and wonderful idea had suddenly flashed into her mind. She was beginning to hem the green silk petticoat with little fingers that trembled with excitement, and the same excitement quivered through her pretty little body and shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Bartram! I simply must make heaps of money," she said. "I want to send all I can to the poor men."

"The poor, poor men!" repeated Cosy, echoing her sister's eager voice. And then a great calm fell upon the nursery.

Bartram was so useful; she turned awkward corners; she showed how to sew gathers into a band; she kept needles threaded; she told all sorts of amusing stories; and by the time nurse came back her little charges had quite forgotten the rain and the bad tempers of the early morning.

Even to break off work, to have hands washed, and hair brushed, and to eat luncheon was a great trial to Marlie.

Cosy fell asleep during the afternoon, but the elder little girl kept on steadily at her sewing till supper-time.

Her green silk petticoat was greatly admired, and when it was put on and fastened securely Marlie drew a deep breath of content.

"When are you going to take the dolls to Mrs., the minister's wife?" she asked Bartram eagerly.

"They shall go the moment they are finished," answered the maid.

The child nodded her head.

"If we don't make a hurry, Cosy may shout a lot when we take hers. It *is* a darling dollie, you know, Bartram." Then

Marlie had a special request to make. "May I wrap them up myself and give them to you, Bartram?"

"Why, of course, my dear. I'll fetch you some paper and a cardboard box."

"I'm going to write a letter to put with them," said Marlie.

At supper-time she was very silent, but Cosy made up for this by being extremely hilarious. She banged the table with her teaspoon. She smeared herself with jam, she sang lustily, and she was just as delightfully good-tempered as a few hours before she had been naughty!

Of course Bartram had to finish dressing her doll; but Marlie had put in every stitch in the green silk petticoat herself; and while nurse had Cosy on her knee reading her a fairy story, the elder little girl slipped away into the bedroom.

On the chest of drawers near her bed there stood a small red leather case. It had a key, and when it was unlocked the child picked from its velvet cushions all her little bits of jewelry. There was her necklace of seed pearls, the little turquoise and diamond cross which Daddy had given her on her last birthday, the tiny bangle which she had worn when she had been a baby; the butterfly brooch that had been her gift when she had been a bridesmaid, and several other little things.

Marlie was trembling with excitement, but she was crying at the same time. She had carried the doll with her into the bedroom; and as she decked it now with all her worldly possessions, she kissed a farewell to each piece of jewelry as she put it on.

Then she wrapped the doll carefully in the large piece of tissue paper which Bartram had given her and outside this she pinned the letter she had written.

It was addressed "To the perrson wat buys this dol"; and inside was inscribed in large letters: "Pleace give *plenty* of monney; it is a verry rich doll and oblige Yours respecfully M. B."

Her eyes were suspiciously red when she got back into the other room, but nurse fortunately did not notice this.

"Say good-bye to your doll, Cosy," Marlie said. "They're going now."

Cosy dropped a perfunctory kiss on top of the pink silk hood, and then she nestled down more closely into nurse's arms; with Cosy, at least, it was a case of the sunshine going and Mr. Dustman arriving.

A little later, when her small sister was being put to bed, Marlie wrote another letter:

"My own darling precious most lovingly mother—I've got a tremenjous secret to tell you. Pleace *pleace* dosnent be cross with me. I hav gived away all my Julwary it is gon to be sold on a doll that I hav hellpped to dres. I made a grene silk petticot al by myselff Bartram has just take it awaye. I cryed a lot sayng goodbuy to my dear darling julwary I want you and my Daddye to no that it made me a fearfull feeling for I love them so verry much but I have said a lot of little prers and now I am at piece again Nurs does not no yet but I shall tell her before I go to bed I expeck she will be very ankery but I must putt up with that as I do so dredfulley want to do some thin for my contrey and this was all I could do.—Your lovine little gurl "MARLIE."

HINKS, SILENT PARTNER

By HAPGOOD MOORE

"HEY, kid! Git off this lot."

"Oh, please."

"Run away, now. Don't you see that sign, 'Eagle Patrol, Boy Scouts?'"

"But let me be a Boy Scout, too."

The six giants of 12 looked down on the little shrimp of 8, scornfully.

"You a Scout? It takes men like us to be Scouts. You're nothing but a kid."

The "kid" turned as a last resort to the scoutmaster, who had just come up. "Please, teacher, let me dig, too. I've got a hoe."

The scoutmaster smiled into his hand. This was the spirit he liked. He had been talking about patriotic gardening all the spring, and here was a small defender who wanted to enlist. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

"Say, boys, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know how you fellows feel about this garden patch. It's yours and you want to have the say so about it, which is right. But in the business house I belong to we have a man whom we call the silent partner. Why not make the kid here—what's your name, boy?"

"Hinks, sir."

"Let's make Hinks our silent partner."

Boys usually fall in line behind someone who knows where he is going, and so after the Scouts had proven that Hinks knew what silence was, they agreed to let him in.

They went to work lustily till 11 o'clock, which, it seems, was the hour to go in swimming. Hinks looked wistfully toward them as they resumed their blouses, but nobody invited him. So he kept on soberly with his little hoe. But when the others came back after dinner for another brief session among

the beans they found that the wooden placard in front of the patch had been corrected to read:

EAGLE PATROL, BOY SCOUTS
And Hinks

Patriotism ran high during the month of June. The garden flourished. The scoutmaster was away, but Pilcher, patrol-leader, the boy who had first ordered Hinks off the lot, was in command, and he ruled like a despot, largely from the side-lines. Hinks was a merry little soul and bubbling with companionable conversation. But Pilcher had not forgotten the function of a silent partner and he always remembered promptly to shut him up. Nobody could stop his whistling, though, and whenever he reached the end of a long row he broke into song like a bird. Apparently he knew but one. Appropriately it was the line, "There's a long, long trail a-winding."

The Scouts always camped out during July. "They hated to leave their garden," so they said, but duty was duty and so early one Monday they marched gaily by their lot, laden with rolls of blankets and skillets and toasters and fishing rods. Hinks bade them a cheerful good-by with a wave of his hoe.

It was an unmercifully hot month. The Scouts daily thanked their stars that they had rested from their labors. But there was little rest for Hinks. The early ambitions of the Scouts had laid out an enormous stretch of garden. Weeds grew apace, bugs made an early appearance, and crows flocked on the adjoining fences. The small back of the silent partner ached, and his little hands were sore.

The day before the Scouts got back their scoutmaster was in town. Going by the garden he spied a small figure lying in the sun. He ran over and picked him up. His eyes were closed and there was a white streak down either cheek. And

his cheeks were very hot. But his hands were tightly clutched about his hoe-handle. "Teacher?" he murmured when he recognized his rescuer, and he put his arm around the scoutmaster's neck while he carried him home.

When the Scouts rushed back to their task a day or two after they were indignant to find that their placard had been rearranged. Now it reads:

HINKS
ASSISTED BY
EAGLE PATROL, BOY SCOUTS

Just then the scoutmaster came up. "If one of you fellows touches that sign," he said sternly, "I'll wipe his face in a bean-patch."

Until Hinks fully recovered, his very silent partners hoed industriously.

FELLOW PASSENGERS

THE car was crowded, and several persons were standing up. As the car rounded a curve, one man lurched over to one side, and knocked his neighbor's hat over his eyes. The man thus accidentally struck, turned around angrily and asked who hit him.

"I did. What are you going to do about it?" answered the other.

"I'd show you what I'd do about it, if I had you out of this car!"

"You would, eh?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Why don't you do it here?"

"I will, if you don't shut up."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you own this car."

"Perhaps I do. I don't take up more than my share of it, though."

"Well, I intend to have all the room I need. I don't mean to give up my personal rights to any man."

"Nobody asked you to. But you needn't push me out of my place."

"Who's pushing you out of your place?"

"You are."

At this point the conductor interfered, and threatened to put the disputants off the car. After a few more hard words, the man who had been the occasion of the dispute got out.

"Each man has made his enemy," thought more than one person in the car.

In a few minutes another passenger came in, and as it was cold near the door, he wedged his way slowly up to the front.

In doing so, he stepped on the foot of the man who had already had his hat jammed over his face.

"Look out! What are you doing there? Can't you step somewhere else?"

"I beg your pardon! Very awkward of me, I'm sure. Hope it didn't hurt you much."

"Well—no—not very very much."

"They don't make these cars big enough for men with big feet like mine and yours, eh?"

"That's so. Ought to put on platform-cars for us."

"Ha! ha! ha! Good! Glad you take it so good-naturedly. Fine frosty evening, isn't it?"

"You're right. Good Christmas weather."

"That's so. Do you celebrate?"

"Why, of course! Do you take me for a pagan?"

"You don't look like one, that's a fact. What's that in your overcoat pocket? A sled?"

"Not quite. A Noah's ark."

"Ah! That flood was a good thing for Noah's descendants, wasn't it?"

"First-rate. But I must get out here. Wish you a Merry Christmas, sir!"

"Same to you, and many of 'em!"

The second man got out two blocks further on, but to us who remained, it seemed as though he had breathed into the chilly air his own warm, hearty spirit. That man made more than one person happier that night.

BILLY

By SILAS K. HOCKING

"I SAY, Billy, what made you so wet?"

Billy looked up with a smile.

"Water," he said quietly.

Barney Cole considered the answer for several moments.

"In course," he replied. "Was it the canal or the river?"

"The river."

"After a kid?"

"Aye."

"Boy or gal?"

"Gal."

"Get her?"

Billy nodded.

"Was she purty?"

"'Spect so. Mos' gals are."

"What'd they give yer?"

Billy's eyes flashed indignantly.

"Give me? D'ye think I does it for money?"

"You desarves money, anyhow. A gal 'ud be worth something. Blowed if I would go into the river and save a kid for nothin'."

Billy shifted his position so as to get more into the eye of the sun. He was seated on the doorstep of a big warehouse.

The water was still running from his shabby clothes in small rivulets.

"You wouldn't go in, anyhow," Billy answered a little contemptuously. "You'd be afraid. Besides, you can't swim."

Barney showed his teeth, and an angry look came into his eyes, but he recovered himself instantly.

"Where did it happen?" he questioned after a pause.

"Landin' stage."

"How long ago?"

"Ten minutes, perhaps more. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Lots o' people there?"

"Crowds."

"An' they didn't give you nothin'?"

Billy flashed on his questioner another indignant look and remained silent.

"You're a fool, Billy Moore—that's wot you are!" Barney sneered. "I'd 'ad a collection out of them if I'd done it!" And turning quickly on his heel he hurried away.

Billy stood up and turned his back to the sun. He was anxious to get as dry as possible before the sun disappeared behind the warehouses. He was glad to be alone and unobserved—glad that Barney had taken his departure. He disliked Barney, and kept out of his way as much as possible. Barney was a boaster and a coward; and worse than that, from Billy's point of view, one never knew when he was speaking the truth.

Meanwhile, Barney was making his way to the landing stage as rapidly as possible. He had conceived a brilliant idea, and was anxious to turn it to account with the least possible delay.

At the far end of the landing stage there was still a considerable crowd of people, many of them standing head to head in earnest conversation. Barney sidled up to the nearest group and listened.

"It was the pluckiest thing I ever saw," a man was saying. "The boy darted past like a flash of lightning, and took a header, and the next moment he had got the little girl tucked up under his left arm and was striking out with his right."

"But how did the little girl fall in?" a woman asked.

"Nobody knows exactly," was the reply. "She was playing about with other children. Her father and mother were sitting on the bench there, not ten yards away. Suddenly there was a shriek. Everybody made a rush, and everybody seemed helpless. I tried to think of something; but, bless you, before we could say 'Jack Robinson,' there he was, keeping the little

girl's head above water and striking out for the landing stage."

"Was the little girl much the worse?" a third person asked.

"She was very sick for awhile. She had evidently swallowed a lot of water. Meanwhile, the boy slipped away."

"Why did he do that?" the woman asked.

"Nobody knows. We would have emptied our pockets for him."

"He didn't want any thanks, I expect," the woman observed.

"The lad didn't look any too well off, and the child's father was most anxious to reward him."

At this point Barney interposed a question.

"Do you know who the little gal's father is?" he asked.

"Yes. His name is Sanders. Keeps a grocer's shop in Mill Street."

"Oh!" And Barney turned away and disappeared. He had got all the information he wanted.

From his point of view Billy Moore was a fool. Here was money waiting for him, and he hadn't sense enough to come forward and receive it. Money was running to waste, and nobody was being benefited. That was wrong—very wrong. Good things ought not to be wasted.

Barney chuckled softly and made his way in the direction of Mill Street. "The grocer man will never know," he reflected. "Silly Billy slipped away so quickly that nobody noticed him. Oh, lor', what a noodle!" And Barney stood still and laughed.

Barney foresaw great things in the near future. Mr. Sanders would not only give him money, but he might help him to an easy job with regular wages. He might even take him into his shop as an assistant. He might even rise in time to be a partner—that is, if he was able to stick it.

By the time he reached Mill Street he had dreams of unlimited cash and a splendidly easy time. His ambition soared to realms that he had never dreamed of before.

He hesitated for several minutes when he reached the shop. It was so much bigger, so much more imposing than he had

expected. The long glass sign with its huge gilt letters impressed him immensely. Then he plucked up his courage and grinned. Five dollars, perhaps ten dollars, would be nothing to a man who owned a shop that size.

"Barney Cole, you are in luck," he said to himself; "and if you keep a stiff upper lip and play your cards well, your fortune is made." And he made his way cautiously to the side door.

He hesitated again before he pressed the bell-push, and then he waited with fast-beating heart.

The door was opened by "no end of a grand lady," in Barney's estimation. She was dressed in black and wore a white apron with flying strings, and had white cuffs on her wrists and a little white cap perched jauntily on her shining hair. Barney almost gasped at sight of her, and for a moment was speechless.

"Well," she questioned, "what do you want?"

"I—I'd like to see the master, please, if I may."

"The master's engaged," she retorted sharply. "I don't suppose it's anything pertic'ler?"

"No, it's nothing much," Barney gasped. "I just called round to ask after the little gal I pulled out of the river."

"Oh, you are the boy, are you?" she said in altered tones. 'The master will be glad to see you. Come this way," and she stood aside for him to enter.

When she had closed the door she led the way upstairs. Barney followed with fast-beating heart. He felt that he was playing a bold and dangerous game, and he was by no means sure of the issue. He devoutly hoped that the "grocer man" would not ask him too many questions. It would be awkward if he were found out. He had been found out more than once in his brief and adventurous life, and with direful consequences.

On the first landing a door was pushed open, and Barney found himself in a large room overlooking the street. He remembered that room for years. It was what he called "splendacious." A thick carpet lay on the floor, wrought in all the colors of the rainbow. A big sideboard stood against the wall

with a "looking glass" set in it that reached to the ceiling. There were gorgeous pictures on the walls in shining gilt frames, and the most wonderful clock on the mantelpiece he had ever seen.

A second impression he received was that of a benevolent-looking man who was looking at him as though he would peer inside his head and read all his thoughts. But the most wonderful impression of all was that of a girl sitting upright in an easy chair, with sky-blue eyes, golden hair falling over her shoulders, and skin like ivory.

"Golly, but ain't she a picter!" was his mental reflection.

"So you are the boy who saved my little girl from drowning, eh?"

Barney pulled himself up with a jerk.

"You are a brave boy, a very brave boy!" John Sanders went on. "I feel proud to know you. I owe you a debt which I shall never be able to repay. I would like to help you if possible; your bravery should carry you far."

Barney was not affected with modesty, so he did not blush.

"Please sit down," John Sanders continued, "and tell me why you ran away."

Barney was beginning to feel more comfortable.

"I was a bit wet," he said huskily, "and went home to get some dry cloas."

"Wet? I should think so. And where did you learn to swim?"

"In the canal."

"And did you ever rescue anyone from drowning before?"

"Heaps! The kids are always tumblin' in."

"Dear me! This must be known. Such bravery should not be allowed to go unrewarded."

"Oh, it ain't nothin'," Barney said nonchalantly.

"Nothing? You are too modest. It is great. It's wonderful."

Barney grinned and showed all his teeth.

"I wish I could swim," John Sanders said meditatively.

"Pity you can't," was the reply. "It's as easy as fallin' downstairs."

"Really. I wonder if you could teach me?"

Barney gasped and looked appealingly at the little girl opposite. She was so pretty that he had great difficulty in keeping his eyes off her.

"You 'ave to begin young," he said after a long pause.

Then followed a long string of questions, none of which Barney found any difficulty in answering. He forgot his rôle of modesty after awhile, and enlarged considerably. He told wonderful stories of his prowess. He waxed so eloquent that he overshot the mark.

John Sanders began to knit his brows; Mrs. Sanders, who had not spoken, exchanged glances with her daughter.

"I am sure you must be hungry," John Sanders said at length. "And while you are having tea in the kitchen, we will consider how suitably to reward you."

As soon as Barney was out of hearing Daisy said:

"Daddy, I'm sure he's not the boy."

"Not the boy, Daisy? But you could not possibly have noticed him."

"No; but I feel it somehow."

"And I feel it also," chimed in Mrs. Sanders.

The grocer looked perplexed. Doubts had been gathering in his own mind. The more Barney had talked, the less he liked him. He did not seem the kind of lad who would do great things. Also, there was a shifty look in his eyes that made John Sanders suspicious.

As soon as Barney returned from the kitchen, where he had done himself exceedingly well, the grocer took him out for a walk, "to talk things over."

They passed along several streets, then entered a large building, passed through a turnstile, and then along a narrow passage.

"Is this a theayter?" Barney questioned.

"Something better than that," was the reply.

The next moment they found themselves on the margin of a large swimming bath. Barney drew back with a gasp.

"Oh, I say," he stammered. "Wot's the meanin' o' this?"

"You are going to teach me to swim," was the reply.

Barney changed color rapidly.

"I'll be blowed if I do!" he gasped.

"You'll be blowed if you don't," Sanders said sternly.

"I suppose you call this a bloomin' trick?" he asked defiantly.

"You can call it a lesson if you like."

"Not if I know it!" And he ran swiftly along the edge of the bath. Then he turned suddenly round, lowered his head, and charged.

The consequences might have been serious to John Sanders if he had not been on his guard. Fortunately, Barney's head missed his stomach by a couple of inches. His toes, however, did not miss his outstretched foot. There was a piercing yell and Barney plunged head foremost into six feet of water.

The exhibition of swimming that followed was something unique. Barney made frantic efforts to keep afloat, but without success. He yelled and spouted water and disappeared, came to the surface again, shook his fist at John Sanders, snorted and spluttered and disappeared a second time.

Finally he was hauled ashore by the attendants, and sat for some time on the edge of the bath feeling violently sick and painfully limp.

John Sanders stood over him with a smile on his benevolent face.

"Now, my lad, you've got to tell the truth, and the whole truth," he said at length.

Barney spat viciously and remained silent.

"If you don't," Sanders went on, "in you go again."

Barney looked appealingly at the attendants, to whom Sanders had explained matters.

"You'll be left to drown next time," one of them said.

Barney shuddered and tried to wriggle himself away.

"You may as well tell the truth first as last," Sanders said firmly, but kindly.

"Wot'll you gimme if I do?" Barney blurted out sulkily.

"I don't know. But I know this. You'll have to give us another exhibition of swimming if you don't."

Barney shuddered, and then told the whole story from

first to last. He had discovered that lying and deceit did not pay, and after that he turned over a new leaf.

. . . . .

That evening John Sanders found Billy Moore in his humble lodgings and took him home with him to supper. One look into Billy's honest eyes revealed to him the quality of the lad. Daisy, who had gone to bed, was allowed to get up again and come downstairs to thank him, which she did very prettily and with many blushes.

All this happened many years ago. Billy is now partner in the firm of John Sanders and Co., and Daisy is the light of his eyes.

THE SAND FAIRY

By CARMEL HADEN GUEST

MARIE lay very still upon her bed in the hospital ward. She had never slept between sheets before, and she loved to run her fingers up and down the soft, glossy surface. In her home, a little cottage by the River Yser in Flanders, she had shared a mattress on the floor with Irma and Jean. They were both bigger than Marie, and kicked and pushed in their sleep, so that she often awoke and found herself on the floor. One night she was allowed to share her mother's bed because she was feeling so hot and queer. It was a great treat. Baby Pierre slept at the foot; he was soft and round, like a warm dumpling, and Marie could just touch him with her toes. Poor Marie was too feverish to go to sleep. The Boches were shelling the neighborhood, and she heard the bangs and crashes all night long.

"They are making windows in the houses," Marie whispered, groping for her mother's hand.

A day or two afterward Marie had found herself in a ward in the hospital; she looked about her and saw a row of beds opposite with beautiful counterpanes the color of the Canterbury bells in her garden at home.

"How did I get here?" she asked a nun.

"A motor ambulance brought you. It isn't far from your home."

"I can't remember the drive," Marie cried disappointedly. "Where is Maman?"

"In a bed the other end of the ward."

"But why have we come?"

"Because you have typhoid."

"I'm so glad I'm here. I feel much better. How is Maman?"

"She is still very ill."

Marie's face puckered. "Maman will get well?" she whispered fearfully.

"We'll pray for her," the nun answered.

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Marie had never been happier than she was in the hospital. There was always something going on. The greatest fun were the cold-water packs. It was so amusing to watch the patients being rolled in cold, wet sheets; some made such queer grimaces, and others struggled. Felicity, the idiot girl, fought like a tiger at first, and then roared with laughter as though she were being tickled with a feather.

Twice a week visitors came, and the convalescents had chocolate to drink. Marie watched Germaine dip her bread into the cup, and it made her feel terribly empty inside.

"Why can't I have chocolate?" she asked the nurse.

"Because you are not well enough yet."

Marie burst into tears. "I'm so hungry," she cried.

"You're lucky to have pap so soon," said the nurse. "Your poor mother can only take milk."

Marie dried her eyes and left off grumbling.

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One day the English nurse entered the ward with a little pile of garments under her arm. They were for little Germaine in the bed opposite. Marie sat up and watched her being dressed. Everything was new. Marie held her breath with wonder.

A little chemise with lace round the neck, embroidered knickers and a glorious pink petticoat—so bright and gay it reminded Marie of the blotting-paper she had seen at school; and a dress, butcher-blue, with a little pocket bag attached to the belt. Marie lay back limp with admiration.

"It would be worth while being ill a hundred times to be dressed so beautifully," she told the nurse. "Who brought Germaine those beautiful things?"

The English nurse laughed. "The Sand Fairy who lives in the Sand Dunes just outside the hospital."

"Where does he get them from?"

"From England. He flies over and carries them on his back."

"Do you think the Sand Fairy will ever bring any more?" Marie asked timidly.

"If he visits you in the night you should ask him to," the nurse whispered.

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Marie heard a flutter of wings and opened her eyes. All the patients were asleep in the ward and the night nurse was nodding over a book. Marie sat up in bed.

"Le mot?" she asked, like the sentries ask the password on the road.

"The Sand Fairy," was the reply.

Marie trembled with excitement. "Let me see you," she pleaded.

"Wait a minute," a voice answered. "I will turn on a moonbeam." A ray of milky light shone through the window on to the Sand Fairy. He was dancing madly hither and thither, twirling and whirling, and as he moved the shining sand fell out of his hair and wings, and he was smothered in a golden dust.

Marie stretched out her arms.

"Stop, stop! Let me look at you; let me see your face," she cried.

But the Sand Fairy only danced more wildly than before, up and down the ward, turning somersaults and catherine wheels, jumping over the beds and through the screens—tearing, tossing, tumbling, a tiny, teasing terror. And all the while he sang in a high-pitched voice:

"Nice little lady, little demoiselle,
Is there any thing that you'd love well?
A pearl or a flower, a squirrel or a cake—
I'll fly and fetch it, for your sweet eyes' sake."

Marie clapped her hands.

"Fairy, dear Sand Fairy," she prayed, "send me a pink petticoat—pink as the sunset, pink as Baby Pierrie's pink cheeks."

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Next morning Marie was wakened by the sound of moaning. She listened. Somebody was in pain—it was her mother. Marie pressed her face into her pillow.

"Maman, Maman," she sobbed, "get well, for I love you best in all the world. If you die I shall never be happy again."

Suddenly she remembered the Sand Fairy and her wish. She had wished for a pink petticoat when she might have asked the Sand Fairy to make her mother well.

"Come, Marie," said the English nurse, "look what the Sand Fairy has sent you."

Yes, there was the pink petticoat, pink as Baby Pierrie's pink cheeks.

Marie hardly glanced at it. The nurse laid it on the foot of her bed; she hoped it would cheer her. But Marie cried softly to herself. She waited impatiently, impatiently for the night. At last it came. There was a screen round her mother's bed, and nurse was hidden behind it. Marie sat up.

"Sand Fairy, Sand Fairy," she called under her breath. But no answer came.

She slipped out of bed and picked up the pink petticoat that had fallen on the floor. Softly she tiptoed down the ward, helping herself along by the iron bedsteads. Gently, very gently, she pushed open the door. It was beautiful in the soft night air, and the moon rays shone in snowy flecks on the restless sea. There before her was the Sand Fairy hill, gleaming white and sugary. Marie ran toward it, her little feet sinking in the sand. It seemed so near; as though

she could touch it with her outstretched hand; and yet she could not reach it. She flung the petticoat from her.

"Sand Fairy, Sand Fairy," she cried, "take back your gift. I have only one wish in the world—make my mother well."

Exhausted and frightened, she sank down deeper and deeper into the sand.

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For many days Marie tossed feverishly in her bed. She was too ill to take any interest in what went on.

But the anxious time passed and Marie recovered. She overheard people telling the story of how a soldier had found her in the sand one night and carried her back to the hospital. Marie smiled to herself. She knew better. It was the Sand Fairy.

For the first person she had seen when she opened her eyes was dear Maman, smiling and well, and in her hand she held a little pink petticoat.

A SECOND TRIAL

By SARAH WINTER KELLOGG

IT was commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied, "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in inno-

cent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not —they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight, "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those big words rolling out of the smiling childish mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted

to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer

together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child, the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

OH SAY! DOES IT WAVE?

By HAPGOOD MOORE

"OH say! does dat star-span-gull ban-ner yet wave—?"

"Kid, gimme that flag."

The shrill song ceased, and the small warrior suddenly found himself face to face with the enemy.

All that hot morning little Ralph Spencer had laboriously been digging a fort out of his sand pile. With water brought in an old tomato can from a distant pool he had moistened and moulded the earth. He had strengthened it with stones, taken from a still more distant pile. At length he had sunk deep his precious flag-pole, driven in stakes to steady it, and flung out his bright new banner to the breeze, the banner that his soldier-uncle had given him the night he went away to France.

And now here was invasion of the home soil. A swarm of wharf-rats were peering through the broken fence, and the leader of the gang was already astride of his fortification.

"Gimme that flag."

There was but one thing to do. The small patriot promptly drove his head into the enemy's stomach and flung him backward over the fence. He drew the sacred emblem from the rampart, seized it to his breast and started a manful retreat toward the house.

Of course the engagement that followed was brief. The astonished Hun picked himself out of the mud, caught up with the young soldier with a bound, stunned him with two blows on either side of the head, grabbed the flag, and joined his companions, dragging his booty behind him. Ralph stood mute, trying to choke down his sobs, stretched his empty hands in mute entreaty, then turned toward every true soldier's refuge, a woman's breast.

It happened that Miss Chandler of the Associated Chari-

ties was passing, and saw the whole event. The following morning the whole squad of wharf-rats found themselves in the chambers of the juvenile judge. The room was not unfamiliar to them. But they were surprised to note the unusual seriousness upon the judicial countenance. This was no ordinary case of pilfering coal from freight cars. The judge read them the statute in reference to "Desecration of the flag." They did not apprehend much of the legal phraseology, but when he read the penalty the second time they all sat up and took notice.

"Now, boys," finally said the judge firmly, "I realize that you did not understand what you were doing. But you are young Americans, and your country is at war. Our flag should be precious to you, even when it is unfurled only by a little child. Every morning for a week you will go over to Ralph Spencer's lot and march past his fort and salute the flag. Report to me next week Tuesday."

Next morning's sun rose on a glorious sight. Seven dishevelled lads bearing broom-sticks filed singly, with some attempt at military order, by a little boy who stood on a low rampart beside a bonny bright flag, singing at the top of his voice: "And ye star-span-gull ban-ner in triumph shall wave," clear to the end of the grand old song.

THE FOUR-DOLLAR SERVANT

A Russian Folk Story

A RICH man, whose name was Mr. Seidman, employed many servants. He treated them all kindly, and they were fond of him and often told him their troubles and asked his advice. Among these servants were two men, named John and Joseph. John was paid four dollars a week as wages, and Joseph ten dollars a week.

The two men often saw each other at their tasks. John's work was nearly always hard. He had to move heavy furniture about, and carry large boxes and packages up and down stairs. Joseph's work was much easier. He ran errands for his master, worked for him among his books, and wrote letters for him.

John often wondered why Joseph received so large a wage for light work, while he himself worked much harder for less money. He determined to ask Mr. Seidman the reason. He knew that his master was his friend and would be willing to answer his questions.

"There is something that puzzles me," he said to Mr. Seidman one day. "I wish you would explain it to me." And he told him his trouble.

Mr. Seidman listened, and then answered, "Yes, I will explain to you the reason for the difference between your wages and Joseph's. But first, do you see that loaded wagon that has stopped in the street? Ask the driver, please, what he has in his load."

John went out to the street and returned at once, saying that the wagon was loaded with wheat.

"Where is the wheat going?" asked Mr. Seidman.

Again John went out to the wagon.

"The wheat is to be delivered in Brod," he reported.

"And from where does it come?" Mr. Seidman asked.

Once more John was obliged to go out to the street and speak to the driver of the wagon.

Then Mr. Seidman wished to know how much grain there was in the load.

As soon as John had learned this, his master asked what the price was per bushel. Again John ran out to the wagon.

Altogether he made five trips in order to answer his master's questions.

Then Mr. Seidman sent for Joseph, who was busy at his work in another room.

"Joseph," he said, "run out to that driver and ask him what he has in his wagon. I want to know."

Joseph quickly ran out to the street; and it was not very long—in fact only as long as it took John to ask his first question—before he came back.

"Well?" asked his master.

"The driver comes from the town of Sinyava," answered Joseph, "but his load of wheat comes from Svod, and he says he is taking it to Brod. Since early morning he has been on the road, but expects to get to Brod before night. He has more than one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat in the load, and it is worth seventy-five cents a bushel. He tells me that the wheat crop has been large this year, and that we may expect a fall in the price before long. Is that all, Mr. Seidman?"

"Yes, that is all, Joseph. Now, John," said Mr. Seidman, "do you understand why Joseph is worth a larger wage than you are?"

John nodded. "Yes," he replied, "he thinks while he works."

BOUM-BOUM—A TALE*

By JULES CLARETIE

(Translated by Edward Tuckerman Mason)

THE child, deathly pale, was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown big from the fever, gazed fixedly in front of him, with that strange look of those who seem to see things invisible to others.

At the head of the bed the mother, biting her fingers to keep from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease upon the thin face of the poor little creature. The father, a good workman, forced back into his red eyes the tears which burned his eyelids.

The sun rose, clear and sweet, on a beautiful June morning, and the early light filled the room where little François, the child of Jacques and Marie Legrand, lay. He was seven years old, and only three weeks ago he had been fair and rosy, gay as a sparrow. But a fever had attacked him. One evening he came home from school with an aching head and hands as hot as fire.

That night the child had not been delirious, but for two days past he had made the doctor very anxious by a sort of strange prostration, which seemed like a giving-up of everything, as if, at seven years old, the sick child had already grown weary of life. He was tired, silent, sorrowful, turning his head upon the pillow, not wanting to take anything, without a smile upon his poor shriveled lips, and his haggard eyes still searching, seeing one knew not what, very far off. When they wanted him to take his medicine or some soup he utterly refused.

"Do you want something, François?"

"No, I want nothing!"

*By special permission of *Current Opinion*.

The doctor said: "He must be roused out of this state. His torpor alarms me. You are his father and mother, and you know your own child perfectly. You must find something to bring back the life to this little body." And he left them.

They must find something! Yes, surely the good people knew all about their little François. They knew how he enjoyed plundering the hedges on Sunday, and coming back to Paris loaded with hawthorn blossoms, and seated upon his father's shoulders. They knew how he loved to go to see Punch and Judy.

Jacques Legrand had bought paper toys for the little one, gilded soldiers, queer Chinese figures. Now he cut them out, put them on the child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and tried to make him laugh, though his own heart was full of grief.

"See, François! That is a broken bridge, and there is a general! Don't you remember? You saw a general one day in the park. If you take your medicine I'll buy you a bigger one, with a cloth uniform and gold epaulets. Tell me, do you want the general?"

"No!" the child answered, in his dull, feverish voice.

"Do you want a pistol, some marbles, a crossbow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to all that they said to him, to all their offers of balloons and jumping-jacks, there came the same monotonous answer, "No, no, no!" while the unhappy parents looked at each other despairingly.

"But what do you really want, my little François?" his mother asked. "Let us see, there surely must be something which you would like to have. Tell me, tell your own mamma!"

She laid her cheek upon the sick boy's pillow, and whispered this into his ear as though it were a secret.

Then the child, in a strange tone, sitting up in bed, and stretching out his eager hand toward something invisible, answered all at once in a voice which was earnest, beseeching, imperative:

"I want Boum-boum!"

"Boum-boum!"

Poor Marie turned her frightened face toward her husband. What was the little boy saying? Was this an attack of delirium?

"Boum-boum!"

She did not know what he meant, and she was frightened by these strange words which the child kept repeating, as if, not having dared until then to give any expression to his dream, he clung to it with an obstinacy nothing could change.

"Yes, Boum-boum! Boum-boum! I want Boum-boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand, and said, "Oh, Jacques, what does he mean? He has lost his mind!"

But the father's rough face had an expression which was almost happy, although bewildered; the smile of a condemned man who has caught a glimpse of the possibility of freedom.

"Boum-boum!" How well he remembered the Easter Monday when he had taken François to the matinée at the circus. He still seemed to hear the boy's shouts of delight, his bursts of laughter when the clown, all covered with gold spangles, and wearing a glittering butterfly on the back of his costume, frisked across the ring, tripped up a rider, stood upon his head in the sand, or threw the felt hats high up in the air, skilfully catching them on his head, where they formed a pyramid. And at every trick, at every joke, his broad mouth uttered the same cry, like a merry refrain, repeated the same word:

"Boum-boum!"

"And whenever he appeared the whole audience cried "Bravo!" and the little boy laughed joyfully. It was this Boum-boum, the great clown, whom François wanted to see, and whom he could not see, because he lay there, without any strength, on his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a jointed clown, covered with spangles, which he had bought, very dearly, at a toy shop. It had cost him his wages for several days' work. But he would have given much more to bring back a smile to those pale lips.

The child looked for a moment at the toy glittering on the white sheets, then said sadly:

"This is not Boum-boum! I want to see Boum-boum!"

Ah, if Jacques could only have wrapped him up in the bedclothes, carried him off to the circus, and said to him, "See, there he is!"

Jacques did better than that. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with legs trembling from anxiety, he went up the steps which led to the artist's apartment. What he was doing seemed very rash; yet after all, the actors often went to the houses of rich people to sing or to recite monologues. Perhaps the clown would be willing to come to say "Good-day" to François. And then he wondered how Boum-boum would receive him.

But this was not Boum-boum! It was M. Moreno, a charming man who greeted Jacques in his beautiful home, full of rare books and choice paintings. Jacques looked at him, not able to recognize the clown, and stood helplessly twirling his felt hat between his fingers, while the other man patiently waited. Then the father made his excuses. He had come to ask a most astonishing thing. It was all about the poor little one. A pretty little boy, and so intelligent! Always at the head of his classes at school—except at arithmetic, which he could not understand. A dreamer, yes, a dreamer; and the proof of it is that he wants to see you, that he thinks of no one but you, and that you are before him, like a star which he longs to have, and at which he is always gazing.

When he had finished, Jacques was pale, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. He dared not look at the clown, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the workman. What would Boum-Boum say? Would he send him off roughly, would he take him for a crazy man?

"Where do you live?" Boum-boum asked.

"Oh, quite near!"

"All right," said the clown. "Does your boy want to see Boum-boum? He shall see him!"

When the door opened, Jacques Legrand called joyfully to his son:

"François, be happy, my boy! Here is Boum-boum!"

A gleam of joy lighted the child's face. He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head toward the two men who were coming to his bedside. He looked earnestly for a moment at the gentleman in the frock coat, smiling so gayly at him, and whom he did not know. But when they told him that this was Boum-boum, he slowly and sadly let his head fall back upon the pillow, and his eyes became fixed again, his beautiful, large blue eyes which looked beyond the walls of the little room, still searching, searching so anxiously for Boum-boum's make-up, his tinsel, spangles, and butterflies, even as a lover pursues his dream.

"No," the child said, and his voice was no longer dull, but sorrowful, "no, this is not Boum-boum!"

The clown, standing near the little bed, gazed upon the boy's face with an earnest look, very serious and infinitely tender. He shook his head, glanced at the anxious parents, and said, with a smile:

"He is quite right! This is not Boum-boum!"

And he went away.

"I shall never see him! I shall never see Boum-boum again!" said the child.

All at once—it was not half an hour since the clown had gone—the door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the real Boum-boum, in his black spangled tights, with the little yellow tuft on his head, the golden butterflies upon his breast and his back, and a broad smile like a slot in a monkey-box, spreading across his jolly powdered face. Yes, it was the real Boum-boum of the circus, little François's Boum-boum!

The joy of life shone in the child's laughing, weeping, happy eyes. He clapped his thin hands, and cried "Bravo!" and exclaimed, with all his old gayety:

"That is he! That is he this time! There is Boum-boum! Good-day, Boum-boum!"

When the doctor came back that day he found, seated on the foot of little François's bed, a white-faced clown, who was making the boy laugh and laugh again, and who said, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a cup of herb tea:

"You know, if you don't drink this, François, Boum-boum won't come back any more!"

And the child drank.

"Isn't it good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown, "don't be jealous! But it really seems to me that my grimaces have done him as much good as your prescriptions!"

The father and mother were weeping, but this time it was from joy.

And until little François was on his legs again, every day a carriage stopped before the workman's door, and a man got out of it, wrapped in a cloak, with the collar turned up, and underneath it he wore the circus costume, and his merry face was powdered.

"What do I owe you, Monsieur?" said Jacques Legrand to the great clown, when the child went out of doors for the first time.

The clown stretched out his big hands to the parents, like a gentle Hercules, and said:

"Only the clasp of your hands!"

Then kissing the rosy cheeks of the child, he added laughingly:

"And you must permit me to put upon my visiting cards:

BOUM-BOUM

ACROBATIC DOCTOR

Physician-in-ordinary to Little François

A WIRELESS FROM SOMBRERO*

By ROBERT A. MORTON

BEFORE the wireless telegraph station was built on Osborne's Key, Donald's motor-boat, the *Mesquit,* was the only connecting link with the mainland fourteen miles to the northeast. Every summer Donald left the school at Tampa and spent his vacation on the island with his father, whose health made it necessary to seek for several months each year the mild breezes that blow along the Florida coast.

When the government proposed erecting a wireless plant to report the shipping in the southern passage, Mr. Osborne offered a site on the key, and about the middle of June, when the *Mesquit* brought Donald from the mainland, two steel towers holding up a network of wires reached high over the bungalow and the new operating building.

When, a few days later, the batteries were installed, Donald stood beside the instruments and saw the streak of fire that roared across the spark gap as the first message was flashed to Key West. A moment later the operator pressed the receiving telephones to his ears and copied down the response:

"Greetings from Key West. Get you strong. Good luck."

All day Davis sent out the weather-reports, received messages from vessels, and relayed them to other stations along the coast. That night Donald asked dozens of questions about the new station.

"It isn't very hard to learn to operate," Davis said, "and perhaps you can pick it up in a few weeks. First you must study and learn by heart the dots and dashes of the continental telegraph code."

Donald found it easy to memorize the code characters. He spent many hours in the operating-room learning them and

*Used by permission of *The Youth's Companion.*

familiarizing himself with the call letters of the different stations. Davis sometimes placed the telephones over his ears and taught him to recognize the soft, faint "burr-r-r" of the ship stations, as well as the loud, harsh sound of the more powerful "K-W" station at Key West.

For weeks the weather remained calm and clear. It was almost the end of August when the news of the first tropical storm of the season reached Osborne's Key. Wireless despatches had located the center of the trouble off Barbados, moving rapidly northwest, and every steamer equipped with wireless received storm warnings from the coastal stations.

Until the third day after the first reports arrived, the water along the Florida coast lay as placid as a lake. On the morning of the third day the barometer fell rapidly, the sky became overcast, and a fitful wind, with frequent rain-squalls, came from the east. By noon a stiff breeze began to pile the surf on Osborne's Key.

"It seems to be coming our way," said Mr. Osborne, at luncheon, "although the center may shift and place us outside of the trouble. If you can take an hour off, Davis, we'll run over to Sombrero before high water and get a load of weed to bank round the station. We can start at two o'clock, when Key West relieves you for the afternoon."

Donald watched the *Mesquit* bounce over the choppy water on the four-mile run to Sombrero, a speck of rock barely visible on the west. Then he returned to the house and sorted over the curiosities that were to be carried back to Tampa in a few days—shells, sponges, and strings of sharks' teeth. When this had been done, he settled in a cozy corner and looked over the old schoolbooks that had been neglected since Spring. The air was warm and sultry, and the sound of the wind and water made him feel drowsy. He was soon fast asleep.

Not for hours did the loud hum of the wires above the station and the rattle of the windows waken him. He found himself alone and in darkness, while outside a gale was tearing the water into foam and spray.

By the light of a match he saw that it was seven o'clock.

He hurriedly pushed open the door and made his way toward the inlet, holding himself back against the wind. The anchorage was vacant, and here and there the water boiled over the protecting ledges and sent clouds of spray into the air.

As Donald looked out over the surging masses of water, a vague feeling of alarm gave way to a rush of fear. He turned again to the south and stumbled through the darkness, fighting his way against the almost unyielding wall of air.

Many things could have happened since the *Mesquit* had left. Often the engine had stopped for unaccountable reasons. Donald remembered a five-mile row on one of these occasions. If this had happened to-day, two pairs of oars would have been of little use against the wind and tide.

Or she might, when the tide was rising, have been stranded and injured on the rocks that lay concealed about Sombrero.

Donald knew that if his father and Davis were left on Sombrero they were in grave danger; the tide would cover the reef with two feet of water before midnight, and no living being could hope to stand up against the rollers that would sweep over the sunken ledge.

With all the pictures that passed through his mind, as he made his way toward the cliffs on the point, this one thought remained. He pushed hurriedly along the narrow trail and gained the top.

Nothing but an impenetrable blackness greeted him. The gale forced him to his knees, and an occasional drop of rain struck his face and stung him sharply.

Suddenly, far to the northwest, so faint that Donald strained his eyes to keep it in view, a tiny, wavering glow appeared to come out of the darkness. For almost a minute he held his breath and watched. Once he thought he saw it move, but the distance was too great at his position for him to be certain. Then he turned, found the path, and raced toward the bungalow.

It was the work of a moment to light a lantern and go again into the wind. This time he turned in another direction. He passed the inlet, reached the station, and found himself at the foot of one of the great steel towers.

The aërial of the wireless station had been built to withstand the wind pressure that comes with tropical storms. The two towers that supported the maze of wires rested on square bases twenty feet on a side, the four corner girders converging as they neared the top ninety feet above.

The corner supports were joined and braced by strips of steel five inches wide running zigzag fashion from the base to the top at angles of twenty degrees from the side pieces, and crossing in the center. The strips thus made a kind of ladder, with sloping steps two feet apart. Choosing a corner that placed his back to the wind, Donald hung the lantern over his shoulder, grasped the girder with both hands, and began to climb.

At first every step threatened to be his last, for the strips made treacherous supports, and he did not dare to place his full weight on his feet. His arms had to do a good part of the work. As he alternately pulled and pushed himself up and up, every muscle in his body was strained by the unusual exercise.

The lantern was greatly in the way. Only the wire netting about the glass chimney saved it from smashing to pieces against the ironwork. Judging from the distance between the corner girders, his progress was snail-like. He tried not to look down, but once he forgot his resolution, and a faint feeling came over him as he caught a glimpse of the ring of white that marked the limits of the key.

Not until he felt himself growing weak did he stop the ascent. The deadened sound of the surf and the increased vibration of the tower told him that he must be very nearly at the top. Throwing his leg over a strip, he seated himself on the bar and braced his feet against the parallel support below. Then with his left arm hugging the main girder, he grasped the lantern with his free hand, leaned slightly out to clear the framework, and swung the light slowly to and fro.

The lantern was almost torn from his hand. It required all the strength left in his arm to make the backward swing; but he clenched his fingers tightly until perhaps a dozen circles

had been completed before he placed the lantern beneath his jacket and looked seaward.

Directly before him a light—the same he had seen from the cliff—swung rapidly from side to side, and then round and round in quick circles.

Donald gripped his support and watched breathlessly. The swinging ceased and the light faded for an instant, but only to appear again, and again disappear at short intervals, as if some one was passing a dark object before it. He noticed that some of the intervals were longer than others, and there seemed to be two sets of flashes, one set short and quick and the other much longer. About twenty long were followed by the same number of short, and then came a combination of the two repeated over and over again.

"Long-short-long-short; long-short-long-short."

For a moment Donald struggled to seize hold of an idea that came up on the far edge of his consciousness and hung there, trembling in the balance.

"Long-short-long-short — dash-dot-dash-dot" — the letter "C" in the characters of the wireless code. It came to him as quick as the flash of the distant light.

"Dot-dash; dot-dash; dot-dash"—the letter "A."

"Dot-dash-dot-dot"—"L." Then another "L."

"Call," Donald murmured, as the letters were slowly repeated. It was hard to take the signals this way because he had always written the letters down on paper. His sense of hearing had been trained to distinguish between the characters, while now his eyes were doing it alone.

"Dash-dot-dash" stood for "K," and "dot-dash-dash" for "W." Again the light flashed "K-W, K-W," and disappeared.

"Call Key West."

Almost before the last flash Donald was slipping and sliding down the side of the tower. Twice he nearly lost his footing on the wet bars, and hung on by main strength. The rough iron scraped and bruised his hands, and every joint seemed pulled apart. But of this he was hardly conscious.

Fourteen miles away was the Key West life-saving station, where the great motor-boat stood upon the ways ready to

slip into the sea at a moment's notice. No other craft on the coast could make the distance to Sombrero ahead of the tide. He must get a message to Key West as Davis had ordered, and notify the authorities.

After an endless time his feet touched ground. Still holding the lantern, he stumbled over the rough surface toward the dim outline of the station.

Donald had spent many hours in the operating-room, watching Davis handle the instruments. But now that he was alone everything appeared to look different and confused, and he almost feared to touch the complicated apparatus.

First he stood on a chair and reached for a copper bar that connected the aërial into the circuit. In vain he pulled and tugged at the rubber handle. The switch refused to move. Luckily a broom stood in the corner, and with this he pried the bar loose and shoved it into the proper position. Two more small levers slipped readily into place.

Apparently everything was ready. Donald climbed on the high stool, placed the telephones over his ears and pressed the key. But the expected flash of the spark and the "stick" of the key did not come.

What could be wrong? Anxiously Donald looked for the trouble. Each instrument seemed to be properly connected and every switch in its right position. Feverishly he ran his hand over the circuits, tightening the screws and testing the connections for poor contacts. Again he pressed the key without result.

At the second failure, he sat down in the chair and tried to master the fear that came over him. If Davis were only here now! He was sure that he had overlooked nothing, yet obviously there was a fault somewhere. He remembered that only that morning the batteries had been freshly charged. But had they been connected with the operating-room?

He seized the lantern and entered the battery-room. There stood the great double switch wide open. In a moment Donald had closed it with a clang and returned to the stool. He felt sick and dizzy as he cautiously reached for the key and gave it a light tap, but the roar of the spark reassured him, and he

gripped the handle tightly, the blue flame answering every touch.

It was already an hour past the time that Davis should have given the signal to retire the Key West station from active duty until midnight, and McAdams was not in an agreeable frame of mind.

"If the wind has taken their aërial, we'll be in for a night of work," he said gloomily. "Every ship afloat seems to be round here in the storm. And they all want weather-reports every five minutes. Last year, when we lost both towers—Hello, what's this?"

He turned to adjust the detector, listened a moment, then threw over his switch to answer the call. "Never knew Davis was a drinking man," he said, laughing. "He's giving us a new variety of continental, and his key is wabbling like the mischief."

But as he listened the smile left his face.

"It's Osborne's boy," he murmured. "Something's wrong."

There was a dead silence as McAdams copied down several incoherent sentences. The letters were confused and the words misspelled, but the sense was plain. McAdams threw off the receivers and reached for the telephone on the wall.

"Hello! hello! Captain Duncan, please, and quick! Captain? This is McAdams at the wireless. Davis and Osborne are in trouble on Sombrero—stranded there since afternoon. They have managed to signal the key, and Osborne's boy just gave me the message. He says the place will be under water in three hours, if not before. Of course you'll send out the motor at once."

A moment later the receiving instruments at Osborne's Key responded to a series of electric waves that spelled out McAdams' slow "O.K. O.K. Coming, coming!" And Donald dropped the receivers, and went to the door just in time to see a pencil of light that traced its way through the western sky. It was the searchlight of the motorboat, and Donald knew that his father would see it and know its meaning.

For an hour he watched the light wander over the water

and show up the glistening whitecaps. As the boat passed to the north, the rays rested for a moment on the towers. Then the light turned to explore the darkness to the northwest, until it finally stopped its motion and rested on a minute pile of rocks almost hidden by the flying spray.

As Donald lay in bed that night his father and Davis told how the little boat had been badly injured in landing at Sombrero, and of their efforts to attract attention through the long afternoon and evening, until the signal from the tower brought the first ray of hope. Donald turned away from the light and closed his eyes. "I wonder what we'll do without the *Mesquit?*" he said, wearily.

GENIUS, EXPERIENCE, AND— SOMETHING ELSE

THREE young men were walking in the country one sunshiny day. As they walked they opened their hearts.

One said: "If you have genius it will take care of you. You need never hesitate before an undertaking, your genius will watch over you. You need never be afraid to plunge ahead, your genius will guard you always. Genius is the capacity for leaping without having to look."

The second one said: "I believe in experience. I don't want genius to protect me and guard me. The only thing that can wither the soul is lack of experience."

The third one said: "I don't know what you fellows are talking about, but here's a fine deep swimming hole—I say we have a swim."

So they all undressed in the warm sun.

The first one, standing on the rim of the basin, said:

"I never learned to swim, but here goes!"

And he raised his hands over his head like a diver and plunged in.

The second one said:

"I never learned to swim either, but I may learn something from this pool. Whatever goes down rises again, anyway—" so he raised his hands over his head and plunged in.

The third one looked rather surprised at their hastiness, for he knew water.

There was no time left to him for wondering. In a moment the quiet pool was in great agitation.

The first diver had sunk and risen again, gurgling and blowing the water from his mouth and clutching the surface of the pond with wild pawing movements.

The second one had sunk and had risen to the surface long

enough to throw up his hands and blubber: "Hel-l-p-l-p-p!" as the water rushed into his mouth before he disappeared.

The third one made a neat dive into the pool and arrived with great precision under the water by the side of the submerged one.

Circling his waist he raised him to the surface and held him there with one arm and then made rapidly for the first one, who was bobbing up and down and only held up by an occasionally correct pawing motion.

This one was also grasped firmly around the waist, and the third one held them both up, while he went on treading water with his feet.

But how was he to get them out of the pool?

The stone edge was at least two and a half feet above the water. He could not lift either of them with one hand, and they seemed helpless in their muscles and overcome by shock.

He thought for a moment and then saw how to manage it.

"Look here, now," he said sharply. "You fellows make an effort to do as I tell you. I'm going to go down to the bottom and stand there. It's not so deep. I'll put my hands on hips and, one at a time, you put your feet on my hip and then on my shoulders and then you'll be able to reach the stone edge and pull yourselves out, see?"

They both nodded obediently. The third one drew a deep breath as they placed their feet on his hips, and then he sank himself slowly to the bottom of the pool and stood there, while the others clambered painfully up onto his shoulders and drew themselves out of the water.

Then the third one rose tranquilly and drew again a deep breath and made a fine spring and landed with a flop like a seal on the warm stone of the parapet.

His companions looked at him mutely.

The third one shook the water vigorously out of his ears.

"What you fellers need," he remarked, "is to learn how to swim."

STORIES OF PLAY AND ATHLETICS

STORIES OF PLAY AND ATHLETICS

THE COMING OF ANGUS OG

CROUCHING behind a clump of bracken (ferns) that overhung the burn (brook) knelt Kenneth. The May morning was yet young, and there was still dew on the bracken and bog-myrtle, and the spider's web that stretched from the lowest branch of a little silver birch to the highest stretch of a tall piece of heather was diamond studded. A damp place for bare legs to kneel on was that bank, but that was of no odds to Kenneth. His ragged kilt was long past having any care taken of it; his jersey was so faded that the most imaginative mind would have found it hard to guess its original color. His thatch of yellow hair hung over his eyes and shaded them from the sun, which had already freckled his face to the hue of a turkey's egg. In his right hand Kenneth held a rod of his own making, and at the end of the rod dangled a worm, not too large, pink and firm, and ideally wriggly. His brow was wrinkled up in desperate anxiety as he strove to get the worm safely over the bracken, clear through a gap in a birch-tree, and gently over the bank into a little current that would swiftly carry it into the dark shadow where a bit of foam bobbed up and down. The chief desire of the worm, apparently, was either to clutch for dear life to the bracken or to try to climb the birch to a place of safety, but Kenneth's patience won the day. He had not known that burn for eight of his twelve years for nothing. Skilfully the bait was coaxed into the current, and disappeared in the water that was of the very same hazel brown as the fisher's eyes. For a few throbbing moments Kenneth waited, and there came that tug that is one of the joys that no fisherman can ever outlive. There was no reel

to reel up. His rod was no ten-foot split cane, but just a good solid stick, so there was nothing to be done but to strike swiftly, surely, and then to yank up the fish from the water—taking thought for the branches up which the worm, though no longer visible, still wanted to climb. All this was successfully done, and Kenneth threw down his rod and laid hold on his take—a good yellow trout of half a pound, silvery and clean and red-spotted. A smile broke over his face as he removed the hook and proceeded to rebait it. This was going to be a lucky day—a half-pounder with the first worm, and it not yet seven o'clock.

And Kenneth was right. Undeterred by the sudden disappearance of a friend, a second trout, a shade smaller than the first, was safely landed. The rippling water a little higher up yielded a game small one, and from the dark pool with a great moss-grown stone in the middle came a bull-necked old fellow of nearly a pound that did his best to make Kenneth join him in the water, rather than join Kenneth on the bank. He had eight good trout strung on a bit of cord, and was carefully tidying a somewhat dilapidated worm when he heard a low laugh behind him.

Kenneth, who was not above a belief in fairies, wheeled sharply round.

Regarding him smilingly there stood a young man who was, as Kenneth always afterward averred, "the bonniest lad he e'er looked upon." He had brown eyes, radiant chestnut hair with golden tips, a fair complexion and a graceful figure, and the most dazzling of happy smiles. His clothes were not like those of the men of those parts, and he looked different from any man Kenneth had ever seen. "I would be thinking he was Angus Og," said Kenneth, long afterward, telling the tale. And by Angus Og he meant the god of youth, the Balder of the Western Isles.

Round-eyed and open-mouthed, Kenneth stared at him.

"You have the good chance, my boy," said Angus Og. "I have watched you this half-hour, and but for the big fish that would have drowned you if he could, you have caught and caught and caught without any trouble."

"Where will you be coming from?" asked Kenneth.

"I will be coming from the other side of the island," said the young man gayly. "You thought I had dropped from the skies, did you not, old fellow?"

"What will you be doing on Scalpa?" asked Kenneth.

"What will I be doing? I will be starving of hunger unless very soon we cook these trouts of yours."

Kenneth was puzzled. "I was for taking them home to my mother," he said. "I cannot give them to you."

"But I will buy them!" cried the young man eagerly. "See! a whole golden guinea for eight little fishes!" He held the shining coin up temptingly, but Kenneth grew red under his freckles. If indeed it was Angus Og, then the god was tempting him. If it was a wandering stranger, then Kenneth knew his manners. "I do not sell food to hungry travelers," he said; "I give it. But first you must ask my mother if you may have the fish. I have promised them to my mother."

The stranger grew serious.

"You are a good lad," he said, "and I think it must be your mother who is taking my friends and me into her house."

"There are no folk staying in our house," said Kenneth. "My father, Donald Campbell, is at Stornoway, and in our house there will be only my mother—she is a MacDonald—and the bairns and me."

"But great things have happened since you went out this morning," said the stranger merrily. "My friends and I were wrecked on the north coast last night, and your good mother has promised us shelter until we can find a ship to take us to Stornoway."

"What she will be going to feed you on I know not," said Kenneth gloomily.

"Really! have you not fish?" said Angus Og. "And I have magic ways of finding food, you shall see, Kenneth."

(Angus Og of a truth, thought Kenneth, overawed.)

"Yes, I asked of your mother, 'What can you give us for breakfast?' 'I have nothing!' she cried, 'only the oatmeal bannocks and the cow's milk.' And as she lamented, a hen in a dark corner began to rejoice, and I looked, and behold in a cask of seeds in the kitchen were two warm white eggs!"

"That would be Spotty, the speckled hen," said Kenneth.

"The very lady!" said Angus Og. "And your kind mother said with joy that I should have them for breakfast; but when I said, 'I thank you, madam, that means but half an egg each for my friends and me, but half an egg is certainly better than no eggs at all,' your mother said, 'Och, but Kenneth will be at the fishing. He will be the great lad for catching the trouts.' So I came to search for Kenneth and his trouts, and to have those trouts fried in oatmeal without any more delay."

With that he clapped Kenneth on the back, and showed his white teeth in so radiant a smile that Kenneth had to smile in return, and step out by the side of the stranger to the little thatched house with its blue curl of peat smoke, close down by the sea-shore.

Two other gentlemen were sitting on the bench outside the cottage, and they sprang to their feet at the sight of Kenneth and his companion.

To them Angus Og spoke in a tongue that Kenneth could not understand, gayly laughing and pointing to the boy and his string of shining trout. Then, his hand on Kenneth's shoulder, he and the boy entered the cottage where Mrs. Campbell was very busily baking oatcakes on the griddle, and where a table was spread with all the best things that usually remained locked in the cupboard from one year's end to the other. The eggs were cooking, too, and there was milk in bowls, and plenty of the salted butter from the big keg, and honey that in that house was looked on as almost as precious as gold. Kenneth was astounded, but his mother was too busy for explanation. Quickly she told him in the Gaelic to clean the fish, and quickly Kenneth obeyed; and the trout, that so short a time before had been swimming in the amber-brown water of the burn, in a trice were gayly frizzling, well clad in oatmeal, in the sputtering butter in the frying-pan. It made Kenneth hungry to smell them, but he was on his way outside when Angus Og met him. "And is the fisherman not to share in his take?" he cried. "Come, come, Kenneth, you must eat with us!"

Kenneth's mother's face was flushed—but that may have

been from stooping over the fire—and she dropped a lower courtesy than Kenneth had known it was possible for her to make.

"You do my son great honor, sir," she said. "He will never forget it."

Then Kenneth was quite sure that the old tales were true, and that Angus Og had come again. For what living man was there who could do honor to a MacDonald of the Isles simply by asking him to sit at meat with him? Was it not an honor for any southern stranger to sit at a MacDonald's board?

Hungry indeed were the shipwrecked foreigners, and they vowed they had never tasted anything more delicious than the trout caught by Kenneth. The table was well cleared when the meal was done, and Angus Og laughed as he regarded it.

"Forsooth!" he said. "What with your cookery, madam, and with the air of this place, I have the appetite of a wolf. Pardon my greed, but what shall we eat for dinner?"

Mrs. Campbell looked confused. "There will just be the oatcakes and the milk," she said, "and perhaps the hens——"

"Ah! the good lady Spotty? But we must not trespass too much on her good nature. Look you, O'Neille, shall we go a-hunting?"

The handsome dark man, the younger of the friends of Angus, smiled and shook his head.

"No venison to be had here," he said, "nor any moorfowl either, I fear; only the tern and the peewits that wail along the shore."

"Plover! plover! that is it," cried Angus Og. And he turned to Kenneth. "Friend Kenneth," he said, "did I not tell you I had magic ways of finding food?"

His friends laughed aloud as they looked at Kenneth's face of wonderment; but the one they called Captain O'Neille sprang to his feet, and saying something in the tongue which Kenneth could not understand, he went out of the door, and in two minutes returned with a pair of the long-barreled, flintlock guns that in those days they called "fewsees."

"Come along, Kenneth," said Angus Og. "You shall soon see my magic."

Along the rocky shore went Angus Og and Kenneth and Captain O'Neille, and the cormorants rose from the reed-covered rocks and screamed harshly, and the terns wailed as they dipped their wings in the waves and flew out to sea. But on the peat bog and the hill behind the cottage they heard other sounds, and with light steps they made their way thither. On the hillside he who was to work magic stood still and began to whistle, and so exactly did he imitate the plover's cry that plovers rose up from the cotton grass and heather in the bog, and flocked toward him.

Three he shot on the wing as they came.

Then Kenneth called out, "Sure it is witchcraft!" And Captain O'Neille said, "Forsooth! I, too, must try!"

So he set himself to whistle, but the plovers would have none of him. "They'd be silly ones that took *you* for a bird," said Kenneth with scorn.

And once more Angus Og whistled, and his whistle was so sad and so sweet, as though a plover with a soul was calling, that Kenneth, to his shame, felt his eyes grow misty. A crowd of birds came to the call, and the maker of magic brought down half a dozen, one after the other, with his fusil.

"I believe there is no other man on earth can shoot like you," said his friend admiringly.

The dinner that Mrs. Campbell cooked that day was as good as the breakfast, and Angus Og said, as they finished it, "My friends go to try to find a boat, Kenneth. Will you take me a-fishing for supper? I see you have a great pole rod leaning against the end of the house. Shall we catch a whale?"

"There are but saithe and codling here," said Kenneth. "But we will sometimes be getting a good cod when we fish from the black rocks round the point."

"Then let us go and get the good cod," said Angus; and when he and his friends had spoken very earnestly together in their strange tongue, he swung off gayly with Kenneth, who carried the big rod over his shoulder.

The magician whistled softly, and it was a tune that Kenneth knew—"*The King shall come to his own again.*" It

seemed almost as if the words were being spoken. That was the King over the Water. Kenneth had heard him spoken of in whispers, and it was for his son that his mother's brothers and many of her clan had gone away to fight, some never to return. If this was Angus Og—well, he was one of the gods in whom some of the islanders still believed, so of course he must know all things.

"Will he come to his own?" he asked suddenly.

"*What* was it you said?" asked the stranger, and he stopped short and gave a sharp look at the boy.

"I asked," said Kenneth, " 'Will the King be coming to his own?' Will Prince Tearlach be my King one day?"

For a moment it seemed as if Angus Og were going to prove himself no god, for "I thought he was going to weep," said Kenneth. Then his whole face lighted up, and with one of the dazzling smiles that won men's hearts he laid his hand very kindly on Kenneth's shoulder. "I think it is you who are the magician," he said. "It is all in the lap of the gods, Kenneth, if you know what that means. But for all that has passed I believe the King will still come to his own, and that, in some far-off day, Prince Tearlach may be a king."

Then in silence he walked on, and his face had grown solemn.

"Who do you think that I am?" he asked at length, and he eyed the boy's face very keenly.

Kenneth grew red and hung his head shamefacedly. "I would be thinking," he said, "that you would be Angus Og."

"Angus Og? But I do not know who he is," said the stranger.

"He will be one of the old gods," said Kenneth, and he grew still redder as he spoke. "He has been asleep—och! he will have been asleep a thousand years! But one day he will wake up again, and there will be no sadness nor any sorrow nor hunger when he has come again."

"And what was he like, this Angus Og?" asked the stranger softly.

"I will be thinking he would be like you," said Kenneth. "He had the sunshine in his hair, and the magic in his voice.

He was young and very beautiful, and always gay and kind and every one will always be loving him."

"You are a fine courtier indeed, Kenneth," said the stranger, but there was a catch in his voice. "Ah, no, alas! I am not Angus Og. I am but a very human man who knows very well the meaning of sadness and of hunger and sorrow."

"Then it was true?" said the boy disappointedly. "You are just a shipwrecked foreigner?"

"Not a foreigner, perhaps," the other replied, "but shipwrecked in the meantime, of a truth."

"Was it a big ship?" asked Kenneth.

"A monstrous big ship," said the other.

"How big?"

The stranger laughed. "Faith! I do not know. The size of my ship? Oh, perhaps fifty tons."

"Fifty *ton!*" said Kenneth with scorn. "And you will be calling that a big ship? Have I not been at sea myself for three months when I was but eleven? and that was but a very small vessel indeed."

The other laughed again. "I had thought mine was a large one," he said, "but I am no sailor. But you shall see I can catch fish even although I am not Angus Og."

And from a rock that jutted out over the water he cast the line with the great fly of hens' feathers, the work of Kenneth, on its hook. And lo! Kenneth nearly fell off the rock with surprise when a cod that had evidently been eagerly awaiting that moment took a jump out of the green sea-water, swallowed the bait, and at once began plunging and thrashing—an angry victim, firmly hooked. The stranger laughed aloud in his joy, and for a few tense minutes a fight went on between him and the "muckle cod." But he was an easy victor, and when the fish was safely landed it was hard to say whether Kenneth or he was the more excited. He handed the rod over to Kenneth, but only a few codlings were caught when the sun went into the west and it was time for them to go home. "We will go round by the hill," said Kenneth, "for it is not so long as by the shore."

And very happily they trudged over the heather, and the

stranger was whistling softly again when Kenneth gave a shout.

"Och! see to her!" he said. "There will be Morag, the white cow! If she will not have gone and got herself bogged once again!"

Sure enough, her legs hidden in the mud, there stood, in the bog round which they were skirting, a white cow, apparently resigned to the inevitable, and patiently chewing the cud.

Kenneth ran toward her, angrily brandishing the rod. "You will be the stupidest cow in all the world, will you not?" he cried with rage. "This will be the third time you will have been bogged in one month. Get out! *Come out of that!*"

But the white cow made no effort.

"I will be wishing to kill that cow," said Kenneth. "Fat she will be, and *stupid*. She will be a German cow, I think."

Gaily did his companion laugh. "But her mistress is a MacDonald, Kenneth," he said. "German or not German, we must save her."

Off came his upper coat, and into the peat bog he stepped, Kenneth after him. The cow was so startled by their sudden and violent joint onslaught that with a great plunge she staggered from one side to the other, then, with the plop of a cork from a bottle, extricated herself, and went staggering uncertainly to firmer ground. Her rescuers followed her with difficulty, and Kenneth looked at his companion with dismay.

"Oh, but the mess you will be in!" he said. "Your breeches and your stockings will be all black mud—worse than the legs of Morag."

His companion looked at the damage rather ruefully.

"Indeed! it is true," he said. "And I have no more. The others all went when I was wrecked. But come, come, Kenneth; we must not grudge the ruin of hose and breeches in the rescue of a lady."

"It was only the stupid cow Morag," said Kenneth. "It is sorry I am that our cow should make you spoil them. My mother can knit you more stockings."

"You are a kind lad," said his friend. "And we have

saved Morag, and have got a big fish, and oh, how good it will be when your mother has cooked it!"

Captain O'Neille and the other had returned when they reached the house; but he who was not Angus Og refused to talk with them until he had stood by Mrs. Campbell and joked with her as she cooked his cod.

It was a merry supper-party, although there was one grave face there—not that of Captain O'Neille, but of the older man, who seemed always serious.

As they finished the meal Kenneth's friend rose and bowed to Mrs. Campbell.

"Not only for your perfect hospitality do I thank you, madam," he said, "but also for your perfect cooking."

Said Captain O'Neille, "You must try to persuade our kind hostess to come and superintend the *chefs* at Versailles!"

"At Versailles! No!" cried the other; "she shall reign at St. James's, Felix, when we come to our own!"

And, with round, wondering eyes, Kenneth saw his mother courtesy deep, and kiss the hand of the magician who was not Angus Og. "Your Royal Highness," she said, "there is no woman on earth so proud as I will be this day."

With a rush, Kenneth's mind had grasped the meaning of that day of wonders. It had been for him a very long day, a very perfect day; and it was late now, and he was very tired. He sprang to his feet, and he cried out, loud and shrill, "Then I will be knowing it now! They will be the same ones! It will be the Prince Tearlach—and he is Angus Og!"

And to his shame, because he was young and very much excited and very tired, he fell a-sobbing, and knelt down as if Prince Charlie was the priest. And, like the priest, the Prince laid his hand very gently on the boy's head.

"I thank you, Kenneth, my friend," he said. "I shall not forget you when I come to my own."

Kenneth's sleep was very sound that night, and when he awoke it was to find his mother bending over him.

"Where is he?" he asked.

And a tear dropped from his mother's eye on to his face when she answered, "Our Prince will be gone at the dawning."

Kenneth turned over on the floor, where he lay on an old blanket, and hid his face in the pillow.

"He left you this, Kenneth," she said.

Very nervously Kenneth looked up. Were it that golden guinea he felt he just could not bear it. But his mother laid beside him a hunting knife, silver inlaid.

"He said it was for his friend," she said. "He said you were a sportsman such as his heart held dear, Kenneth lad; and he said he gave you his thanks for a happy day."

. . . . .

Prince Charlie, as we know, never came to his own. But even now he rules over the hearts of men.

And when Kenneth Campbell would speak of him to his grandchildren, they marveled. "Grandfather is lamenting," they said, "and he says such strange things. He says Angus Og will be coming again to his own one day when the night has set for sorrow and the golden dawn is in the sky."

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME*

By H. IRVING HANCOCK

OUT on Franklin Field thousands and thousands of Americans, from the President of the United States down, waited impatiently for the excitement of the day to begin.

On each side of the field some hundreds of seats were still left vacant. The music of a band now floated out, proclaiming that one set of seats was soon to be filled. Then in through a gate marched the Military Academy band at the head of the corps of cadets. Frantic cheers broke loose on the air, and there was a great fluttering of the black and gray banners carried by the Army's supporters in the audience. Gray and steel-like the superb corps marched across the field, and over to the seats assigned to them.

Barely had the Army band ceased playing when another struck up in the distance. It was now the turn of the fine Naval Academy band to play the brigade of midshipmen on to the field. Again the air was filled with the loyal cheers that greeted the middies. . . .

"All out for practice!" called Wolgast (the middy captain). Team men and subs. bunched, the Navy players trotted on to the field, amid a tempest of wild cheering.

No sooner had Dave Darrin halted for an instant, than he broke into a whirlwind of sprinting speed. Dan Dalzell tried to keep up with him, but found it impossible.

"Good old Darry!" yelled a hoarse voice from one of the grandstands. "That's the way you'll go around the end today!"

Some of the other Navy players were kicking a ball back and forth. The Army team was not yet on the field, but it

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came, a few moments later, and received a tremendous ovation from the solid ranks of its own friends.

This time Darrin barely glanced at any of the Army players. He knew that Prescott and Holmes were not there (two of the best players on the West Point team, who were not permitted to play). Whoever else might be interested, he was not.

Only a very few minutes were allowed for practice. During this exercise the Army and Navy bands played alternately.

Then the referee signaled the bands to stop.

Tr-r-r-rill! sounded the whistle, and Army and Navy captains trotted to the center of the field to watch the toss of the coin. Wolgast won, and awarded the kick-off to the Army.

Then the teams jogged quickly to places, and in an instant all was in readiness.

Over the spectators' seats a hush had fallen. Even the Army and Navy cheer leaders looked nearly as solemn as owls. The musicians of the two bands lounged in their seats and instruments had been laid aside. There would be no more noise until one team or the other had started to do real things.

Quick and sharp came the signal. West Point kicked and the ball was in play.

Navy's quarterback, after a short run, placed himself to seize the arching pigskin out of the air. Then he ran forward protected by the Navy interference.

By a quick pass the ball came into Dave Darrin's hands. Dalzell braced himself as he hit the strong Army line.

It was like butting a stone wall, but Darrin got through, with the aid of effective interference.

Army men bunched and tackled, but Dave struggled on. He did not seem to be exerting much strength, but his elusiveness was wonderful.

Then, after a few yards had been gained, Dave was borne to the earth, the bottom of a struggling mass,—until the referee's whistle ended the scrimmage.

Annapolis players could not help shooting keen glances of satisfaction at each other. The test had been a brief one, but

now they saw that Darrin was in form, and that he could be depended upon to-day, unless severe accident came to cripple him.

Again the ball was put in play, this time going over to Farley and Page on the right end.

Only a yard did Farley succeed in advancing the ball, but that was at least a gain.

Then again came the pigskin to the left flank, and Dave fought it through the enemy's battle line for a distance of eight feet, ere he was forced to earth with it.

By this time the West Point captain was beginning to wonder what ailed his men. The cadet players themselves were worried. If the Navy could play like this through the game, it looked as though Annapolis might wipe out, in one grand and big-scored victory, the memory of many past defeats.

"Brace up, Army!" was the word passed through West Point's eleven.

"Good old Darry!" chuckled Wolgast, and, though he did not like to work Darrin too hard at the outset, it was worth while to shake the Army nerve as much as possible. So Wolgast signaled quarterback to send the ball once more by Midshipman Dave.

Another seven yards was gained by Darrin. The West Point men were gasping, more from chagrin than from actual physical strain. Was it going to prove impossible to stop these mad Navy rushes?

Then Wolgast, as he saw Dave limp slightly, decided, much against his will, upon working Page and Farley a little harder just at present. So back the ball traveled to the right flank.

Even while the line-up was making, however, the Navy cheermaster started a triumphant yell, in which nearly eight hundred midshipmen joined with all their lung power.

Of course, the Army cheermaster came back with a stirring West Point yell, but one spectator, behind the side lines, turned and bawled at the Army cheermaster:

"That's right, young man! Anything on earth to keep up your crowd's courage!"

In the laugh that followed, many a gray-clad cadet joined simply because he could not help himself.

"If we don't break at some point it's all ours to-day," Wolgast was informing the players nearest him. "I've never seen Darry so wildly capable as he is right now. The demon of victory seems to have seized him."

Dave's limp had vanished. He was ready for work—aching for it. Wolgast worked his left flank once more, and the Army was sorely pressed.

"Brace up, Army!" was the word passing again among the West Point men. Douglass, captain of the Army team, was scolding under his breath.

But straight on Darrin and Dalzell worked the ball. It was when Wolgast decided to rest his left that Farley and Page came in for more work. These two midshipmen were excellent football men, but the Army's left was well defended. The Navy lost the ball on downs. But the Army boys were sweating, for the Navy was now within nine yards of their goal line.

The Army fought it back, gaining just half a yard too little in three plays, so the ball came back to the blue and gold ranks of the Navy.

"Brace, Army!" was the word that Cadet Douglass passed. "And look out, on the right, for Darrin and Dalzell!"

There was a feint of sending the ball to Farley, but Darrin had it instead. The entire Army line, however, was alert for this very trick. Playing in sheer desperation, the cadets stopped the midshipmen when but a yard and a half had been gained. With the next play the gain was but half a yard. The third play was blocked, and once more the cadets received the pigskin.

Both Army and Navy cheermasters now refrained from inviting din. Those of the spectators who were for the Army were now silent, straining their vision and holding their breath. It began to look, this year, as though the Navy could do with the Army as it pleased.

Wolgast lined his men up for a fierce onslaught. Darrin

and Dalzell, panting, looked like a pair who would die in their tracks ere allowing the ball to go by them.

In a moment more the Army signal was being called out crisply. The whistle sounded, and both elevens were in instant action.

But the cadets failed to get through. The middies were driving them back. In sheer desperation the cadet with the ball turned and dropped behind the Army goal line—a safety.

All at once the Navy band chopped out a few swift measures of triumphant melody.

The entire brigade of midshipmen cheered under its cheermaster. Thousands of blue and gold Navy banners fluttered through the stands.

That safety had counted two on the score for the Navy.

Given breathing time, the Army now brought the ball out toward midfield, and once more the savage work began. The Navy had gained ten yards, when the timekeeper signaled the end of the first period.

As the players trotted off the Navy was exultant, the Army depressed. Captain Douglass was scowling.

"You fellows will have to brace!" he snapped. "Are you going to let the little middies run over us?"

"I shall have no bad feeling, suh, if you think it well to put a fresh man in my place, suh," replied Cadet Anstey.

"Hang it, I don't want a man in your place!" retorted Douglass angrily. "I want you, and every other man, Anstey, to do each better work than was done in that period. Hang it, fellows, the middies are making sport of us."

Among the Navy players there was not so much talk. All were deeply contented with events so far.

"I've no remarks to make, fellows," Captain Wolgast remarked. "You are all playing real football."

"At any rate Darry and his grinning twin are," chuckled Jetson. "My but you can see the hair rise on the Army right flank when Darry and Danny leap at them!"

In the second period, which started off amid wild yelling from the onlookers, the Army fought hard and fiercely, holding back the Navy somewhat. During the period two of the

cadets were so badly hurt that the surgeons ordered them from the field. Two fresh subs. came into the eleven, and after that the Army seemed endowed with a run of better luck. The second period closed with no change in the score, though at the time of the timekeeper's interference the Navy had the ball within eleven yards of the Army goal line.

"We've got the Navy stopped, now, I think," murmured Douglass to his West Point men. "All we've got to do now is to keep 'em stopped."

"If they don't break our necks, or make us stop from heart failure, suh," replied Cadet Anstey, with a grimace.

"We've got the Army tired enough. We must go after them in the third period," announced Captain Wolgast.

But this did not happen until the third time that the Navy got the pigskin. Then Darrin and Dalzell, warned, began to run the ball down the field. Here a new feint was tried. When the Navy started in motion every Army man was sure that Wolgast was going to try to put through a center charge.

It was but a ruse, however. Darrin had the pigskin, and Dalzell was boosting him through. The entire Navy line charged with the purpose of one man. There came the impact, and then the Army line went down. Darrin was charging, Dalzell and Jetson running over all who got in the way. The half back on that side of the field was dodged. Dalzell and Jetson bore down on the victim at the same instant, and Dave, running to the side like a flash, had the ball over the line.

Wolgast himself made the kick to follow, and the score was now eight to nothing.

The applause that followed was enough to turn wiser heads. When play was resumed the Army was fighting mad. It was now victory or death for the soldier boys. The West Point men were guilty of no fouls. They played squarely and like gentlemen, but they cared nothing for snapping muscles and sinews. Before the mad work, the Navy was borne back. Just before the close of the third period, the Navy was forced to make a safety on its own account.

But Wolgast was satisfied, and the Navy coaches more than pleased.

"There's a fourth period coming," Wolgast told himself. "But for Darry and his splendid interference the Army would get our scalp yet. Darry looks to be all right, and I believe he is. He'll hold out for the fourth."

Eight to two, and the game three-quarters finished! The Army cheermaster did his duty, but did it half dejectedly, the cadets following with rolling volumes of noise intended to mask sinking hearts. When it came the Navy's turn to yell, the midshipmen risked the safety of their windpipes. The Naval Academy Band was playing with unwonted joy.

"Fellows, nothing on earth will save us but a touchdown and a kick," called Douglass desperately, when he got his West Point men aside. "That will tie the score. It's our best chance to-day."

"Unless, suh," gravely observed Anstey, "we can follow that by driving the midshipmen into a safety."

"And we could do even that, if we had Prescott and Holmesy here," thought Douglass, with sinking heart. He was careful not to repeat that sentiment audibly.

"Holmesy ought to be here to-day, and working," growled one of the Army subs. "He's a sneak just to desert on Mr. Prescott's account."

"None of that!" called Doug sharply.

The Army head coach came along, talking quietly but forcefully to the all but discouraged cadets. Then he addressed himself to Douglass, explaining what he thought were next to the weakest points in the Navy line.

"You ought to be able to save the score yet, Mr. Douglass," wound up the coach.

"I wish some one else had the job!" sighed Doug to himself.

"Fellows, the main game that is left," explained Wolgast to the midshipmen, "is to keep West Point from scoring. As to our points, we have enough now—though more will be welcome."

Play began in the fourth period. At first it was nip and tuck, neck and neck. But the Army braced up and put the pigskin within sixteen yards of the Navy's goal line. Then the

men from Annapolis seemed suddenly to wake up. Darrin, who had had little to do in the last few plays, was now sent to the front again. Steadily, even brilliantly, he, Dalzell, and Jetson figured in the limelight plays. Yard after yard was gained, while the Army eleven shivered.

At last it came to the inevitable. The Army was forced to use another safety. Stinging under the sense of defeat, the cadet players put that temporary chance to such good advantage that they gradually got the pigskin over into Naval territory. But there the midshipmen held it until the timekeeper interposed.

The fourth period—and the game—was over. West Point had gone down in a memorable, stinging defeat. The Navy had triumphed, ten to two.

What a crash came from the Naval Academy Band! Yet the Military Academy Band, catching the spirit and the tune, joined in, and both bands blared forth, the musicians making themselves heard faintly through all the tempest of hurras.

Dave Darrin smiled faintly as he hurried away from the field. All his personal interest in football had vanished. He had played his last game of football and was glad that the Navy had won; that was about all.

Yet he was not listless—far from it. On the contrary, Dave fairly ran to dressing quarters, hustled under a shower and then began to towel and dress.

For out in the audience, well he knew, had sat Belle Meade and her mother.

"Darry, you're a wonder!" cried Wolgast. "Every time to-day that we called upon you, you were ready with the push."

But Dave, rushing through his dressing, barely heard this and the other praise that was showered on him.

"I'll get along before assembly time, Davy," whispered Dan Dalzell.

"Come along now," Dave called back.

"Oh, no! I know that you and Belle want some time to yourselves," murmured Dalzell wisely. "I'll get along at the proper time."

Dave didn't delay to argue. He stepped briskly outside,

then into the field, his eyes roving over the thousands of spectators who still lingered. At last a waving little white morsel of a handkerchief rewarded Darrin's search.

"Oh, you did just splendidly to-day!" was Belle's enthusiastic greeting, as Dave stepped up to the young lady and her mother. "I've heard plenty of men say that it was all Darrin's victory."

"Yes, you're the hero of Franklin Field, this year," smiled Mrs. Meade.

"Laura Bentley and her mother didn't come over?" Dave inquired presently.

"No, of course not—after the way that the cadets used Dick Prescott," returned Belle. "Wasn't it shameful of the cadets to treat a man like Dick in that fashion?"

"I have my opinion, of course," Dave replied moodily, "but it's hardly for a midshipman to criticize the cadets for their administration of internal discipline in their own corps. The absence of Prescott and Holmes probably cost the Army the game to-day."

"Not a bit of it!" Belle disputed warmly. "Dave, don't belittle your own superb work in that fashion! The Army would have lost to-day if the West Point eleven had been made up exclusively of Prescotts and Holmeses!"

As Belle spoke thus warmly her gaze wandered, resting, though not by intent, on the face of a young Army officer passing at that moment.

"If the remark was made to me, miss," smiled the Army officer, "I wish to say that I wholly agree with you. The Navy's playing was the most wonderful that I ever saw."

Dave, in the meantime, had saluted, standing at attention until the Army officer had passed.

"There!" cried Belle triumphantly. "You have it from the other side, now—from the enemy."

"Hardly from the enemy," replied Dave, laughing. "Between the United States Army and the United States Navy there can never be a matter of enmity. Annually, in football, the Army and Navy teams are opponents—rivals perhaps—but never enemies."

"PUFF" *

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

TOM BURRILL drew up in the shade at the side of the road, jumped from the car with a wrench in his hand and, lifting the hood, began to inspect the spark plugs.

He was a healthy, well-built, intelligent-looking boy of seventeen, with a lean, sunburned face. Clear gray eyes, a straight nose, a mouth that showed a sense of humor and a chin that indicated determination were his most noticeable features. He was tall for his years and had the look of one who spends much time out of doors.

The automobile deserves quite as full a description as its owner. It was small, low hung and light in weight—more a cycle car than a full-grown runabout—and was painted a bright red, all except the wheels, which were painted black. Its name was "Puff." There was no doubt about the name, for it was conspicuously painted in black on the gasoline tank behind the seat.

Tom's father had proposed calling the car *"E Pluribus Unum,"* since it was decidedly one out of many. Tom had built it himself; he had got the parts at second-hand—here, there, and anywhere. The small, two-cylinder, twelve-horse-power engine that supplied the motive power Tom had picked up for a song at a repair shop in Kingston. The body he had built himself, and the engine hood he had had made at the local stamping works. You would never have suspected that under the two coats of brilliant red paint the hood was nothing more than a fair quality of zinc!

The car was air-cooled and chain-driven, and when Tom drove it over rough roads it rattled like half a dozen dish pans. But for all that it could do its thirty miles an hour, and per-

* Used by special arrangement with the author.

haps better were it permitted to! Tom had spent most of his spare time that spring in building the car; but he had had a great deal of pleasure, to say nothing of his final triumph when he made his first trip through Kingston, to the confusion of the scoffers who had predicted failure!

But Puff had its troubles, just as larger and more expensive cars have theirs, and so far that summer much of its life had been spent in the stable, undergoing repairs. If the truth were told, however, Tom got almost as much pleasure out of Puff in the stable as he did out of Puff on the road, for he was never happier than when he was tinkering with machinery.

This morning he had overhauled the little car with more than ordinary care, for he was to make the run to Bristol and back, a matter of forty-eight miles all told. The trip was in the nature of a supreme test of Puff's endurance. All had gone well until Kingston lay two miles behind. Then Puff had begun to skip and lose power, and Tom had at last been forced to investigate.

The investigation, however, was not very successful; both spark plugs were bright and appeared to be firing perfectly. With a puzzled shake of his head, Tom replaced them and began to survey the wiring. It was at this moment that a sound up the road toward home drew his attention. He had barely time to raise his head and look before a huge touring car raced past him in a cloud of dust.

Yet it did not travel so fast that Tom failed to identify the make. It was a Spalding of the latest model—a big, six-cylinder car painted battleship gray, with bright red wheels. In the big tonneau sat a single passenger, a man in a light gray overcoat and a cloth cap. The chauffeur was in brown livery. All this Tom saw before the car was lost to sight round a bend in the road. It did not, he was sure, belong in Kingston, for there was only one six-cylinder automobile in the town, and that was a Wright. Probably the car belonged in Bristol, for the Spalding factory was in that city. It was doubtless returning from a trip to Kingston, he concluded.

He started his engine again and climbed back to the seat.

Puff started off well, and Tom was congratulating himself on having unwittingly repaired the trouble, when again the engine began to miss fire. It seemed very puzzling. His errand made it necessary for him to reach Bristol before the bank closed at twelve, and so he did not dare to spend too much time on the road. As long as Puff made its twenty miles an hour—and it was doing that and more, as the small speedometer showed—he decided that he would keep on. After he had delivered the envelope that was in his pocket at the bank and thus done his father's errand, he would look for the trouble.

"If I can't find it," he said to himself with a smile, "maybe I'll drop round to the Spalding factory and exchange Puff for one of those 'six-sixties'! Only," he added half aloud as he swung round the turn, "they'll have to give me something to boot!"

The next instant he was staring ahead with interest. Beyond, drawn up at the side of the road, stood the big car. The chauffeur was leaning under the raised hood and the passenger was watching from the car. As Tom approached he slowed Puff down a little. He would have been less than human had he not experienced an instant of mild satisfaction. Puff had cost him something like eighty dollars, whereas the big Spalding, as Tom well knew, was priced at nearly four thousand dollars; and certainly, as far as the quality of "get there" was concerned, the big car was at that moment inferior to the little one.

As Tom approached, he noticed that the man in the gray overcoat looked cross and irritated, and that the chauffeur was worried. It seemed rather ridiculous for him to offer assistance, he reflected, but, nevertheless, he stopped. "I don't suppose I can be of any help, sir?" he inquired.

The man in the car shook his head impatiently, with only a glance toward him; but the chauffeur, casting a quick and wondering look over the small car and wiping his hands upon a bunch of waste, replied sarcastically, "Not unless you've got a spare cylinder."

"What!" cried the man in the car. "Cylinder gone?"

"Piston's broken, sir. Thought maybe it was only the valve

was stuck or something, but I guess it's the piston, all right."

"But jumping cats!" snapped the man in the gray coat. "You can't mend a broken piston rod!"

"No, sir."

"And she won't run?"

"No, sir, not to speak of. She's pushing the charge back into the carburetor. We might limp along about ten miles an hour, Mr. Fletcher, but I shouldn't like to say that we'd not spoil another cylinder."

"But I've got to get back by eleven! Can we get another car round here?"

"There's a garage at Kingston, sir. Maybe——"

"How far back is it?"

"A matter of three miles, I guess."

"About two and a half," Tom corrected.

The passenger looked at his watch and frowned impatiently.

"I suppose it would take half an hour to get it," he said. "It's 10.18 now and my train leaves at 11.4. There's less than an hour, and I've got to get that train to Chicago. Look here!" He swung round toward Tom. "Will that thing you've got there run?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom a little coldly. He did not like to have Puff called a "thing"!

"Will, eh?" snapped the man. "Well, there's fifty dollars in it if you'll get me to Bristol in time for the 11.4 express. Can you do it?"

Tom shook his head. "No, sir. If it's 10.18 now, there's only forty-six minutes and the distance is twenty-two miles. This car can do thirty on good roads, but——"

"Tut! tut! tut! Any car that can can do thirty can do thirty-five if you push it. I tell you I'll give you fifty dollars if you get me there. Isn't that enough?"

"Plenty, thanks," replied Tom quietly. "But I'm not running very well to-day. Something wrong with my plugs, I guess; or maybe it's the wiring. Anyway——"

But Mr. Fletcher was already climbing out of his car. "Dennis!" he said sharply. "Bring some spare spark plugs!"

He was across the road in a second. "Get your plugs out,"

he ordered Tom, "and see if mine will fit. Get a move on, if you want to earn that fifty."

Tom hesitated for an instant. Then he said, "I'll do the best I can, sir."

By the time the chauffeur had found the new plugs Tom had taken the old ones out. Fortunately, the new ones fitted and the chauffeur quickly screwed them in. As Tom connected the wires, Mr. Fletcher issued directions to the chauffeur.

"Get my bag, Dennis. Put it between my feet here. You stay with the car and I'll send out and have you towed home. Put it in the shop and tell Morrison to give you something to use while it's being fixed. Meet the 4.10 to-morrow afternoon. All right, son! Now let's see what you can do." He pulled his watch out again. "You've got forty-four minutes!"

Tom started the engine, sprang to the seat, threw in the clutch, changed to high speed and bounded gayly off. The seat was narrow and low, and Mr. Fletcher, who was of ordinary height and stockily built, filled his half of it to overflowing.

"Most uncomfortable seat I was ever in!" he exclaimed. "What make of a car is this, for goodness' sake?"

"Burrill, two-twelve, Model A," replied Tom gravely, clinging to the wheel as the car swung around the next bend in the road.

"Never heard of it," said the other. "Won't it go any faster than this?"

The hand of the speedometer was hovering back and forth round thirty. Tom drew the throttle down another notch and the hand went to thirty-three. The new spark plugs had evidently done the work, for there was never a skip now. Puff was running as smoothly as a Spalding Six!

"That's better!" grunted the passenger, holding on tight to keep from being jounced out. "If the thing sticks together we may make it. How much do they get for these things?"

"It cost me about eighty dollars," answered Tom, tooting his horn frantically as he saw a wagon ahead.

"Oh, second hand, eh?"

"Most of it, sir. I made it myself."

"Made it yourself!" There was both surprise and admira-

tion in Mr. Fletcher's tone. "Well, you're a mechanic, my boy. I'll apologize for any disparaging remarks I may have made. Sorry if I hurt your feelings."

"That's all right," replied Tom, as he swung almost into the ditch to get round the wagon, the driver of which was fast asleep on the seat. "It isn't much of a car, but it does pretty well. And I haven't broken any pistons yet!"

"Hum!" said Mr. Fletcher. "Well, send her along, son. If she'll keep this up we may make it. By Jove, we've got to make it! I wouldn't miss that appointment in Chicago for a thousand dollars! Let her out another notch. You've got a straight road."

But Tom shook his head. "I'd rather not. We can make it this way if nothing happens."

Mr. Fletcher grunted. The little car was going at its best speed; to Tom, who was clutching the wheel with strained muscles and intently watching the road ahead, it seemed to leap past the fences as if it were alive.

"So you made this yourself?" Mr. Fletcher said presently. Must have been something of a job. I've made a few myself, but——"

There was a sharp *crack!* Mr. Fletcher's side of the car suddenly sank, and he grabbed wildly at Tom in an effort to keep his balance. As Tom set the emergency brake, the car swerved and came to a stop. Tom leaped out and viewed the damage.

"Spring's busted," he reported. "I always thought they were too light."

"Spring, eh? Well, she'll run, won't she?"

"Yes, sir, but it's going to be uncomfortable, because the body's right down on the axle on your side."

"H'm, I guess a little more discomfort won't matter! Let's get on, let's get on!"

They went on, with the speedometer wavering round thirty-three miles an hour. Twice Tom had to slow down: once when the road dipped and turned sharply under a railway bridge, and again when they passed through the little village

of West Adams. At intervals Mr. Fletcher, carefully releasing his hold on the car, took out his watch and reported the time.

"Ten thirty-eight," he said, as they speeded up again beyond West Adams. "How much farther?"

"About twelve miles. We'll do it if——"

"We've got to do it!"

A few minutes later Mr. Fletcher sniffed the air. "She's heating up, isn't she? Got water in your radiator?"

"No, sir; she's air-cooled."

"Smells like it!"

A long hill rose in front, and Tom pulled down his throttle another notch or two. Puff took the hill flying, and Mr. Fletcher grunted in unwilling admiration."

"Lot's of power! What's that?"

A dull pounding noise was coming from under the car.

"Flat tire," said Tom. "We'll have to run on the rim."

"Ten forty-seven!" Mr. Fletcher announced. "Can we do it?"

"If she'll hold together! It's only about six miles, I think."

"When you get this side of town, where the two roads branch at the powder factory, take the right. It is a poor road, but it's a mile shorter and goes straight to the station."

Bumpity-bump! went the body against the axle! *Thumpity-thump!* went the wheel with the flat tire! *Honk! Honk!* went the horn. The little car tore along. Five minutes later the smoke pall above Bristol was in sight. The road grew rougher and wagons began to dispute the way. At the powder factory Tom swung to the right on a road that was rutted by heavy teaming.

"Just fifty-seven!" shouted Mr. Fletcher above the noise. Tom nodded. Ahead of them the city, with its tall chimneys belching smoke, was now in plain sight. Puff jumped and careened, but kept its pace. Three miles more and seven minutes left!

Suddenly an exclamation of dismay from his companion sent Tom's gaze traveling far up the road. A quarter of a mile ahead a drawbridge spanned a river, and approaching it from down stream was a tug-boat. Even as Tom looked little

puffs of gray steam rose from the tug, and an instant later the whistle blasts from it reached him. She was signaling for the draw; the tender already had begun to swing the gates.

"That settles it!" groaned Mr. Fletcher.

Tom calculated the distance, pulled down the throttle, and Puff sprang madly forward.

"Reach past me and blow the horn!" Tom gasped.

Mr. Fletcher obeyed. *Honk! Honk! Honk!* shrieked the little car. The bridge tender had closed one of the two gates on the farther side and was hurrying toward the other. *Honk! Honk! Honk!* Then he heard, paused, looked from car to tug-boat and, raising a hand, warned them back.

But Tom never hesitated. On rushed the car. The bridge was only a hundred feet away now, and Mr. Fletcher, shouting unintelligible words, was working the horn madly. The bridge tender had half closed the second gate, when he changed his mind and hastily swung it open. There was a roar of planks under flying wheels, a swerve, the sound of a rear hub glancing from the end of the closed gate, and they were over. Behind them a wrathful tender shook his fist in the air!

"Three minutes past!" gasped Mr. Fletcher.

But the station was in sight, and beside the platform stood the long express. Still honking wildly, Puff dashed through the slow-moving traffic and pulled up with a jerk at the platform. Waving at the engineer, Mr. Fletcher tumbled out.

"Bag!" he cried.

Tom pushed it across with one foot.

"Thanks! I'll have to send—that fifty. What's—the name?"

"Tom Burrill, sir, but I don't want any money."

"All abo-o-oard!" called the conductor.

"Nonsense! Tom Burrill? Live in Kingston? You'll hear from me—day or two! By!"

Mr. Fletcher rushed away, and was half pushed up the steps of a parlor car as the train moved off. Ten minutes later, at the bank, Tom put a question to the man at the window:

"Is there a Mr. Fletcher who lives here in Bristol, sir?"

"Fletcher? Certainly. Mr. Henry L. Fletcher lives here."

"And—and what does he do, please?"

"Do? Why, makes automobiles, of course! Haven't you ever heard of the Spalding car?"

"Oh!" murmured Tom.

"Made right here in Bristol. A fine car, my boy."

"Not bad," replied Tom carelessly as he turned away. "Weak in the cylinders, though."

Four days later at breakfast Tom received a letter in an envelope that bore the words, "Spalding Automobile Company, Bristol."

The inclosure was brief. He read:

"DEAR SIR.—We are instructed by the President, Mr. Henry L. Fletcher, to deliver to you or your order one of your Model 14 Runabouts, fully equipped. The car is here at your disposal. Kindly call or send for it at your convenience. Awaiting your instructions, we remain.

Respectfully yours,
SPALDING AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,
per W. W. Morrison, Manager."

"And what," inquired Tom's father a little later, "will you call this new automobile of yours? E Pluribus Fletcher?"

Tom did not hesitate. "I guess," said he loyally, "I'll call it Puff the Second."

ROSS CARSON'S COURAGE

SHOUTING, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark, and the eyes of a score or more of thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom, and, crowding close to Ross, he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions, because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured.

He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of true heroism, for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro; and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him, and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

But retribution was near at hand.

A new town-hall was being built in Hillsboro; and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half-completed steeple, and the next day, at the noon recess, Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for narrow, winding stairs led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice, in a tone of entreaty, and, looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

"We see it; but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe." And before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful. Their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began rather a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke, he looked down; a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror. He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself. The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed started from their sockets. Back of him, shuddered his horror-stricken comrades waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama. Before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple onto the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head toward Louis, pausing an instant, as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and, throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger, Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town hall. He was still weeding a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and, looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates, coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort. Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out and out glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they were from that time forth; and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage.

THE CAPTAIN WHO DID NOT PLAY*

By IRA RICH KENT

ASK any Bedford man who is the best baseball player his college has had, and he will answer, without a moment's hesitation, "Sidney Dunham." A quest for details puzzles the inquirer. "A queer sort of star ball-player!" I thought, when I had heard them; and I ferreted out his story.

Dunham was a student primarily, it seemed, who had a perfectly normal liking for the game, and tried to play it in school. At college he failed to make a regular place on his freshman team. But he stuck to it, and in his second year played with more or less regularity on the second nine where he was tolerated because no better man appeared. As a junior, he attained the "varsity" under much the same conditions. The only good thing the coach of that year had to say about him was that he did not get confused in a tight place, and that he seemed to have a steadying influence on the rest of the nine.

There was a bitter struggle for the captaincy at the close of that season. When election came, Cameron and Willetts fought in a deadlock for many ballots. Rather than see his rival win, Willetts, in a spasm of hopeless rage, threw his strength unexpectedly to Dunham. The meeting broke up in riot. The athletic council, knowing Dunham for a boy of character, about whose scholarship standing there was no doubt, ratified the election.

Spring practice began in a turmoil. Cameron did not come out at all. Willetts, who had caused the mischief, found himself on probation; he could not have been captain anyway. To make things worse, the "first-string" pitcher, a friend of

* By permission of *The Youth's Companion*.

Cameron, quit after a few days' practice. That left Burke, the catcher, and Dunham himself the only veterans on the team. The new material was ordinary; that was the very best that could be said of it.

The nine—*a* nine—played its first game. It was nervous, disorganized—no Bedford team in the memory of the college janitor had taken such a beating.

That evening Dunham was trying to forget,—and succeeded only in forgetting his Greek composition,—when the coach and the manager came in.

Although Dunham did not know it, that interview was what made him a great ball-player. Floyd did most of the talking.

"Pretty tough start, Sid," Floyd began. He was harrowing the ground, preparatory to planting his seed. "Everybody's sore about the game. I am ashamed to turn out such a team!"

"I suppose so," said Dunham, dejectedly. He was thinking more of the college than of the coach.

"Of course something must be done."

"You see that, don't you, Sid?" queried Barnet.

"I see we need to improve, if that's what you mean. What else can we do? This isn't a league team, where you can go out and hire new men. If Cameron and McDougal would come out——"

"Yes, that's it." Floyd was quick to seize the opportunity thus presented. "I have some reason to think Cameron and McDougal *would* come out again, now that Willetts is out of it, if—that is——"

Dunham sat up straight. "If I would resign and help put them in?"

Floyd laughed nervously. "Well, they would, in that case, Sid, if you want to know. I have every reason to think they would, both of them. And it would be a great thing for you to do—the finest sort of sacrifice for you to make for the college. Everybody would think you were doing a fine thing."

"How about its being a fine thing for them to come out and play, anyhow?" Dunham could not help snapping out.

"Well, it would be, of course," admitted Barnet.

"But they don't choose to do it." Floyd finished the sentence. "And they're two, anyway, and both stars, and——"

"And I'm not," said Dunham, quietly. "I know." He seemed to have grown suddenly more mature, more experienced, sober, and wise, even as Floyd watched him. The older man felt himself put on the defensive. "You think I should turn the place over to a man who, for a petty spite, has been willing to sacrifice the team. I'd do anything in my power to make the nine a credit to the college. I'd do this——"

"Well, then—" Floyd broke in.

"Wait. I'm not sure that the college, the real college, would think as you do, would think that knuckling down to that sort of spirit *is* creditable."

"We *must* have a winning team!" declared the coach.

Dunham got up and stood with his back to the empty fireplace, stretching his arms along the mantel.

"No," he said. "I used to think that; but it isn't so. What we must have is a creditable team.

"I know I stand in a dubious light," he went on. "So I'll say this: if you want any other man who is now in the squad, you may have my resignation. But"—he stood a little straighter—"I don't believe I'll make way for Cameron."

One look at the boy told Floyd the uselessness of argument. It was as if something bigger than Dunham himself was speaking with his tongue. His decision seemed as impersonal as it was final.

"Then I shall resign myself!" cried the coach, wrathfully. "If you want to throw the whole season in the ditch, go ahead! I'm done with it! A nice mess you'll make of it!" If a man can be said to "flounce" out of the room, Floyd did it.

Barnet followed more slowly. "I hope you won't quit, too," said Dunham, with a touch of irony that failed to penetrate.

"Perhaps I have made a mess of it," said Dunham, as he turned out the light. "But somehow it looks clear to me that way and not clear at all any other."

He lay awake a long time. The more he thought, the clearer his mind became. The sting Floyd had administered

seemed to have wakened all sorts of dormant traits of mind and character in the boy. It was near dawn when he went to sleep; but he slept then, like a child, untroubled.

Floyd did resign and, on the whole, Dunham was rather relieved. There was raging in some quarters, and the stubborn captain had to hear some bitter words. But, to his surprise, he got a little encouragement and support that was comforting. The council accepted Floyd's resignation without demur, and to the general undergraduate consternation, gave Dunham permission to take charge of the coaching himself. A day or two later a junior named Bingham, whom the captain barely knew as a sober chap who was working his way through college, reported with the squad and asked for a chance to pitch for batting practice.

"I haven't been out before," he said, in explanation, "because I've been too busy working. But I think you're right about this matter, Dunham, and if I'm good enough, I'm willing to let my outside work go this spring, for the sake of helping you out."

Dunham thanked him heartily—for his spirit, rather than for anything he really expected of the recruit. But when the final cut in the squad was made, a week later, the new-comer was left on it. He had shown himself a better pitcher than even the vanished McDougal. Another man that was left, too, was Smith, a sophomore trying for third, whom Floyd had rather ignored because of his weakness on ground balls. Dunham, after spending a half-hour with him on two mornings, put him in the right field for the fourth game of the schedule. And with Bingham pitching, Bedford broke its string of defeats.

Dunham smiled that night, although his team had made five errors.

"There are two men on the squad, though, who bother me," he said to Bingham, whom he had brought to his room for what he called a "council of war."

"Dorsey and Small?"

"They're the ones. They can't get it through their heads that Cameron isn't an issue any longer. I want to be per-

fectly fair, but I've got to do the best thing for the nine. What do you say?"

"Drop them both," was Bingham's unhesitating reply. The spirit that had brought him to the team carried him far.

"Why not compromise?"

"Compromise?"

"Drop one of them. I think I can have it out with Dorsey and get him to see things straight—if Small goes."

"Which one shall you put on first?"

"Dorsey." The captain chuckled at Bingham's dejected look. "It's a sort of ruse, maybe; but I want to keep Dorsey, and keep him *with me*. So I'm bribing him, if you choose, with a change from substitute out-fielder to regular first-baseman. That's where we need him."

The "ruse," if such it was, worked well. Dunham rid himself of one troublesome malcontent and transformed the other into a devoted follower. Even the stern Bingham admitted the success of the move.

There was another man on the squad who gave Dunham uneasiness.

Burke, the veteran catcher, was an irresponsible, red-headed lad, impatient of restraint, amiable enough so long as he did things in his own way. Dunham knew that a crisis must come with him, and he wanted it to come as soon as possible. He therefore invited Burke to join the "board of strategy," as he called it, that met every night in the captain's room, to plan the campaign. And, after that, woe to any luckless fellow who missed a signal or disobeyed it. Between Bingham and Burke, discipline was rigorous.

So the captain, by various means, found himself—a third of the season gone—with a team that, whatever its technical shortcomings, was whole-heartedly with him. Things began to go more smoothly, and the team began to win—not always, but most of the time.

Then Dunham, having won these battles, found his hardest one still ahead of him.

One afternoon he stopped on the way from practice to watch the exciting finish of a class game. He went on to his

room, a quarter of an hour later, knowing that he had just discovered the best infielder in college.

Borland, the sophomore captain and second-baseman, had unmistakably brought his team through a winner, partly by his own batting and fielding, but mostly by the strange "baseball sense" that made all his plays look easy, by putting himself always in the right place half a second before another would have been there. He was rather a slender, even frail lad, and Dunham remembered that his apparent lack of muscle had been the reason for Floyd's abrupt dismissal of him in the early spring practice.

Bingham and Burke could not come in for the board meeting till nine o'clock. Before that time Dunham fought the hardest fight of all.

He knew at the beginning how it was coming out. The end was as clear as crystal, but it took all his grit to make himself look at it squarely. He knew that without a shadow of doubt he was himself the weakest player of the Bedford infield, and he knew without a shadow of doubt that he must find a place for Borland in that infield. He went over the whole thing time after time, weighing the possible value of his own presence on the field as against the sophomore's skill, dissecting every argument for or against himself with the same impersonal power that Floyd had seen, that Burke had recognized—and the answer was always the same.

"No use," he thought. "There is no other course for me to take."

His mind was made up when Bingham and Burke came in, and he told them.

Burke burst out in wild, incredulous protest, while Bingham looked at him soberly, then, to Dunham's surprise, came over and put his hand on the captain's shoulder.

"Are you quite sure about this?"

Dunham smiled up at his sober face. "Quite sure," he said.

Bingham's fingers tightened on his shoulder, but he did not say anything more.

By and by he helped quiet Burke down—which was the

biggest help he could give the captain just then, for the Irish boy was almost in tears with rage and loyalty.

Borland was called out with the squad the next day and given a trial at second. "In case I need a substitute," Dunham told the team. The last hope left him when he watched the boy at work, saw how much more smoothly the play went, how brilliant the new-comer was, and at the same time how intelligently he fitted into what had become the complex mechanism of the infield. "The coaching-lines for me," Dunham said, with a sorry little laugh, as Bingham joined him there.

The pitcher nodded. "You were right, Dunham."

The Bedford nine had two championship series to play—two games in three with Corliss and Drayton. It was not really until the first of these—when they met Corliss on the enemy's grounds—that the team showed its final form. That game was fairly close, but in the second, Bedford ran away from the other team. Since there was no third game necessary, there was a chance for a good rest before the first meeting with Drayton, much stronger that year than the Corliss team.

So Bingham was fresh and at his best again, and Drayton went down before him, fighting gamely, but beaten. But in the last inning a swift-pitched ball struck Bingham on the contracted muscles of his right arm. Dunham took him out instantly, and Bradley finished the inning.

The pitcher's injury seemed to respond to treatment, and he went into the next game confidently—or, at least, with outward confidence. He knew, as the team did, that Bradley could not take his place against Drayton, fighting in the last ditch.

Crouched on the coaching-lines, inning after inning, the captain watched the game. The fine instrument he had made responded to his touch as readily as if it had been a violin upon which he played.

But inning after inning he watched Bingham grow weaker, and the shadow of pain appear and deepen on his face. Yet the courage of the man was magnificent. "Making them hit it," relying on the team behind him, Bingham pitched as few

balls as possible. The seventh and the eighth innings passed; Drayton was still a run behind, but growing ever more threatening. In the eighth, only Borland's clever turning of a double play stopped what looked like a fatal batting rally.

In the ninth inning the crisis came. The captain, quiet, but keenly alert, signaled his orders to the weakening but resolute team, and by downright coolness, pluck, and loyalty, Bedford won.

The captain waited only for the umpire's assuring signal; then he walked slowly toward the bench. It was over, and he was satisfied; the men had played wonderfully well. But *they* had done it; he felt somehow tired and rather useless.

Suddenly he felt Bingham's arm on his shoulder; the junior's stern face was working oddly.

"Dunham, Dunham, don't you think *we* know?" he cried.

Then a red-headed, dusty tornado burst upon them. "Here's the man who won it!" it shrieked, as it came. "Here he is! Don't talk about us! Hurray for Dunham!"

And after him came the others, Smith and Dorsey at their head, stirred to great things, even in a game, by one man's example—and knowing that he had won it.

And after that the avalanche of the stands!

So that is the story of the captain who did not play—the best man of them all!

THE TWO-MILER *

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

WE were sure of winning that spring. John Blake, the manager of the team, said that if we did not win he should walk home when school closed. And as John lives in the western part of Ohio and is a man of his word, you can see that we were pretty cocksure.

We met Maynard College and Chamberlain College every June in what we at Preston called the "Tri-Track," which was a quick way of saying triangular Track Meet. The year before, Maynard had beaten us by five and a half points. Chamberlain usually did not produce a strong team, although it had a way now and then of upsetting our calculations in an irritating manner.

We had been hard at work all the spring, and when the Saturday of the "Tri-Track" came we had seventeen men ready to do their best. The meet that year was at Chamberlain, and in consequence we put Chamberlain down for twenty points, five more than she had ever won. There were one hundred and seventeen points in the thirteen events; to win first place in any event counted five, second place three and third place one.

As I say, we allowed Chamberlain twenty points, mostly seconds and thirds, although we did think that her man Cutler would capture first in the high jump. Then we put ourselves down for seven firsts. That made thirty-five points. We felt likewise sure of five seconds. That gave us fifteen points more, making fifty in all—more than enough to win. We conceded the rest to Maynard.

Of those seven events in which we expected firsts, only one seemed in the least doubtful; that was the two-mile race.

* Used by special arrangement with the author.

Carl Atherton, the captain of the team, had run the distance the year before in 10 minutes, 41 4-5 seconds, and had cut that down a second this spring in practice. But all the year we had been hearing a good deal about a new runner at Maynard named Beckner, who was said to have done the two miles in forty "flat." We felt willing, however, to trust Carl for the two miles.

John Blake decided that for once the whole team should go to Chamberlain. Usually our funds were low, and only the men who were absolutely necessary were taken; but this year the subscriptions had been more liberal.

Bobby Hart was almost as much pleased as anyone at John's decision. Bobby had worked hard during the two years he had been in school, and deserved to get into a real race. He was not a great runner, but there is plenty of room on the track in the "distance" runs.

"I'm going to try for third in the mile," Bobby confided to me on Friday night. "I think I can do better than I ever have done."

"Yes, but I'm afraid you can't get third. First will go either to Carl or to Dick Bannet, and Maynard's sure to have a man close to them. I shouldn't wonder if Carl let Bannet have the mile and saved himself for the two."

"Well, anyway, I'll have the fun of trying," answered Bobby.

We went over to Chamberlain Saturday morning, and nearly the whole school went with us.

Bobby was in great spirits. He kept us laughing all the way over, and I could not help thinking what a difference there was between him and Carl Atherton. There was Bobby, as happy as a clam because they had entered him for the mile and the two mile with no chance in the world of his winning better than third, and small hope of that; and there was Carl, happy, too, perhaps, but not showing it a bit, just sitting down at the end of the car talking to the trainer or reading a magazine, yet knowing all the time that he was sure of one cup, if not two. I could not help thinking that of the two perhaps Bobby would have made the better captain, if getting close

to the fellows and heartening them up had anything to do with it.

We had luncheon at twelve o'clock, and at half past one we piled into a coach and drove out to the field. The old village was much decorated, and the crimson of Preston was more plentiful than the Maynard blue. Of course the orange and gray of Chamberlain was everywhere.

We went into our dressing tent, put on our running clothes, and then went out and limbered up a bit.

At two o'clock the half mile was started, and we were pretty well pleased with ourselves when it was over. Maynard got third place, but the one point for Maynard did not look important against eight that we won.

Then came the trials for the hundred yards; two of our men qualified. We did not expect much from the sprints, and we did not get much. In the finals we took third place; Maynard won first and Chamberlain second. That started the cheering, for the orange and gray was pretty well represented on the stands, where Maynard and Preston had each only a handful of fellows. When they called us for the trials of the high hurdles, I did not have any trouble in winning from the two Chamberlain runners and the one Maynard man opposed to me. Then came the mile run.

Each school was allowed three starters; our entries were Carl Atherton, Dick Bannet, and Bobby Hart. I heard the trainer giving them their instructions.

"This is Bannet's race if he can get it," he said. "But if Bannet can't win it, you must, Atherton. Hart, here, will start in and make the pace for you two, and at the end of the third lap you must draw up to the front. Save yourself for the two miles if you can, Atherton; but if you have to win this, do it. We can't take any chances. And you see if you can't take third place, Hart."

The nine runners did some pretty manœuvering for the pole. When they went down the back stretch on the first lap, Bobby was making pace and Carl and Bannet were running fourth and fifth. That was the order for two laps. Then a

Maynard chap named Green sprinted and took the lead. Bannet pushed up to third place.

Bobby held on for a while, then dropped back. He had just about used himself up. Beckner, the Maynard "crack," was running strongly in sixth place, and Carl was watching him closely at every turn.

When the last lap began only five men were left in the running—Green, Bannet, Fuller of Chamberlin, Carl, and Beckner.

That was a pretty race; but it did not come out right for us. When the home stretch began, Fuller passed Bannet and Beckner got away from Carl. Then it was Fuller, Bannet, and Beckner all the way to within twenty feet of the tape, with a couple of thousand spectators yelling like mad, and crimson and blue and orange flags waving.

Carl was trying hard to come forward, but he had waited too long and was out of it; just as much out of it as Bobby, who was jogging doggedly along half a lap behind. Twenty feet from the finish Fuller spurted again and left two yards between him and the two others, who were fighting hard for second place.

"Come on, Dick!" we shrieked. "Come on! Come on!"

But Bannet could not do any more, and Beckner drew slowly away from him in the last half dozen strides. Bannet was used up when we caught him. And Fuller, too, was pretty tired. Only Beckner seemed fresh, and we knew then that he could have had first place if he had wanted it, and that he was saving himself for the two miles.

Things did not look so bright for us after that race. And after the next one, the finals in the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles, they looked worse; for all I could do was to get second by a hairbreadth; Maynard took first by several yards and Chamberlain third.

I was pretty well cut up over that, but there was still the two-hundred-and-twenty, and I vowed that I would do better in that. There was need of improvement, for we had thirteen points to Maynard's fourteen, with Chamberlain not far be-

hind with nine. Things were not happening at all as we had figured them.

We had counted on eight points in the quarter-mile race, but all we got was three, for almost at the start Carstein of Chamberlain left everyone behind and won by fully thirty yards! That was the trouble with Chamberlain; you never could tell what mischief it would cause.

They called us for the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race. The Maynard man and I were nip and tuck at the second hurdle. I was a little quicker on the cinders than he, but he hurdled a good three inches lower than I, and that made things even. But at the fourth hurdle he got down too low and over went the bar. That put him out of pace a little, and I ran for all I was worth. I tipped the next hurdle myself, but not enough to throw me out.

At the seventh, I think it was, I was running even with a chap at the far side of the track and the Maynard fellow was behind. After that I put every ounce into beating the unknown,—for there was no time to see who he was,—and we had a battle royal. We came over the last hurdle right together, and only my speed on the ground beat him, and then by very little. Maynard finished a close third. And when I turned round and looked at the chap I'd beaten, I found it was one of our own men, Bert Poole, who had never won a place before in his life!

We felt better after that, for those eight points put us ahead; but when presently Maynard won six points in the furlong dash and Chamberlain got the remaining three, we began to worry again. The results from the field events then began to come in, and added to our anxiety. Chamberlain had taken first in the high jump, as we expected, but Maynard had left us only third place. In the broad jump Maynard had won first place and third, and given us second. In the pole vault that troublesome Chamberlain had again taken first; Maynard had taken second and Preston third. In the shot put we had first and second, and Maynard had taken third. In the hammer throw Maynard had beaten us for first, we had taken second and Chamberlain third.

When we had finished figuring we could hardly believe our eyes. The score stood:

Preston 40
Maynard 40
Chamberlain 28

The two-mile run, the last event, would decide the meet. And there was Beckner.

Of course we had not lost faith in Carl, but big, strong Beckner was clearly the freshest man on the field, and he would take a lot of beating. We had to have first place to win the meet. Second and third would not be enough, unless Fuller of Chamberlain got first. In that case the championship would go to the school that took second. We did not know whether Fuller was going to run or not, and we were pretty anxious to find out. Only Bobby seemed cheerful.

"We can beat them," he said. "Why, Carl can make circles round Beckner, and as for Fuller, that mile run used him all up."

"Maybe you will do something yourself, Bobby," said I.

"I shouldn't mind trying, but I guess they're not going to let me enter. I didn't show up very well in the mile; you can't go in and set the pace and have anything left for the end. I came in fifth, though." Bobby really looked pleased with himself.

"All out for the two-mile run!" called the clerk of the course, and we went down to the start. John Blake was looking blue.

"It's a long way out to Ohio," he said ruefully. "And the roads are dusty, too."

"Fuller's going to run, isn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, and I don't know whether that makes it better for us or worse."

"Answer to your names!" called the clerk.

There were seven entries there: Carl and Bannet of our school, Beckner, Green and another Maynard runner, and Fuller and one other Chamberlain fellow.

"On your marks!" called the starter.

"Hold on, please," said our coach. "We have another man coming. Where's Hart?"

"Here," said Bobby, stepping out from the group beside the track.

"Get in there," said the trainer.

So Bobby, much pleased, took his place in the second line.

"Get ready!" said the starter.

"Set!" Then the pistol popped and they were off.

For the first mile and a half a two-mile race is generally rather uninteresting; but when the meet depends on it, that is different. We turned and watched the runners jog round the turn and come along the back stretch.

When they had covered a quarter of the distance, Fuller was no longer dangerous. He was running in short strides and had dropped back to seventh place. At the end of the first mile the runners were strung out all round the track. Green was making the pace. Behind Green was Beckner, running with a fine long stride, and almost treading on Beckner's heels was Carl. Carl was not quite so pretty a runner to watch as the man in front of him.

Ten or twelve yards behind Carl ran Bannet; Bobby was following close. A third Maynard runner and Fuller were disputing sixth place. A long way behind them the last man, a Chamberlain chap, was lagging along. And that was still the order when the sixth lap began.

Beckner alone seemed untired. Carl's cheeks were white, and had two spots of crimson in them. Bannet was looking pretty well used up, but Bobby seemed not yet fagged and hung on to Bannet closely. He had never tried himself to any extent in the two miles, but I thought that he was doing better than he had done in the mile.

Getting tired of making pace Green swung aside and let Beckner take the lead. Green fell in behind Carl, who was still treading in Beckner's tracks. Then the distance between the first group and the second began to open; Bannet was tiring. For a while Bobby regulated his speed by Bannet's, but soon he went round outside Bannet and passed him. That seemed to do Bannet good, for he spurted and kept close be-

hind Bobby all round the track. The third Maynard man and Fuller were out of it for good by this time, and the eighth man had left the track.

There were only two laps left now, and the shouting was pretty continuous. Up at the head Beckner seemed to want Carl to take the lead, but Carl refused. That cheered us considerably, for it seemed to show that Beckner was weakening. Finally Green went to Beckner's rescue; but he almost pumped himself out in doing it, and only set the pace for a few hundred feet, making it so slow that Bobby and Bannet closed up half the distance between them and Carl. Then Green fell out again and Beckner was once more ahead, but Carl was holding on grimly.

So it was when they turned into the home stretch. The shouting was tremendous now, for the spectators had left the stands and lined up along the track.

"Last lap! Last lap!" shouted the judges.

We shouted to Carl to keep it up! And the Chamberlain people, who liked us better than they liked Maynard, shouted the same thing. Even Bobby and Bannet were applauded, and I shouted to Bobby to go on and win.

On the turn Bannet stumbled and half fell, and lost several yards; that seemed to take the heart out of him. When the runners turned into the back stretch, Bobby was all alone a dozen yards behind Beckner, Carl, and Green.

About the middle of the stretch Becker started to draw away from Carl; but he only opened up about three yards before Carl was after him. That put Green out of it. We saw him wabble once and then throw up his arms and go over on the turf.

"Bobby's going to get third place!" cried John. And, sure enough, there was Bobby still running, and running strong.

But our eyes were on Carl and Beckner. They were having it out, and as the turn began Carl crept up to the blue runner and tried to edge past; but he couldn't quite do it, and Beckner held the lead by a few feet until they were in the straightaway and headed for the finish. Then Carl actually got in front. A

lot of us had gone halfway down the track to meet them and were yelling ourselves hoarse.

"Come on, Carl! Come on! You can do it!"

The Maynard fellows were shouting to Beckner at the top of their lungs. Carl was just about holding his lead, when suddenly he staggered, got one foot on the raised board that runs along the inside of the track, and fell on the cinders. He was up in a second and running again, but he had lost three or four yards, was limping and was plainly exhausted. And Beckner, none too fresh himself, came on down the home stretch all alone, wabbling a bit, but apparently an easy winner.

"Look at *Bobby!*" cried John. "Oh, *look* at Bobby!"

How he ever got there I don't know, but there was that blessed Bobby coming along only a few yards behind Beckner and gaining on him at every stride. Now he had passed Carl; now he was almost up to the Maynard man; and we were racing alongside, leaping and shouting, while twenty yards ahead at the finish the judges were leaning forward with excited faces and their fingers on the "stops."

Stride by stride Bobby overhauled Beckner. Now he could have touched him with his hand. Now he was running even. Now—

"Preston!" we cried. *"Preston! Preston!"*

And then there was the finish—Bobby flying down the turn and Beckner falling into the arms of his fellows.

"Who won?" I shouted, dancing about in the crowd.

"Hart, by two feet!" said some one.

And John and I grabbed each other and danced.

"Hurray!" shouted John. "I don't have to walk home!"

"Did you hear the time?" cried Poole, hitting me on the back. "Ten minutes, thirty-six and four-fifths seconds! It breaks the record!"

We did an unusual thing that spring. We elected a track-team captain who was not a senior. His name was Robert Hart.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

CAMP HAMPERFORD

By HARRIET A. CHEEVER

THE mail was due at five o'clock P.M. in the border town of Parrisville, so it was not strange that half the male population of the place turned out a little before that time on Tuesdays and Fridays, and congregated about the little building used as a post-office.

Joe Fanshaw was rarely late, but on his powerful great iron-gray horse would dash gayly up to the door of the office, fling down his heavy leathern bag, and dismount, answering good-naturedly the waiting crowd.

It was a thriving little village, this Parrisville, and many of its inhabitants were getting into quite comfortable circumstances, sending their stock and grain East in summer, and their furs and skins in winter.

Their relations with the Indians of the neighboring forests had been chiefly friendly. It is true, a marauding band had occasionally appeared, making some mischief and disturbance, but the decided and united action of citizens in dealing with such visitors had usually brought about a speedy disappearance.

One midsummer afternoon just after haying, three boys of about fourteen or fifteen were standing near the post-office, while a fourth, a little fellow, was sitting on the broad low steps.

Joe Fanshaw had been and gone, the mail had been distributed, but many still lingered, discussing the news in papers and letters.

All at once a strange figure was noticed emerging from the

woods at a little distance; grotesque enough of itself, it was splendidly mounted on a snow-white pony elegantly equipped, the saddle of wampum skilfully embroidered.

"Halloo," shouted Phil Hamlin, one of the larger boys, "here comes old Nomantic on one of those magnificent white ponies! How would *that* suit you, Davy boy?"

He turned as he spoke to the child on the steps, with a glance at the crutches beside him. It was a very longing, pitiful look which Phil cast at his lame little brother; but the latter replied cheerfully enough:

"Wish we could buy that little white beauty, Phil. We'll see what the letter from Uncle Philip says when we get home."

Horses were scarce among these settlers. Oxen were stronger for labor, and could both draw and plow, and any superfluous property was not thought of.

By this time Nomantic had approached the group before the office door, and at once began trying to sell the beautiful animal with its richly-wrought saddle. The Indian was chief of a tribe whose wigwams were three miles away in the forest from which the tawny tradesman had just emerged. He, as well as many of his tribe, squaws included, used often to visit Parrisville, trading off baskets, game, and fish; and once in a great while, one of the more prominent men, or perhaps the chief himself, as in the present instance, would come to offer for sale some fine and well-broken pony sent to their camp by Indians of the distant prairie. There were but two ponies in town, however, as the purchasers of the rare little horses usually sent them east, selling at a great profit.

But this evening Nomantic seemed doomed to disappointment. It seemed to make no difference that his queenly young daughter, of whom the savage father was exceedingly proud, had herself wrought the saddle; no one wanted to buy, as he proposed no barter, only cash.

"Supposing I ask what he'll take," said Phil Hamlin, looking at Tom Perkins.

"Do," replied Harry Ford; "only remember you'll have to cut him short if you do, or he'll hang on like a midsummer night's dream."

It took some time to make the wary old chief fix a price. He grunted a good deal about the positive necessity of disposing of the pony. They were going to break camp soon, and go farther west; "too much Pale Face here." After which he offered the animal for "one hundred dollar."

A shout of derision followed this offer, whereupon he immediately came down to seventy-five; but the significant manner in which the boys turned their backs upon him and whistled, brought him down to fifty. But there he stopped. Then he pleaded as only an old Indian can plead.

"Wouldn't good Pale Face buy of poor Indian? Little squaw's own hands work saddle—pretty saddle. Pray buy of poor Indian!"

Regretfully enough the boys insisted they couldn't buy that evening. Nevertheless he followed Phil and Davy Hamlin to their father's stable, and to the very house door, all the time imploring, "Please buy of poor Indian!"

Not until the boys entered and closed the door, did the importunities cease. Then as the old chief turned back and remounted the pony, the boys softly stepped out and watched the graceful creature canter away, and as horse and rider again entered the woods, Phil turned just in time to see two great glistening drops in Davy's eyes as he stood leaning on his crutches.

"Come Davy," said the great boy tenderly, "let's go in and see what Uncle Philip writes."

The letter said nothing of money; however, later in the evening when the boys recounted the incident, Phil added in his bluff way:

"Be a grand thing to mount Davy in that style, wouldn't it, father?"

"Indeed it would," replied Mr. Hamlin, "and I heartily wish I could; it might really strengthen him; but we still have need of great prudence. Your Uncle Philip writes that money is very hard in Boston, and I suppose you might as well ask for a coach-and-four, my son," he added slowly, "as for fifty dollars."

For three successive days Nomantic appeared with the

snow-white pony, and each time stopped at Mr. Hamlin's stable door, but not once did he offer the pony with its wrought wampum saddle, for less than "fifty dollar," insisting that the saddle was "so much worth," chiefly it would seem from being the work of the skilful fingers of his darling child.

No one yet had possessed even a trinket from the handsome maiden. She was occasionally allowed to accompany her father on his trading excursions to the village, where her clear olive cheeks, starry eyes and graceful figure, attracted great attention; but she was far too choice a treasure to old Nomantic to be allowed to trade or chatter with the Pale Faces.

As we have said, the haying was over, and it was just that "meantime" between haying and harvesting, when it was most convenient to spare the boys for a few days' frolic. Once a year the Parrisville boys were allowed to camp for a few days in the woods, with only one restriction: they must not go *too* far from home.

The Parrisville boys greatly enjoyed this annual "powwow." The three friends, Phil Hamlin, Tom Perkins, and Harry Ford, usually clubbed together, and their camp was sportively named for each, taking the first syllable of the last names; consequently, "Camp Hamperford."

There was only one drawback to Phil Hamlin's perfect happiness on these occasions—the wistful face of little lame Davy when they started off. He would gladly have taken him, but the child was delicate, and the nights were likely to be chill in the forest even in summer, and the camp-fires were not always sufficient to keep out a dampness harmless enough to a rugged fellow, but dangerous to a fragile, rheumatic boy.

They had decided this time to camp in a lovely spot some three miles distant, and all they could talk about for several days previous was the charming sport in anticipation.

Now we must diverge here to say that every country store has its pet loafer, the inactive being who can tell the best story, and is always ready with his little joke, and that Parrisville was no exception. Go when you might, there, in a chair by the door in summer, or by the stove in winter, lounged Sam

Crofts, an oracle to the small boys who never tired of his high-flown stories or time-worn jokes. This Crofts had always evinced a fondness for the delicate little Davy Hamlin, partly perhaps on account of his lameness, and partly because of the child's satisfaction in listening to his stories.

On this occasion as the boys went jubilantly to and from the store, making small, but to them immensely important purchases, Sam had all sorts of jovial advice to give, together with sundry warnings, all of which went into one ear and straightway out of the other with the older lads. But the afternoon before they were to start, as Davy was about finishing an errand, Sam spoke to him with great apparent solemnity, while he slyly winked at some of the by-standers:

"Have the boys bought their ginger yet? Never oughter go inter the woods without plenty o' ginger. Bad sign to go inter the woods without ginger; *very* bad sign!"

"Don't believe they have," said Davy thoughtfully.

"Then you better remind 'em," said Sam earnestly, adding, with a knowing twist of his empty head, "wouldn't let a boy o' mine go inter a forest without his ginger, any more'n I'd let him go without his gun; unluckiest thing that could be done. And they better fix it all ready to take too," added the mischievous fellow.

Now the dearest object on earth next his mother, to Davy Hamlin, was his brother Phil. The two boys were the only children of the family, and their attachment to each other was something beautiful, Davy looking up to fifteen-year-old Phil as the very embodiment of everything grand and noble in boyhood, while Phil looked upon delicate little Davy as something to be most tenderly cared for and considered on all occasions. "The precious little morsel!" he once called him.

So it followed that what the crafty Sam Crofts had said made a deep impression on Davy's mind, and he resolved that his dear brother should not go to the woods lacking anything it would be unlucky to be without. Such a superstitious idea would have been foolish in a stronger or older boy, but eight-year-old Davy was frail and nervous, and took alarm easily. That night at supper Davy announced his anxiety.

"Say, Phil! Sam Crofts says you mus'n't go out camping without your ginger! He says it is unlucky."

For reply, Phil threw back his head and laughed knowingly, while his father remarked gravely:

"I think Sam would be luckier if he was less particular about taking his ginger."

But Davy didn't understand at all what Sam Crofts had meant by "ginger," and his father did not care to enlighten him, when he saw his innocent ignorance. Meantime Davy resolved firmly that his careless brother should not depart without a bottle of the lucky tonic, and moreover that he would follow out Sam's advice carefully, and prepare it ready for use. Accordingly after supper he quietly searched about for a large bottle with a firm, strong cork; then going as quietly to his mother's medicine closet, he looked for the bottle marked "Jamaica Ginger," which to his delight he found nearly full. Pouring most of its contents into the empty bottle, he proceeded to fill it with water; then he managed to obtain a good quantity of sugar from the bowl. He shook the mixture long and vigorously, then tasted, and found it didn't quite flay his tongue; in fact he thought it really quite palatable after it ceased to burn. His next visit was to his mother's room for three pins; then creeping down to the front hall, he placed the bottle in the large deep breast pocket of Phil's ulster—of course he would take his ulster—securely pinning it across. He argued that Phil wouldn't notice any extra weight about his coat, as all its pockets were well stuffed, in the excitement of getting off, yet would probably detect it later.

The next day was all that could be desired of fine weather, but Davy's soft, large, blue eyes, as usual, were full of tears as he watched the trio start off, though he managed to conceal them until they had gone. And he was greatly relieved when Phil, sure enough, slung his ulster over his arm, only remarking:

"This always was the heaviest old coat!"

They took with them two well-trained dogs; Phil's own, a splendid retriever named "Samson" in consideration of his unusual strength, and for short, called Samp. The other be-

longed to Mr. Ford, and was loaned to Harry for the occasion. He was a powerful bull-mastiff, "Watch," by name. These dogs were the best of friends; so it was eminently proper they should go in company as guards and fellow sportsmen of the three fine boys setting out for a midsummer's frolic.

They reached the camping ground a little before noon, having taken the two miles and a half very leisurely, with frequent halts; for the weather was warm, the beauty of the old forest beguiling, and the little hand wagon heavy to draw.

Soon after their arrival, as Phil was hanging his ulster on a peg driven into one of the tent poles, he exclaimed:

"Bless me, this old coat was never so heavy before!" and just then something or other in one of the pockets settled with a bounce. "I do believe some one has been stuffing some everlastingly heavy thing in one of these pockets a-purpose!" he exclaimed, and began an examination. After extracting sundry pins which confined a great round object in the breast pocket, he produced the bottle marked carefully in Davy's queer little hand, "Jamaica Ginger."

"Oh ho!" roared Phil; "if Davy hasn't succeeded in tucking some ginger off on to me after all;" then he added, his voice full of fondness, "the dear little idiot!" After his laugh, in the bustle and hurry which followed, he placed the bottle back in the same pocket, and went on with the work of "fixing up."

We cannot stop to tell what merry sports were enjoyed during the three days of this outing; but the weather was charming throughout, the moon was at her highest and fullest, the game abundant, and the good nature and overflowing spirits of the boys unchecked by any untoward event. There was a hunt every morning, and a feast every afternoon. The late evenings were spent in strolling about near camp and story-telling, and the vigorous exercise and keen enjoyment had added heightened color to the bronzed cheeks of the happy campers.

At length the last night, the fourth, of their wild woods' sport had arrived. Next day they must "pull up stakes" and start for home; but they had made the most of this last day.

Rising at dawn and taking the guns and dogs, sufficient game and wild fowl had been secured to provide a last grand feast, and also leave quite a little "show" to take home.

The moon was riding high in the heavens, and Watch was lazily crunching a bone outside the open tent, when Phil went out for one last look about. He was somewhat troubled because Samp was missing. In vain he whistled and called. The rogue had stolen off; but probably not far—might return any moment. At all events, Phil was too sleepy to wait up for him. They were not unguarded either; for woe betide the luckless intruder who dared Watch's mighty grip!

Silence reigned throughout the forest save for the whispering of the leaves overhead, the twittering of some uneasy birds, the occasional hoot of an owl, or the flapping wings of a nighthawk.

It was past midnight, although it seemed as if he had been sleeping but a few moments, when Phil became conscious of a cold nose rubbing against his cheek, and of a whining, coaxing, urgent appeal—Samp. Samp had returned. He half-opened his eyes, spoke impatiently:

"Down, Samp! quiet old fellow! behave yourself!"

But Samp would neither "down," "quiet," nor "behave." Finding Phil was waking, he pulled eagerly at the hem of his trousers, whining and crying in an unaccountable manner. In vain Phil scolded and soothed by turns. The dog persisted. At length Phil sat upright, rubbed his eyes, and said softly and kindly: "Well, now, old fellow, what's up. What ails you?"

During all this time the other boys had not stirred, and Tom Perkins drowned all sounds anyway, by a most tremendous snoring. But Samp, now that he felt Phil was broad awake, grew more excited than ever, taking long leaps and bounds outside the tent, then crawling back along the ground, almost voicing his entreaties to Phil to "come!"

"Well, Samp," said the boy at last, "you surely never would behave in this way for nothing, and I don't believe you're the boy to coax me into any danger. I don't much believe you are, Samson Hamlin. Oh, I'm coming," he added, patting him; "just wait one moment, do!"

He took his gun, hung a pistol in his belt, then feeling a decided chilliness in the air, muttered:

"Guess I'll don my ulster. Whew!" he added, drawing it on, "this heavy coat feels good! I declare it does!"

Then he paused and reflected. Should he wake the others?

"What for?" was his next thought. "Of course I sha'n't go far, and I'm well protected, armed as I am, and with Samp along; besides there's nothing to be afraid of."

Fear was an element almost wanting in the character of a border boy, and neither Phil nor his companions formed exceptions to the general rule.

Just then he glanced at Samp standing mutely regarding him with such a human look in his pleading eyes, and he could but smile as to another boy.

"Come, old trusty!" he said. "I'm ready for you!"

With impatient, eager bounds, the dog led the way farther into the woods. Phil followed at a brisk, steady pace. He had tramped about half a mile when Samp, leaping forward, then back, as if to make sure his master would follow, turned aside into a little glen thickly surrounded by trees. At a glance, Phil saw a long dark object lying along the ground, the head raised, but the entire form motionless. For an instant his fingers closed over the revolver at his side as he whistled softly to Samp; then he advanced, and, entering the glen, saw by the clear moonlight that it was the figure of a woman which lay there alone in the still, deep forest. As Samp licked her white cheek, he thought he heard a soft moan.

The next instant Phil was kneeling beside a dying girl, whom he now saw plainly was no other than the cherished daughter of Nomantic, the old Indian chief.

He knew at once that according to traditional custom of the Indians, the girl had been left there to die. Yes, he understood the fact at once. She had sickened in the morning, and as her sufferings grew more intense, the chief had consulted a doctor at the village, a Pale Face. But the physician not caring to visit the camp, had written a prescription, and the medicine had done no good, and toward night it had become

apparent that there was no more hope for her. So with loud cries and moans from the women, and bitter grief on the father's part, he had, according to the tribal custom, borne her in his strong arms to this sheltered spot, piled high a pillow of summer leaves, and withdrawn from a sight he had no strength or courage to witness.

Phil's young heart had never known before any such great solemn ache as this. He wished he had waked the other boys. He thought of sending Samp back for them. But then, what could they do?

"Ginger blue!" he ejaculated. "What can a fellow do in such a case as this? I wonder"—for at the instant of his boyish exclamation the remembrance of Davy's bottle of ginger flashed across his mind, and clapping his hand to his breast pocket, there it was, sure enough.

"Probably it won't do much good," he soliloquized, "but I guess I'll try it."

Raising her heavy head carefully, he poured a little of the liquid into the girl's mouth. There was a contraction of the brow, a struggle, and it was swallowed. Phil waited a few moments, then repeated the action.

"Well, you haven't killed her yet," he said to himself in an encouraging tone; and just then she moaned, Phil fancied, and not as feebly as before. He laid her head softly back, waited several moments, then again raising her gently, administered at intervals several swallows until a decidedly good dose of the hot mixture had been taken; and this time, to his unspeakable gratification, as he laid the pretty head back on its leafy pillow, the great black eyes opened languidly and looked into his face.

"Going to live, I do believe," thought the boy. "Bless that little goose of a Davy and his ginger! Wish the little chap could see how his 'lucky stuff' is working now."

Glancing up at the moon, he was surprised to find he must have been absent from camp a full hour, but he could not think of leaving his deserted patient. Poor child of the forest!

A great restful feeling of relief was creeping over Phil; moreover, unmistakably the young girl was reviving. She

probably was to live. The eyes had opened wider now, and at last they fixed on his face.

"Do you feel better?" asked Phil, bending toward her, and smiling half shyly.

She moved her lips, and made what sounded like a little affirmative moan.

"A little more of Davy's lucky ginger," thought Phil; and this time, although taken with some difficulty, it was evidently taken intelligently. In the course of another half-hour the girl could move her head and hands, and after a while Phil helped her to sit up, resting against a tree, while he rubbed her hands and bathed her forehead—with ginger.

He was all unconscious, however, that at this time two piercing eyes, keen as a hawk's, far-seeing as an eagle's, were watching his movements. Even the sagacious Samson had failed to prick a silken ear at the stealthy advance through the thicket of the dusky form creeping along like a panther on all-fours.

But suddenly now Samson sat upright, every nerve alert and quivering. Turning quickly, Phil saw but a few paces off, the tall, erect figure of a plumed and painted savage. The form was that of Nomantic, but the features, even at that near distance, were indistinguishable.

Just here they made a striking picture in the moonlight of the grand old forest. Phil had sprung to his feet, and was standing close to the Indian maiden's side, one end of his gun resting on the ground, yet firmly held in both hands. Samson crouched "couchant," ready for a deadly spring at a half-instant's notice—aye, and what a spring it would have been—while a few yards off stood the motionless figure of Nomantic.

But the scene remained in tableau but for a moment; for suddenly from the Indian girl herself came a cry half of joy, half of pain, and in another moment she was clasped in her own father's arms.

He had thought that all must by this time be over, and unable longer to control his bitter grief and longing, had stolen out to see if his darling young princess were indeed dead, and waiting to be made ready for her burial.

No words could express his astonishment, when, on nearing the spot, he saw her not only still alive, but reviving.

Lifting her as though she were a child, and grunting forth some strange sounds meant for thanks to Phil, who with rare presence of mind handed him the bottle containing what remained of Davy's lucky "ginger," he strode with his daughter back to the camping grounds but a short distance away.

But as the sturdy old Indian started away, the pretty creature turned her face toward Phil with a look in her starry eyes he never quite forgot. Touching her pale lips with her slender finger-tips, she waved her own sweet thanks, and half-bashfully Phil smiled and waved back a sort of "by-by."

When half-way back Phil met the entire Camp Hamperford, turned out "to rescue him," as Harry Ford remarked. They explained that a dismal howl from Watch had awakened them, and then they discovered his "nowhereness." It was a long and exciting story to which the boys listened, but there was still an hour or two left before sunrise, and the camp again slept soundly.

Home was reached safely that afternoon. There were exciting tales to be told that evening in the three households, and it would have done any one good to have witnessed Davy's unbounded satisfaction at the part he had played in *the* event of the trip.

It was on the third morning after the arrival home, that Mr. Hamlin awoke Phil at an early hour, telling him a message had been sent him during the night, and he must arise and attend to the matter at once, adding that Mike was somewhere in the garden, and would tell him about it.

There was something mysterious about his father's manner, and on expressing the opinion to Davy during his hurried dressing, Davy said yes, he thought so too.

Phil hurried down-stairs, burst out of the back door, bounded like a squirrel through the garden to find Mike, when lo and behold! there at the stable door, firmly fastened and secured, patiently stood a lovely snow-white pony, with wam-

TRAPPERS SETTING OUT.

(Upper) SNOWED UP.
(Lower) A ROUGH PORTAGE.

pum saddle curiously embroidered, and bridled and stirruped in style enchanting.

Going up to the graceful creature Phil saw that an enormous piece of yellowish white paper had been folded and pinned to the saddle. Taking it down he read with considerable difficulty, what some more enlightened "Red Face" had been coaxed or hired to prepare, for the "undersigned" could neither read nor write:

"We brake camp terday and speed the far West. With forrests full of thanks we send him poney to kind Pale Face, and Star Eyes work um saddle. May Great Spirrit spred loving wings over deer yung Pale Face. We take with us him gift of good fire warter, and saved the loved yung squar.

"CHIEF NOMANTIC × [his mark].

"STAR EYES = [her mark]."

Back sped Phil to the house, his face radiant and his eyes aflame. He rushed over the stairs and into his room just as the little crippled brother had finished the slow task of dressing.

"Oh, you duck of a Davy," he cried, "what *do* you think now! Why, that blessed old Injine, Nomantic, you know—the old chief, you know—has sent us that darling little white saddle and wampum pony—why, what the mischief am I saying! he has sent us that dear little white pony, wampum saddle, and all the fixin's! You needn't say you don't believe it now, it's true as this world, and there's a great big lump in my throat most choking me too!" for great fifteen-year-old Phil was actually almost sobbing with delight and excitement.

That night when Joe Fanshaw dashed up to the post-office, he informed half of Parrisville that the Indians of Nomantic's tribe had decamped—started for the far west.

The story of Phil's forest adventure got out, as such stories will, but the friends kept their own counsel concerning some of the facts of the case. And little Davy, whose lameness was caused partly by weakness, began improving immediately on beginning his invigorating rides on Star Eyes's pony. Tom

Perkins and Harry Ford enjoyed long rambles with her too, to say nothing of Phil, her happy master.

For some reason or other, that great gossip, Sam Crofts, never could get anyone to give him the true facts of the mysterious presentation, although on every possible occasion he would ask Davy half-knowingly and half-curiously:

"Say now, Davy, what *made* you name the pony 'Ginger'?"

But the sly little Davy only perks his head on one side, half-shuts his eyes, and replies:

"Oh, 'always lucky to have ginger around,' you know, Mr. Crofts!"

POMIUK

By HAPGOOD MOORE

POMIUK was an Eskimo boy of Labrador. His father had been a sort of chief of the northmost habitable part of that desolate shore, but he had been murdered as the result of a quarrel.

When the World's Fair was held in Chicago in 1893 Pomiuk was brought over by his foster-father, a half-breed, with seventy other Eskimos, who constituted an exhibit in the Midway. Here the young "prince" excited much interest by his skill with the long Labrador whip and by his jolly ways. The Eskimos always purr when they feel good, and as Pomiuk was so healthy he was always smiling. But during the Fair, his hip was broken in some rough play with his foster-father, and he lay helpless in one of the shacks during the rest of the summer.

Now there was an old man who came to the World's Fair, to whom this Eskimo village was of the greatest attraction. When he was young he had volunteered and gone down to Labrador to be a teacher and a missionary. Seven long years he worked there, and when his health began to fail he came home to fight in our Civil War. And after the war was over he became a preacher, until he grew too old to work. Then he became the editor of the children's page in *The Congregationalist.*

You can realize how interested this ex-missionary and lover of children would be in this boy Pomiuk. The first time he came to see him the boy was well, and I am not sure that he ever saw him when he was sick. He could remember only a few words of the nearly forgotten Labrador dialect, but they pleased the little fellow immensely, and every day Mr. Carpenter, for that was his name, was at the Fair he came in to make a visit.

After the Fair finished Mr. Carpenter could not forget the

lad, to whom he had promised to send his photograph. It was in the contract with the Eskimos that they were to be returned safely to their homes, but when they got as far as Newfoundland they got frozen in and could not get across the straits until spring. Mr. Carpenter heard from Pomiuk once that winter, through a letter which a friend wrote in his behalf. The letter said he was comfortable.

When summer came Pomiuk disappeared from sight. When Mr. Carpenter was ready to send the photograph and another letter, he could think of no better way than to direct it in care of the Hudson Bay Company, hoping that the mail steamer that cruises along the shore might overtake the boy somewhere, on the way to his destination.

In the meantime Pomiuk had grown worse, an abscess had broken out in his hip and his cruel foster-father had practically left him to perish on the strand of a fiord of Nachvak Bay, clear beyond the reach of civilization. At that time there was only one doctor in Labrador and he had never come within five hundred miles of Nachvak.

But that summer Doctor Grenfell, that was the name of this doctor, a medical man from Oxford, who had come over to give his life and skill to forsaken Labrador, decided to take a cruise further north than ever before in his staunch little hospital vessel, to see if there were sick people on the fishing boats or along the shore who needed his help. When he anchored in front of the fur station in Nachvak Bay, he asked the agent if there was anybody sick near by. "There is an Eskimo boy who is dying up the coast." "All right, we will call for him in the morning."

When the good doctor sailed along the shore in the morning he found the sick boy. He was lying wrapped in a dirty fur and he had on but a single garment. His only treasures were in his hands, a photograph and an unopened letter.

Here was a problem, a boy near to death, the only hospital a thousand miles away, and a long painful journey down the shore. Besides, the doctor was a poor man and could hardly afford the expense of the long nursing and care of this boy who could scarcely hope ever to be well.

When he opened the letter and read it, he asked the sick boy if he knew the writer, Mr. Carpenter. The Eskimo are not called an affectionate people, but Pomiuk smiled sweetly and said feebly, "Yes, me know him. Me even love him."

So the doctor took the lad down the coast to his hospital for better care, wrapped in a huge clean white bear skin. When they got to the hospital it seemed necessary to give him a bath all over, but at that time there was not a bath tub in Labrador. So they took a big fisherman's kettle and built a fire around it and heated the water within and gave Pomiuk his first bath out of doors.

The doctor, as I have said, was poor. He was unable alone to take care of Pomiuk. So he decided to write Mr. Carpenter. He told him he knew he was a kind man and he felt that he was a Christian man, and he hoped that he was able to help him care for the sick boy. Mr. Carpenter hurried back an answer. "I have no money," he said, "but I know thousands of boys and girls who write letters to me for my paper, and I know the boys and girls of America will take care of Pomiuk." And so they did. For the two or three years more of his happy life they took care of him. They sent him toys and books and one boys' club knit him a coverlet with the pattern of the American flag. And they sent money enough to Dr. Grenfell to insure his having a nurse in the hospital. The little boy, whose food had been decayed whale meat and blubber, learned Christian ways and became gentle and unselfish. He was a favorite in the hospital, because of his merry ways and his sweet voice. His favorite song was, "Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light."

One winter day a Moravian missionary came along and baptized the little boy, according to the beautiful Moravian custom, giving him a new name, the name "Gabriel."

By and by Pomiuk died, suddenly and painlessly. They buried him in the rocky burial ground near the hospital, under his flag coverlet, like a soldier. For he had been a true soldier and servant of Jesus Christ to his life's end.

His life was of consequence. People read the pitiful story of Pomiuk and thus learned of Dr. Grenfell. The children

gave money enough to endow the Gabriel-Pomiuk cot in the hospital. Older people sent money to help the doctor, and everybody wanted to see this brave medical man whose life was being given so generously for this forsaken corner of the world. So, because of Pomiuk, Dr. Grenfell made his first visit to America. How the people welcomed him! Everywhere he went he told this story, and, because of Pomiuk, the hearts of men and women and children were opened to help the forlorn fishermen and Eskimos of Labrador. The work grew. To-day there are four hospitals, an orphanage, several coöperative stores, a steamer and some motor launches, doctors and nurses and teachers, in Labrador, and a great fisherman's institute is going up in St. John's, Newfoundland, and all because of the strange "dovetailing of providences" by which the doctor found Pomiuk.

The Pomiuk cot has been occupied by many children since then. The lives of many of them have been saved. Once to be a sick child on the Labrador was a pitiful thing. There was no knowledge whatever of medicine or nursing and no conveniences for caring for the sick. I know a little girl whose feet became frostbitten, and there was nothing for her father to do, to save her life, but take her and chop them off with his axe. To-day she is running around; as Dr. Grenfell says, "Labrador girl—New York legs."

Is it not splendid to realize how one life, weak and suffering, has been the center of circles of blessings that have widened and widened, and whose outer reach no one can ever know?

The little orphan's life was not lived in vain.

OLD-FASHIONED STORIES

OLD-FASHIONED STORIES

SIMPLE SUSAN

By MARIA EDGEWORTH

ADAPTED BY LOUEY CHISHOLM

I

QUEEN OF THE MAY

OUR story begins on the evening before the first of May. Mayday was looked forward to with glee by all English children living in the country. Early that morning the lads and lasses of the village, gayly decked with flowers, would go merrily singing from house to house. In their midst would walk the Queen of the May, or sometimes, seated in a chair twined round with blossom, she would be carried from door to door by her little companions. With a wreath of their gayest flowers they would crown her their Queen, and for her would be woven the fairest garlands. After the May carols were sung, cake, coppers, or small coins would be given to the boys and girls.

To choose their Queen and to arrange their flowers the children would meet on the last day of April. This they did in the village where Susan lived, and their meeting-place was in a corner of a field close by a large pink hawthorn. A shady lane ran past one side of the bush. On another side a sweet-brier hedge separated it from the garden belonging to an attorney.

This attorney was a very cross man, so cross that the vil-

lage people were always in fear of him. Although he had hedged and fenced his garden, it sometimes happened that there would stray into it a pig, or a dog, or a goat, or a goose belonging to a poor neighbor. Then the attorney would go to the owner of the stray animal and in a harsh voice demand money to pay for the damage it had done.

Mr. Case was the name of this attorney, and he had one son and a daughter called Barbara.

Barbara was not a favorite among the village children, for she had always wanted to rule them and to secure for herself the chief part in their games.

For one girl Barbara had a special dislike. This was none other than Susan Price, the sweetest-tempered lass in the village, and the pride and delight of all who knew her. The farm rented by Susan's father was near the house in which Mr. Case lived, and Barbara from her window used to watch Susan at work.

It was now time for the village children to choose their Queen. The setting sun was shining full upon the pink blossoms of the hawthorn when the merry group met to make their plans for the morrow.

Barbara Case, sulkily walking alone in her father's garden, heard the happy voices and, crouching behind the hedge that divided her from the other children, she listened to their plans.

"Where is Susan?" were the first words she overheard.

"Yes, where is Susan?" repeated a boy called Philip, stopping short in a tune he was playing on his pipe: "I want her to sing me this air, I can't remember how it goes."

"And I wish Susan would come, I'm sure," cried Mary, a little girl whose lap was full of primroses. "She will give me some thread to tie up my nosegays, and she will show me where the fresh violets grow, and she has promised to give me a great bunch of her cowslips to wear to-morrow. I wish she would come."

"Nothing can be done without Susan!" cried another child.

"Susan must be Queen of the May!" shouted several together.

Rose, who was Susan's special friend, now came forward

to remind them that when Susan was late it was always because she was needed at home.

"Go, Rose, and tell her to make haste," cried the impatient Philip. "Attorney Case is dining at the Abbey to-day, and if he comes home and finds us here, perhaps he will drive us away. He says this bit of ground belongs to his garden, but that is not true, for Farmer Price says we have all as much right to it as he has. He wants to rob us of our playground. I wish he and Bab were a hundred miles away, I do."

"Yes," cried Mary. "I should not like to be vain like Barbara, were I ever so rich."

Barbara, still crouching on the other side of the hedge, heard everything that was said.

Susan was all this time, as her friend Rose had guessed, busy at home. She had been kept by her father's returning later than usual. His supper was ready for him nearly an hour before he came home, and Susan swept the hearth twice, and twice put on wood to make a cheerful blaze for him. At last, when he did come in, he took no notice of the blaze or of Susan; and when his wife asked him how he was, he made no answer, but stood with his back to the fire, looking very gloomy. Susan put his supper on the table, and set his own chair for him, but he pushed away the chair and turned from the table, saying, "I shall eat nothing, child."

Susan hung up his hat, put his coat over the back of a chair to dry, and then stood looking at her mother, who was not well. She had tired herself with baking, and now, alarmed by her husband's strange conduct, she sat down pale and trembling. The father threw himself into a chair, folded his arms, and gazed into the fire.

Susan was the first who ventured to break the silence. She tried to coax him to eat the supper prepared for him. This, however, she could not persuade him to do, but he said, with a faint smile, that he thought he could eat one of her guinea-hen's eggs. Susan thanked him, and showed her eagerness to please her dear father by running as fast as she could to her neat chicken-yard. Alas! the guinea-fowl was not there. It had strayed into the garden of Mr. Case. She could see it

through the paling. Going to the garden-gate, Susan timidly opened it, and seeing Miss Barbara walk slowly by, she asked if she might come in and take her guinea-fowl.

Barbara, who at that moment was thinking of all she had heard the village children say, started when she heard Susan's voice.

"Shut the gate," she said crossly, "you have no business in our garden. As for the hen, I shall keep it: it is always flying in here and plaguing us, and my father told me I might catch it and keep it the next time it got in, and it is in now." Then Barbara called to her maid Betty and bid her catch the mischievous bird.

"Oh, my guinea-hen! my pretty guinea-hen!" cried Susan, as mistress and maid hunted the frightened, screaming creature from corner to corner.

"Now we have it!" said Betty, holding it fast by the legs.

"Then pay damages, Queen Susan, or you may say good-by to your pretty guinea-hen," said Barbara in a rude tone.

"It has done no damage," said Susan; "but tell me what I must pay."

"A shilling," said Barbara.

"Oh, if only sixpence would do!" said Susan; "I have but sixpence of my own in the world, and here it is."

"It won't do," said Barbara, turning her back.

"Nay, but hear me," cried Susan, "let me at least come in to look for its eggs. I only want one for my father's supper. You shall have all the rest."

"What is your father or his supper to us; is he so particular that he can eat none but guinea-hen's eggs?" said Barbara. "If you want your hen and your eggs, pay for them, and you shall have them."

"I have only sixpence and you say that won't do," said Susan with a sigh, as she looked at her favorite which was in the maid's cruel hands, struggling and screaming in vain.

Susan went away feeling very sad. At the door of her father's cottage she saw her friend Rose, who had just come to summon her to the hawthorn-bush.

"They are all at the hawthorn, and I have come for you.

Susan was in her garden.

We can do nothing without you, dear Susan," cried Rose, running to meet her the moment she saw her. "You are chosen Queen of the May—come, make haste. But what is the matter? Why do you look so sad?"

"Ah!" said Susan, "don't wait for me; I can't come to you, but," she added, pointing to the tuft of cowslips in the garden, "gather those for little Mary; I promised them to her, and tell her the violets are under a hedge just beside the stile, on the right as we go to church. Good-by! never mind me; I can't come—I can't stay, for my father wants me."

But Rose followed her into the cottage and when she learned that her friend's guinea-hen was kept a prisoner by Barbara, she was hot with indignation, and at once ran back to tell the story to her companions.

II

BAD NEWS

As Susan entered the cottage parlor, Farmer Price drew his chair close to his wife. "You see there is something amiss with me," he said; "I must tell you what it is.

"Susan, don't go; sit down here, sweet Susan," he said, making room for her beside him. "I am afraid I was cross when I came in to-night, but I had something to vex me, as you shall hear."

Then the farmer told how, a fortnight before, lots had been drawn in the nearest town, to see which men there and in the surrounding villages should leave home to be trained as soldiers. For it was in this way that men were found to defend their country. Only if they were under eighteen or above forty years of age could they escape drawing lots.

"Now, as I would be forty in ten days," said the farmer, "I was told just to call myself forty then and there; but the truth is the truth, and should be spoken at all times, come what may. And when the lots were drawn, it fell to me among others to leave home to be trained to fight. I was thinking how unhappy we should be to part, when I heard that if I

paid nine guineas to another man, he would take my place, and I could remain at home with you. I had not the money, but I went to Mr. Case and asked him to lend me the money. He said he would if I handed over to him my lease.

"That was a fortnight ago, and to-night Attorney Case tells me he has discovered that, owing to some mistake in the lease, we may be turned out of the farm at any time."

Here Farmer Price stopped short, and his wife and Susan gazed anxiously into his face.

"The truth must be told," he said with a deep sigh. "I must now leave you in three days."

"Must you?" said his wife faintly. "Susan dear, open the window." Susan ran to do as she was bid, and then returned to her mother's side. The fresh air soon revived the poor woman, and she begged her husband to go on with his story.

Farmer Price believed that the truth should be spoken at all times, but never had he found it so difficult as at this moment. What had happened was this. Attorney Case had met Farmer Price that evening. As the Attorney met him he stopped him, saying, "A word with you, Farmer Price, if you please. You know the field with the pink hawthorn where the village children play? I am going to add it to my garden. I hear you say it does not belong to me. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I say," said Price; "the field is not yours."

"My good man," he said, "you will remember that a fortnight ago I lent you nine guineas. To-morrow morning you must return them to me."

"Those guineas," replied the farmer, "I paid, as you know, to the man who said he would go instead of me to be trained as a soldier. But he has not yet gone, and I can still get the guineas back from him and go myself to be trained."

The Attorney was not prepared for this answer. "I do not want to drive you to that," he said, pretending to be kind. "Now about the field—you do not want to add it to the farm, do you?"

"Certainly not, for it is not mine."

"Then why object to my having it?"

"Because it is not yours. The children who play there have the right. It belongs to the village."

"A debt is a debt," shouted the angry Attorney, "and must be paid. Bring me my nine guineas!"

The moment Price got the money he took it straight to Mr. Case, laid it on his desk and was going away, when the Attorney called out, "Not so fast, you have forgotten your lease."

"Ah yes! my lease, I had forgotten it. Let me have it."

"Pardon me," said the Attorney with a cruel smile, "but I cannot let you have it. On reading it over I find that owing to a mistake you may be turned out of the farm at any time. I must keep it to show to Sir Arthur. I have no doubt he will want me to look after things for him as I did for his brother. Now perhaps you wish you had quietly let me add the field to my garden."

Farmer Price said nothing, but dragged himself home a sad man.

III

SUSAN'S GUINEA-FOWL

The next morning Rose took the twelve shillings, that the children had gathered to help Susan, to Barbara. When Barbara caught sight of the coins in Rose's open purse she decided that she might as well get as many of them for herself as possible. So she raised the price of the guinea-hen coin by coin.

Then Rose threw down shilling after shilling, till twelve bright pieces lay on the table, and her purse was empty.

"Now you may take the guinea-hen," said Barbara.

Rose pushed the money toward the greedy girl, but at the same moment remembered that it had not belonged to herself alone. At once she seized the silver coins, and saying that she must first see if the friends with whom she shared them were willing to part with them, she ran off.

When the children heard Rose's story, they were amazed, that even Barbara could be so mean, but they all agreed that

at any cost the guinea-fowl must be set free. In a body they went to Susan and told her so, at the same time handing her the purse. Then they ran off without waiting to be thanked. Rose only stayed behind. Susan knew that she must accept the present gladly, just as she would give one gladly. She was much touched by the kindness of her friends, but she took the purse as simply as she would have given it.

"Well," said Rose, "shall I go back for the guinea-hen?"

"The guinea-hen!" said Susan, starting from a dream into which she had fallen as she looked at the purse. "Certainly I do long to see my pretty guinea-hen once more, but I was not thinking of her just then—I was thinking of my father."

Now Susan had often that day heard her mother wish that she had but money enough in the world to pay to the man who was willing to be trained to fight instead of her husband.

"This, to be sure, will go but a little way," thought Susan; "but still it may be of some use." She told her thought to Rose, and ended by saying that if the money was given to her to spend as she pleased, she would give it to her father.

"It is all yours, my dear, good Susan!" cried Rose. "This is so like you!—but I'm sorry that Miss Bab must keep your guinea-hen. I would not be her for all the guinea-hens, or guineas either, in the whole world.

IV

SUSAN VISITS THE ABBEY

The next day Susan carried some nice fresh bread of her own baking to the Abbey, where her sweet, modest ways made a deep impression upon Sir Arthur's good sisters. They told her they would take pleasure in coming to see her at six o'clock that evening. Barbara of course was eager to know all about the visit.

She said to Betty, her maid:

"I'll step in and ask to see her mother. That will put her in a good humor in a trice."

Barbara went to the cottage and found Susan standing over a pot on the fire. "Is the soup ready?" she asked. "I'll wait till you take it in to your mother and go in with you. I want to ask her how she is, myself."

"Sit down then, miss," said Susan. "I have put in the parsley, so the soup is nearly ready."

Barbara sat down and plied Susan with questions. How was Miss Somers dressed? Were the sisters dressed alike? What were they having for dinner at the Abbey? Above all, what could Miss Somers mean by saying she would call at Farmer Price's cottage at six o'clock that evening?

There was a pause, and then Bab remarked, "How nice the soup looks!"

Susan had poured it into a basin, and as she dropped over it the bright yellow pot marigold to season it, it looked very tempting. She tasted it and added a little salt; tasted it again, and added a little more. Then she thought it was just as her mother liked it.

"Oh, I must taste it!" said Bab, seizing the basin greedily.

"Won't you take a spoon?" said Susan, trembling as she saw the big mouthfuls Barbara took with a loud noise.

"Take a spoon, indeed!" exclaimed Bab. "How dare you, how dare you speak so to me? 'Take a spoon, pig!' was what you meant to say! I'll never enter your cottage again!" And she flounced out of the house.

Susan stood still, amazed at the beginning of Barbara's speech, but her last words explained the sudden outburst.

Some years before this time, when Susan was a very little girl and could scarcely speak, as she was eating a basin of bread and milk for supper at the cottage door, a great pig came up and put his nose into the basin. Susan was willing that the pig should have some share of the bread and milk, but as she ate with a spoon and he with his large mouth, she soon found that he was likely to have more than his share; and she said to him, "Take a poon, pig." The saying became a proverb in the village, and Susan's little companions quoted it when any one claimed more than his share of anything good.

V

SUSAN'S PET LAMB

Attorney Case was anxious to become the manager of Sir Arthur's estate. It occurred to him that it might help his interests if he should give the baronet a handsome present. A good fat lamb would be about right. He heard of Susan's Daisy, and determined to secure it.

At once he walked over to Farmer Price's cottage. He found Susan packing her father's little wardrobe, and as she looked up, he saw she had been in tears.

"How is your mother to-day, Susan?" inquired the Attorney.

"Worse, sir. My father goes to-morrow."

"That's a pity."

"It can't be helped," said Susan, with a sigh.

"It can't be helped—how do you know that?" said Mr. Case.

"Sir, dear sir!" cried she, looking up at him, and a sudden ray of hope beamed in her sweet face.

"What if you could help it, Susan?" he said.

Susan clasped her hands in silence.

"You can help it, Susan." She started up. "What would you give now to have your father at home for a whole week longer?"

"Anything!—but I have nothing."

"Yes, you have a lamb," said the hard-hearted Attorney.

"My poor little Daisy!" said Susan; "but what good can she do?"

"What good can any lamb do? Is not lamb good to eat? Why do you look so pale, girl? Are not sheep killed every day, and don't you eat mutton? Is your lamb better than anybody else's, think you?"

"I don't know," said Susan, "but I love her dearly."

"More silly you," said he.

"She feeds out of my hand, she follows me about; I have always taken care of her; my mother gave her to me."

"Well, say no more about it, then; if you love your lamb better than both your father and your mother, keep it, and good morning to you."

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Susan, catching his coat with an eager, trembling hand—"a whole week, did you say? My mother may get better in that time. No, I do not love Daisy half so well." The struggle in her mind ceased, and with a calm voice she said, "Take the lamb."

"It must be brought up before nightfall for the butcher, remember."

"I shall not forget it," said Susan, steadily.

As soon, however, as the cruel man turned his back and left the house, Susan sat down, and hid her face in her hands. She was soon roused by the sound of her mother's feeble voice calling her from the inner room where she lay. Susan went in.

"Are you there, love? I thought I heard some strange voice just now talking to my child. Something's amiss, Susan," her mother went on, raising herself as well as she could in bed, to look at her daughter's face.

"Would you think it amiss, then, my dear mother," said Susan, stooping to kiss her—"would you think it amiss if my father was to stay with us a week longer?"

"Susan! you don't say so?"

"He is, indeed, a whole week—but how burning hot your hand is still."

"Are you sure he will stay?" asked her mother. "How do you know? Who told you so? Tell me all quick!"

"Attorney Case told me so; he can get him leave for a week longer, and he has promised he will."

"God bless him for it forever and ever!" said the poor woman, joining her hands. "May the blessing of Heaven be with him!"

Susan was silent. The next moment she was called out of the room, for a messenger had come from the Abbey for the bread-bill. Susan always made out the bills, for although she had not had many writing-lessons, she had taken great pains to learn, and wrote in a neat, clear hand. Having carefully ruled lines for the pounds, shillings, and pence, she made out

the bill and gave it to the boy who waited for it. Then she said to herself she would make out the other bills, for many of the people in the village had bought a few loaves and rolls of her making.

But Susan could not find her slate, and when she did find it many of the figures were blurred, for Barbara had sat upon it. And then the numbers seemed to dance before her, and each time that she added, the answer was different. The table was covered with little square bits of paper on which she had written the bills when her father came in, holding in his hand an account.

"Look at this, Susan!" he said, handing it to her. "How could you be so careless, child? What have you been thinking about to let a bill like that go to the Abbey? Luckily, I met the messenger and asked to see how much it was. Look at it."

Susan looked and blushed. Instead of "loaves" she had written "lambs." She altered the mistake and handed the bill to her father. He, meantime, was looking at the papers lying on the table.

"What are all these, child?" he asked.

"Some of them were wrong, and I wrote them out again."

"Some of them! All of them as far as I can see," said her father rather angrily, pointing to the papers.

Susan read the bills. Most of them were for lambs instead of for loaves or rolls.

Once more she wrote the bills, and her father, who was struck by the patient way she set to work, said he would himself collect the money. He would be proud to be able to say to the neighbors that it was all earned by his own little daughter. Susan heard him sigh as he passed the knapsack she had packed for him, but she thought she would keep the pleasure of telling him of his week's leave until he came home.

Susan thought she would now have time to run down to the meadow by the river-side to see her favorite, but just as she had tied on her straw hat the clock struck four. This was the hour at which she always went to fetch her brothers from the school near the village. So, she put off her visit to the lamb and went at once to meet them.

VI

THE BLIND HARPER

The school, which was about a mile from the village, was a long, low house with a thatched roof. It was sheltered by a few old oaks, under which the grandparents and great-grandparents of the children now at school had played long ago. The play-green sloped down from the front of the school, and was enclosed by a rough paling. As Susan now opened the gate, she heard the merry voices of the little ones, and saw them streaming out of the narrow door and scattering over the green.

"Oh, there's Susan!" cried her two little brothers, running, leaping, and bounding up to her; and many of the other rosy boys and girls crowded round her to tell of their games.

Suddenly music was heard. The children at once became silent, and looked round to see whence the sound came. Susan pointed to the great oak-tree, and they saw, sitting under its shade, an old man playing upon his harp. The children all drew near quietly, for the music was solemn; but as the harper heard little footsteps coming toward him, he played one of his more lively tunes. The merry troop pressed nearer and nearer to the old man. Then some of those who were in front whispered to each other, "He is blind." "What a pity!" "He looks very poor." "He must be very old, for his hair is white; and he must have come a long way, for his shoes are quite worn out."

All this was said while the harper tuned his harp. When he once more began to play, not a word was spoken. The old man then let the children name the airs they would like best to hear.

"I am blind," he said, "and cannot see your faces, but I can tell something about each of you by your voices."

"Can you, indeed?" cried Susan's little brother William, who was now standing between the old man's knees. "It was my sister Susan who spoke last. Can you tell us something about her?"

"That I can, I think," said the harper, lifting the little boy on his knee. "Your sister Susan is good-natured."

William clapped his hands.

"And good-tempered."

"Right," said little William, clapping louder than before.

"And very fond of the little boy who sits on my knee."

"Oh! right, right, quite right!" exclaimed the child, and "quite right" echoed on all sides.

"But how do you know so much, when you are blind?" said William, looking hard at the old man.

"Hush!" whispered John, who was a year older than his brother and very wise, "you should not remind him that he is blind."

"Though I am blind," said the harper, "I can hear, you know, and I heard from your sister herself all that I told you of her, that she was good-tempered and good-natured and fond of you."

"Oh, that's wrong—you did not hear all that from her, I'm sure," said John, "for nobody ever hears her praising herself."

"Did not I hear her tell you," said the harper, "when you first came round me, that she was in a great hurry to go home, but that she would stay a little while, since you wished it so much? Was not that good-natured? And when you said you did not like the tune she liked best, she was not angry with you, but said, 'Then play William's first, if you please.' Was not that good-tempered?"

"Oh, yes," said William, "it's all true; but how did you find out she was fond of me?"

"That is such a hard question," said the harper, "that I must take time to think."

When the old harper was so tired that he could play no more, a lad who usually carried his harp for him came up, and held his master's hat to those around, saying, "Will you please remember us?" The children readily gave their half-pence to this poor, good-natured man, who had taken so much pains to amuse them. It pleased them better even than to give

them to the gingerbread-woman, whose stall they loved to visit.

The children now all started for their homes, and the old harper begged that Susan would show him the way to the village, if she were going there. The lad took up the harp and little William led the old man by the hand, while John ran on before to gather buttercups in the meadows. When they reached a little brook which they must cross by a narrow plank, Susan was afraid to leave the harper to the care of his little guide, so she herself took his hand and led him safely to the other side.

Soon they reached the road, and Susan told the boy who carried his master's harp that he could not now lose his way. She then said good-by to the harper, adding that she and her brothers must take the short path across the fields.

VII

GOOD NEWS

When they came to their own cottage-door, they heard voices, and they saw, when they entered, two ladies standing in the kitchen.

"Come in, Susan," said Miss Somers, "I fancy you forgot that we promised to pay you a visit this evening, but you need not blush so much, there is no great harm done; we have only been here about five minutes and we have been admiring your neat garden and your tidy shelves. Is it you, Susan, who keeps these things in such nice order?" went on Miss Somers, looking round the kitchen.

Before Susan could reply, little William pushed forward and answered, "Yes, ma'am, it is my sister Susan that keeps everything neat; and she always comes to school for us, too, which was what caused her to be so late."

"Because," went on John, "she would not refuse to let us hear a blind man play on the harp. It was we who kept her, and we hope, ma'am, as you seem so good, you won't take it amiss."

Miss Somers and her sister smiled as they listened to Susan's little brothers, but what they heard made them feel sure that Susan was indeed as kind a sister as the housekeeper had said.

When the ladies left the cottage, they took Susan with them through the village.

"I fancy we shall find what we want here," said Miss Somers, stopping before a shop-window where ribbons of all colors were displayed, and where lace collars, glass buttons, and sheets of pins were laid out in order. They went in, and on the shelves behind the counter saw gay, neat linens and calicoes.

"Now, Susan, choose yourself a gown," said Miss Somers. "Because you are a busy girl and behave well, we wish others to see that such is the conduct we approve."

The shopkeeper was the father of Susan's friend, Rose. He stretched his arm to the highest shelf, then dived into drawers beneath the counter, sparing no pains to show the best goods to his customers.

Susan did not show the interest that might have been expected. Miss Somers had put a bright guinea into her hand and told her to pay for her own gown.

"If you do not fancy any of these calicoes," said the shopkeeper to Susan, "we shall have a larger choice soon."

"Oh," answered Susan, with a smile and a blush, "these are all too good for me, but——"

"But what, Susan?" asked Miss Somers. "Tell us what is passing in your little mind."

Susan said nothing.

"Well then, it does not matter. You do not know us very well yet. When you do, you will not, I am sure, be afraid to be frank. Put the guinea in your pocket and make what use of it you please. From what we know and from what we have heard of you, we are sure you will make a good use of it."

"I think, madam," said the shopkeeper, "I have a pretty good guess what will become of that guinea, but I say nothing."

"No, that is right," said Miss Somers; "we leave Susan to do just as she likes with it, and now we must not keep her any

longer. Good-night, Susan, we shall soon come again to your neat cottage."

After Susan had left, Miss Somers turned to the obliging shopkeeper who was folding up all the goods he had opened. "You have had a great deal of trouble," she said, "and as Susan will not choose a gown for herself, I must find one for her," and she chose the prettiest.

While the man rolled up the parcel, Miss Somers asked him many questions about Susan, and he was only too glad to be able to tell what he knew about the good girl.

But to return to Susan. When she left the shop she carefully put the bright guinea into the purse with the twelve shillings her little friends had given her on Mayday. She next added, as far as she could remember them, the bills for bread that were owing to her, and found they came to about thirty-eight shillings. Then she hoped that by some means or other she might, during the week her father was to remain at home, make up the nine guineas that would enable him to stay with them altogether. "If that could but be," she said to herself, "how happy it would make my mother! She is already a great deal better since I told her my father would stay for a week longer. Ah! but she would not have blessed Attorney Case, if she had known about my poor Daisy." Susan had now reached the path that led to the meadow by the river-side. She wanted to go there alone and take leave of her lamb. But her little brothers, who were watching for her return, ran after her as soon as they saw her and overtook her as she reached the meadow.

"What did that good lady want with you?" cried William; but looking up in his sister's face, he saw tears in her eyes, and he was silent and walked on quietly. Susan saw her lamb by the water-side.

On the way Susan saw Attorney Case and the butcher examining Daisy. But when the butcher learned how heart-broken Susan was to lose her pet, he promised her little brothers to do all he could to get the lawyer to accept a bigger one instead. This the greedy man was glad enough to do.

In the meantime Susan's brothers ran home to tell her that

the lamb was put into the paddock for the night. This was all they knew, but even this was some comfort to the poor girl. As Susan began to get ready the meal, little William, who was standing at the house-door watching for his father's return, called out suddenly, "Susan, why here is our old man!"

"Yes," said the blind harper, "I have found my way to you. The neighbors were kind enough to show me whereabouts you lived; for, though I didn't know your name, they guessed who I meant by what I said of you all."

Susan came to the door, and the old man was delighted to hear her speak again. "If it would not be too bold," said he, "I'm a stranger in this part of the country, and come from afar off. My boy has got a bed for himself here in the village, but I have no place. Could you be so kind as to give an old blind man a night's lodging?"

Susan said she would step in and ask her mother, and she soon returned with an answer that he was heartily welcome, if he could sleep upon the children's bed, which was but small.

The old man entered thankfully, and, as he did so, struck his head against the low roof. "Many roofs that are twice as high do not shelter folk so kind," he said. For he had just come from the house of Mr. Case, and Barbara, who had been standing at the hall-door, said he could have no help there.

The farmer came home with a sad face, but how soon did it brighten, when Susan, with a smile, said to him, "Father, we've good news for you! good news for us all!—You have a whole week longer to stay with us; and perhaps," she went on, putting her little purse into his hands—"perhaps with what's here, and the bread-bills, and what may somehow be got together before a week's at an end, we may make up the nine guineas. Who knows, dearest mother, but we may keep him with us forever!" As she spoke, she threw her arms round her father, who pressed her to him without speaking, for his heart was full.

As they sat down to supper, the old harper was made welcome to his share of the simple meal.

Susan's father, as soon as supper was finished, even before

he would let the harper play a tune for his boys, opened the little purse which Susan had given him. He was surprised at the sight of the twelve shillings, and still more, when he came to the bottom of the purse to see the bright golden guinea.

"How did you come by all this money, Susan?" said he.

Susan did not like to tell the story of her guinea-hen, of the gown, and of her poor lamb. Part of this would seem as if she were speaking of her own good deeds, and part of it she did not like to remember. But her mother begged to know the whole, and she told it as simply as she could. When she came to the story of her lamb, her voice faltered, and everybody present was touched. The old harper sighed once, and cleared his throat several times. He then asked for his harp, and after tuning it for long, he played the air he had promised to the boys.

VIII

BARBARA VISITS THE ABBEY

The old blind man had come from the mountains of Wales to try to gain a prize of ten guineas. This prize was to be awarded to the harper who should play the best at a large town about five miles from the village where Susan lived. In the evening, after the prize-giving was over, there was to be a ball in the town, so the events of the day were looked forward to by many around. Barbara was one of those who grew more and more excited as the time for the prize-giving and ball drew near. She longed to be asked to go there by some of the rich neighbors who could drive her in their carriage.

Barbara was invited to the Abbey, where her foolish manners soon showed the ladies what she was really like. She had sent Susan's guinea-hen as a present to them, but when Philip, who happened to be near, told the whole story, Barbara hastened home in chagrin, and Philip was given the hen to take back to its owner.

Barbara's father, too, was much displeased to find that Sir Arthur would not accept his lamb. "I do not receive gifts

from my neighbors," he explained. "There are so many who would like to show their good will, but who cannot afford to."

IX

A SURPRISE FOR SUSAN

When Philip came to the door he stopped suddenly, for the idea struck him that it would give Rose great pleasure to carry the guinea-fowl to Susan. So he ran into the village.

All the children who had given up their Mayday money to Susan were playing on the green. They were delighted to see the guinea-hen once more. Philip took his pipe and tabor and they all marched together toward the whitewashed cottage.

As they passed the butcher's house, his boy came out. They told him where they were going.

"Let me come with you, let me come with you," he said. "But wait one moment, for my father has something to say to you," and he darted into the house. The children waited. In a few moments they heard the bleating of a lamb, and soon they saw it being gently led by the butcher from the paddock.

"It is Daisy!" exclaimed Rose.

"It is Daisy!" they all shouted with joy, "Susan's lamb! Susan's lamb!"

"Well, for my part," said the good butcher, as soon as he could be heard, "for my part I would not be so cruel as Attorney Case for the whole world. It's true the lamb did not know what was before it, but poor Susan did, and to wring her gentle heart was what I call cruel. But at any rate, here it is, safe and sound now. Daisy was as well off in my paddock as in the field by the water-side."

The children now once more moved on, led by Philip, who played joyfully upon his pipe and tabor. Susan was working in her summer-house, with her little pine table before her. When she heard the sound of the music, she put down her work and listened. She saw the crowd of children coming nearer and nearer. They had closed round Daisy, so she did not see her pet, but as they came up to the garden-gate she saw

Her mistaken airs of gentility.

that Rose beckoned to her. Philip played as loud as he could, that she might not hear, until the proper moment, the bleating of the lamb. As Susan opened the gate, the children divided, and first she saw, in the midst of her taller friends, little smiling Mary, with the guinea-hen in her arms.

"Come on! come on!" cried Mary, as Susan started with joyful surprise; "you have more to see."

At this instant the music paused. Susan heard the bleating of a lamb, and pressing eagerly forward, she beheld poor Daisy. She burst into tears. "Thank you, thank you all," she said to her companions. "Now, if my father was not to go away from us next week, and if my mother were quite strong, I should be the happiest person in the world."

As Susan finished speaking, a voice behind the listening crowd cried, in a rough tone, "Let us pass, if you please; you have no right to block the road." This was the voice of Attorney Case, who was returning with Barbara from his visit to the Abbey. He saw the lamb and tried to whistle as he went on. Barbara also saw the guinea-hen and turned her head another way. Even her new bonnet, in which she had expected to be so much admired, now only served to hide her blushing face.

"I am glad she saw the guinea-hen," cried Rose, who now held it in her hands.

"Yes," said Philip, "she'll not forget Mayday in a hurry."

"Nor I either, I hope," said Susan, looking round upon her companions with a most loving smile: "I hope, while I live, I shall never forget your goodness to me last Mayday. Now that I've my pretty guinea-hen safe once more, I should think of returning your money."

"No! no! no!" was the cry, "we don't want the money—keep it—keep it—you want it for your father."

"Well," said Susan, "I am not too proud to accept it. I will keep your money for my father. Perhaps some time or other I may be able to earn——"

"Oh," said Philip, "don't let us talk of earning; don't let her talk to us of money now; she hasn't had time hardly to

look at poor Daisy and her guinea-hen. Come, we had better go and let her have them all to herself."

X

BARBARA'S ACCIDENT

As the day went on, Miss Barbara became more and more annoyed that her meanness had been found out, but she had no wish to cure herself of the fault. The ball was still her first thought.

"Well," she said to Betty, "you have heard how things have turned out, but if Miss Somers does not ask me to go with her, I think I know someone else who will."

Now, some officers were quartered at the town where the ball was to be held. And because they had got into trouble with a tradesman there, out of which Mr. Case had undertaken to help them, they sometimes invited the Attorney to mess. The officers thought that if they showed some attention to Mr. Case, he would not charge them so much for his help. One of them even asked his wife to take, sometimes, a little notice of Miss Barbara. The name of this officer's wife was Mrs. Strathspey. It was of Mrs. Strathspey that Barbara was thinking when she said to Betty that if Miss Somers did not take her to the ball, she thought she knew of someone else who would.

"Mrs. Strathspey and the officers are to breakfast here to-morrow," said Bab. "Pray, Betty, don't forget that Mrs. Strathspey can't breakfast without honey. I heard her say so myself."

"Then, indeed," said Betty, "I'm afraid Mrs. Strathspey will have to go without breakfast here, for not a spoonful of honey have we, let her long for it ever so much."

"But surely," said Bab, "we can contrive to get some honey in the neighborhood."

"There's none to be bought, that I know of," said Betty.

"But is there none to be begged or borrowed?" said Bab, laughing. "Do you forget Susan's beehive? Step over to her

in the morning with my compliments, and see what you can do. Tell her it's for Mrs. Strathspey."

In the morning Betty went with Miss Barbara's compliments to Susan, to beg some honey for Mrs. Strathspey, who could not breakfast without it. Susan did not like to part with her honey, because her mother loved it, and she therefore gave Betty only a little. When Barbara saw how little Susan sent, she called her a miser, and she said she must have some more for Mrs. Strathspey. "I'll go myself and speak to her. Come with me, Betty," said the young lady, who seemed to forget she had said, on the day that she was asked to "take a spoon," that she never would pay Susan another visit.

"Susan," she said to the poor girl whom she had done everything in her power to hurt, "I must beg a little more honey from you for Mrs. Strathspey's breakfast. You know, at a great time such as this, we should help one another."

"To be sure we should," added Betty.

Susan, though she was generous, was not weak; she was willing to give to those she loved, but would not let anything be taken from her or coaxed out of her by those whom she could not respect. She answered that she was sorry she had no more honey to spare.

Barbara grew angry. "I'll tell you what, Susan Price, the honey I will have, so you may as well give it to me by fair means. Yes or no? Speak! Will you give it to me or not? Will you give me that piece of the honeycomb that lies there?"

"That bit of honeycomb is for my mother's breakfast," said Susan; "I cannot give it to you."

"Can't you?" said Bab, "then see if I don't take it."

She stretched across Susan and grasped, but she did not reach far enough. She made a second dart at the honeycomb and, in her effort to get it, she overset the beehive. The bees swarmed about her. Her maid Betty screamed and ran away. Susan, who was sheltered by a laburnum-tree, called to Barbara, upon whom the black clusters of bees were now settling, and begged her to stand still and not to beat them away. "If you stand quietly you won't be stung, perhaps."

But instead of standing quietly, Bab flung about her arms,

and stamped and roared, and the bees stung her terribly. Her arms and her face swelled in a frightful manner. She was helped home by poor Susan and Betty.

"I never felt such pain in my life," said Barbara. "Can't you do something for me? I don't mind the pain either so much as being such a fright. Pray, how am I to be fit to appear at breakfast with Mrs. Strathspey; and I suppose I can't go to the ball either to-morrow, after all."

"No, that you can't expect to do, indeed," said Betty. "You need not think of balls, for those lumps and swellings won't go off your face this week."

XI

THE PRIZE-GIVING

The next morning Farmer Price was sitting beside his wife and Susan sorrowing that his week's leave was nearly at an end, and that they had not enough money to give to the man who was willing to go in his place, when a knock was heard at the door, and a letter handed to Susan.

"For me!" said Farmer Price; "but who can it be from, I wonder? Who can think of writing to me, in this world?" He tore open the letter, but the hard name at the bottom of the page puzzled him—"your obliged friend, Llewellyn."

"And what's this?" he said, opening a paper that was enclosed in the letter. "It's a song, seemingly; it must be somebody that has a mind to make an April fool of me."

"But it is not April, it is May, father," said Susan.

"Well, let us read the letter, and we shall come to the truth all in good time."

Farmer Price then sat down in his own chair, and read as follows:

"My Worthy Friend—I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have had success this night. I have won the ten-guinea prize, and for that I am much indebted to your sweet daughter Susan; as you will see by a little ballad I enclose for her. Your

Philip found that he was wanted to hold the jug

kindness to me has let me learn something of your family history. You do not, I hope, forget that I was present when you were counting the treasure in Susan's little purse, and that I heard for what purpose it was all saved. You have not, I know, yet made up the full sum you need; therefore, I will be glad if you will use the five-guinea bank-note which you will find within the ballad. Pay me the money again when it suits you, and if it never suits you to pay it, I shall never ask for it. I shall go my rounds again through this country, I believe, about the same time next year, and will call to see how you are, and to play the new tune for Susan and the dear little boys.

"I am not quite so poor as I appear to be. But it is my wish to go about as I do. I see more of the world under my tattered clothes than, perhaps, I should ever see in better dress. There are many of us like this, and we are glad, when we can, to do any kindness to such a worthy family as yours. So fare ye well.

"Your obliged Friend,
LLEWELLYN."

He took the five-guinea bank-note, while she read, with surprise, "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb." Her mother leaned over her shoulder to read the words, but they were stopped before they had finished the first verse by another knock at the door.

XII

ATTORNEY CASE IN TROUBLE

It was not the postman with another letter. It was Sir Arthur and his sisters.

They came meaning to lend the farmer and his good family the money to pay the man who was willing to go away in the farmer's place. But they found their help was not needed.

"Still, since we are here," said Sir Arthur, "there is something I should like to speak about. Mr. Price, will you come out with me, and let me show you a piece of your land through

which I want to make a road. Look there," said Sir Arthur, pointing to the spot, "I am laying out a drive round my estate, and that bit of land of yours stops me."

"Why, sir, true enough it's mine, but you are welcome to it. I can trust you to find me another bit worth the same, or to make up the value of it in some other way. I need say no more."

Sir Arthur was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "What is this I hear about some mistake in your lease?"

"Well, sir," replied the farmer, "I can show you a letter from your brother who had the estate before you, and who let the farm to me. That letter shows what he meant, Sir Arthur. Now a mistake is a mistake all the world over, and should be treated as such, but Attorney Case says in the matter of a lease you must abide by the mistake as though it were the truth."

"You seem," said Sir Arthur, "to have some quarrel with this Attorney of whom you talk so often. Now would you mind telling me frankly what is the matter between you?"

"The matter between us, sir, is this," said Price. "You know the corner of the field with the pink hawthorn near Mr. Case's house? The lane runs past one side of it and a sweet-brier hedge separates it on the other from his garden. Well, sir, the Attorney wishes to enclose that bit of ground with his own, and as it belongs to the village, and moreover is a play-green for the children, and it has been their custom to meet by the hawthorn every Mayday for as many years as I can remember, I was loth to see them turned out of it."

"Let us go together and look at this piece of ground," said Sir Arthur.

When they reached the ground, Mr. Case saw them from his garden and hurried to the spot. He was afraid of what the farmer might tell Sir Arthur. But this time the Attorney was too late, for the truth had already been told.

"Is this the place you speak of?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Yes, sir," answered Price.

"Why, Sir Arthur," said Attorney Case, seeing that he was too late, "let there be no dispute about the ground. Let

it belong to the village if you will. I give up all claim to it."

"But you know well, Mr. Case, that a man cannot give up claim to a place which is not his. You cannot give up this piece of land, for you have no claim to it, as I can prove to you by a look at my maps. This field used to belong to the farm on the other side of the road, but was cut off from it when the lane was made."

"Indeed you must know best," said the trembling Attorney, who was afraid of Sir Arthur and enraged to be shown in the wrong before Farmer Price.

"Then," said Sir Arthur to the farmer, "you understand that this little green is to be a playground for the village children, and I hope they may gather hawthorn from their favorite bush for many a Mayday to come."

Farmer Price bowed low, which he seldom did, even when he received a kindness for himself, but he was now overjoyed to think of the children's delight when he should tell them the good news.

"And now, Mr. Case," said Sir Arthur, turning to the Attorney, "you sent me a lease to look over."

"Yes, I thought it my duty to do so. I hope it will not hurt the good farmer."

"No, it will not hurt him," said Sir Arthur. "I am willing to write a new one for him when he pleases. He has a letter from my brother who let the farm to him, which shows exactly what was meant, even if there was a mistake made in making out the lease. I hope I shall never treat any one unfairly."

"No, indeed," said the Attorney, "but I always thought if there was a mistake in a lease it was fair to take advantage of it."

"Then you shall be judged by your own words," answered Sir Arthur. "You meant to send me Farmer Price's lease, but your son has somehow brought me yours instead. I have found a bad mistake in it."

"A bad mistake in my lease!" gasped the alarmed Attorney.

"Yes," replied Sir Arthur, pulling the lease out of his pocket. "Here it is. You will see it has not been signed."

"But you won't take advantage of a mistake, surely!" said the Attorney, who seemed to forget that he had shortly before said that it was fair to do so.

"I shall not take advantage of you as you would have done of this honest man," replied Sir Arthur. "You shall be paid the value of your house and land upon condition that you leave the parish within one month."

The Attorney knew it was useless to reply. He therefore turned and sneaked away.

XIII

SUSAN'S BIRTHDAY

"You write a good hand, you can keep accounts, cannot you?" said Sir Arthur to Mr. Price, as they walked toward the cottage. "I think I saw a bill of your little daughter's drawing out the other day, which was very neatly written. Did you teach her to write?"

"No, sir," said Price, "I can't say I did that, for she mostly taught it to herself; but I taught her a few sums, as far as I knew, on winter nights when I had nothing else to do."

"Your daughter shows that she has been well taught," said Sir Arthur, "and her good conduct is a credit to you and her mother."

"You are very good, very good indeed, sir, to speak in this way," said the delighted father.

"But I mean to do more than pay you with words," said Sir Arthur. "You are attached to your own family, perhaps you may become attached to me, when you know me, and we shall have many chances of judging one another. I want no one to do my hard work. I only want a steady, honest man, like you, to collect my rents, and I hope, Mr. Price, you will do that for me."

"I hope, sir," said Price, with joy and gratitude glowing

Susan
and
Rose.

in his honest face, "that I'll never give you cause to regret your goodness to me."

"And what are my sisters about here?" said Sir Arthur, entering the cottage and going behind the two ladies, who were busy measuring a pretty colored calico.

"It is for Susan, my dear brother. I knew she did not keep that guinea for herself," said Miss Somers. "I have just asked her mother to tell me what became of it. Susan gave it to her father, but she must not refuse a gown of our choosing this time; and I am sure she will not, because her mother, I see, likes it. And, Susan, I hear that instead of becoming Queen of the May this year, you were sitting in your mother's room as she was ill. Your mother has a little color in her cheeks now."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mrs. Price, "I'm a different being. Joy, I think, has done it."

"Then," said Miss Somers, "I hope you will be able to come out on your daughter's birthday, which, I hear, is on the twenty-fifth of this month. Make haste and get quite well before that day, for my brother means that all the boys and girls of the village shall have a dance on Susan's birthday."

"Yes," said Sir Arthur, "and I hope on that day, Susan, you will be very happy with your little friends upon their play-green. I shall tell them that it is your good conduct which has won it for them; and if you have anything to ask, any little favor for any of your friends, which we can grant, ask now, Susan."

"Sir," said Susan, after glancing at her mother, "there is, to be sure, a favor I should like to ask; it is for Rose."

"Well, I don't know who Rose is," said Sir Arthur, smiling, "but go on."

"Ma'am, you have seen her, I believe; she is a very good girl indeed," said Mrs. Price to Miss Somers.

"And works very neatly, ma'am," continued Susan eagerly, "and she and her mother heard you were looking out for some one to wait upon you."

"Say no more," said Miss Somers; "your wish is granted. Tell Rose to come to the Abbey to-morrow morning, or rather

come with her yourself, for our housekeeper, I know, wants to talk to you about a certain cake. She wishes, Susan, that you should be the maker of the cake for the dance, and she has good things looked out for it already, I know. It must be large enough for everybody to have a slice, and the housekeeper will ice it for you. I only hope your cake will be as good as your bread. Good-by."

"How I do wish, now," said Farmer Price, "how I do wish, wife, that our good friend the harper was only here at this time. It would do his warm old heart good. Well, the best of it is, we shall be able next year, when he comes his rounds, to pay him his money with thanks, being all the time and forever as much obliged to him as if we kept it. I long to see him in this house again, drinking, as he did, a glass of Susan's mead, just on this spot."

"Yes," said Susan, "and the next time he comes, I can give him one of my guinea-hen's eggs, and I shall show him Daisy."

"True, love," said her mother, "and he will play that tune and sing that pretty ballad. Where is it? I have not finished it."

"Rose ran away with it, mother, but I'll run after her, and bring it back to you this minute," said Susan.

Susan found her friend Rose at the hawthorn, in the midst of a crowd of children, to whom she was reading "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb."

"The words are something, but the tune—the tune—I must have the tune," cried Philip. "I'll ask my mother to ask Sir Arthur to try and find out which way that good old man went after the ball; and if he's to be found, we'll have him back by Susan's birthday, and he shall sit here—just exactly here—by our bush, and he shall play—I mean, if he will—that same tune for us, and I shall learn it—I mean, if I can—in a minute."

The good news that Farmer Price was to collect the rents and that Attorney Case was to leave the parish in a month soon spread over the village. Many came out of their houses to have the pleasure of hearing the joyful tidings from Susan

herself. The crowd on the play-green grew bigger every minute.

"Yes," cried Philip, "I tell you it's quite true, every word of it. Susan's too modest to say it herself, but I tell you all, that Sir Arthur has given us this play-green just because she is so good."

UNCLE DAVID'S NONSENSICAL STORY ABOUT GIANTS AND FAIRIES

By KATHERINE SINCLAIR

IN the days of yore children were not all such clever, good, sensible people as they are now. Lessons were then considered rather a plague, sugar-plums were still in demand, holidays continued yet in fashion, and toys were not then made to teach mathematics, nor storybooks to give instruction in chemistry and navigation. These were very strange times, and there existed at that period a very idle, greedy, naughty boy, such as we never hear of in the present day. His father and mother were—no matter who, and he lived—no matter where. His name was Master No-book, and he seemed to think his eyes were made for nothing but to stare out of the windows, and his mouth for no other purpose but to eat. This young gentleman hated lessons like mustard, both of which brought tears into his eyes, and during school hours he sat gazing at his books pretending to be busy, while his mind wandered away to wish impatiently for dinner, and to consider where he could get the nicest pies, pastry, ices, and jellies, while he smacked his lips at the very thoughts of them.

Whenever Master No-book spoke it was always to ask for something, and you might continually hear him say in a whining tone of voice: "Father, may I take this piece of cake?" "Aunt Sarah, will you give me an apple?" "Mother, do send me the whole of that plum-pudding." Indeed, very frequently, when he did not get permission to gormandize, this naughty glutton helped himself without leave. Even his dreams were like his waking hours, for he had often a horrible nightmare about lessons, thinking he was smothered with Greek lexicons or pelted out of the school with a shower of English grammars, while one night he fancied himself sitting down to devour an

EACH OF MY VISITORS SITS WITH HIS BACK TO AS MANY OF THE COMPANY AS POSSIBLE.

enormous plum-cake, and all of a sudden it became transformed into a Latin dictionary.

One afternoon Master No-book, having played truant all day from school, was lolling on his mother's best sofa in the drawing-room, with his leather boots tucked up on the satin cushions, and nothing to do but to suck a few oranges, and nothing to think of but how much sugar to put upon them, when suddenly an event took place which filled him with astonishment.

A sound of soft music stole into the room, becoming louder and louder the longer he listened, till at length, in a few moments afterward, a large hole burst open in the wall of his room, and there stepped into his presence two magnificent fairies, just arrived from their castles in the air, to pay him a visit. They had traveled all the way on purpose to have some conversation with Master No-book, and immediately introduced themselves in a very ceremonious manner.

The fairy Do-nothing was gorgeously dressed with a wreath of flaming gas round her head, a robe of gold tissue, a necklace of rubies, and a bouquet in her hand of glittering diamonds. Her cheeks were rouged to the very eyes, her teeth were set in gold, and her hair was of a most brilliant purple; in short, so fine and fashionable-looking a fairy never was seen in a drawing-room before. The fairy Teach-all, who followed next, was simply dressed in white muslin, with bunches of natural flowers in her light-brown hair, and she carried in her hand a few neat, small volumes, which Master No-book looked at with a shudder of aversion.

The two fairies now informed him that they very often invited large parties of children to spend some time at their palaces, but as they lived in quite an opposite direction, it was necessary for their young guests to choose which it would be best to visit first; therefore they had now come to inquire of Master No-book who he thought it would be most agreeable to accompany on the present occasion.

"In my house," said the fairy Teach-all, speaking with a very sweet smile and a soft, pleasing voice, "you shall be taught to find pleasure in every sort of exertion, for I delight in

activity and diligence. My young friends rise at seven every morning, and amuse themselves with working in a beautiful garden of flowers, rearing whatever fruit they wish to eat, visiting among the poor, associating pleasantly together, studying the arts and sciences, and learning to know the world in which they live, and to fulfil the purposes for which they have been brought into it. In short, all our amusements tend to some useful object, either for our own improvement or the good of others, and you will grow wiser, better, and happier every day you remain in the palace of Knowledge."

"But in Castle Needless, where I live," interrupted the fairy Do-nothing, rudely pushing her companion aside with an angry, contemptuous look, "we never think of exerting ourselves for anything. You may put your head in your pocket and your hands in your sides as long as you choose to stay. No one is ever asked a question, that he may be spared the trouble of answering. We lead the most fashionable life imaginable, for nobody speaks to anybody. Each of my visitors is quite an exclusive, and sits with his back to as many of the company as possible, in the most comfortable arm-chair that can be contrived. There, if you are only so good as to take the trouble of wishing for anything, it is yours without even turning an eye round to look where it comes from. Dresses are provided of the most magnificent kind, which go on themselves, without your having the smallest annoyance with either buttons or strings; games which you can play without an effort of thought; and dishes dressed by a French cook, smoking hot under your nose, from morning till night; while any rain we have is either made of lemonade or lavender-water, and in winter it generally snows iced punch for an hour during the forenoon."

Nobody need be told which fairy Master No-book preferred, and quite charmed at his own good fortune in receiving so agreeable an invitation, he eagerly gave his hand to the splendid new acquaintance who promised him so much pleasure and ease, and gladly proceeded in a carriage lined with velvet, stuffed with downy pillows, and drawn by milk-white swans, to that magnificent residence, Castle Needless, which was

lighted by a thousand windows during the day, and by a million of lamps every night.

Here Master No-book enjoyed a constant holiday and a constant feast, while a beautiful lady covered with jewels was ready to tell him stories from morning till night, and servants waited to pick up his playthings if they fell, or to draw out his purse or his pocket-handkerchief when he wished to use them.

Thus Master No-book lay dozing for hours and days on rich embroidered cushions, never stirring from his place, but admiring the view of trees covered with the richest burned almonds, grottoes of sugar-candy, a *jet d'eau* of champagne, a wide sea which tasted of sugar instead of salt, and a bright, clear pond, filled with gold fish that let themselves be caught whenever he pleased. Nothing could be more complete, and yet, very strange to say, Master No-book did not seem particularly happy. This appears exceedingly unreasonable, when so much trouble was taken to please him; but the truth is that every day he became more fretful and peevish. No sweetmeats were worth the trouble of eating, nothing was pleasant to play at, and in the end he wished it were possible to sleep all day, as well as all night.

Not a hundred miles from the fairy Do-nothing's palace there lived a most cruel monster called the giant Snap-'em-up, who looked, when he stood up, like the tall steeple of a great church, raising his head so high that he could peep over the loftiest mountains, and was obliged to climb up a ladder to comb his own hair.

Every morning regularly this prodigiously great giant walked round the world before breakfast for an appetite, after which he made tea in a large lake, used the sea as a slop-basin, and boiled his kettle on Mount Vesuvius. He lived in great style, and his dinners were most magnificent, consisting very often of an elephant roasted whole, ostrich patties, a tiger smothered in onions, stewed lions, and whale soup; but for a side-dish his greatest favorite consisted of little boys, as fat as possible, fried in crumbs of bread, with plenty of pepper and salt.

No children were so well fed or in such good condition for

eating as those in the fairy Do-nothing's garden, who was a very particular friend of the giant Snap-'em-up's, and who sometimes laughingly said she would give him a license, and call her own garden his "preserve," because she always allowed him to help himself, whenever he pleased, to as many of her visitors as he chose, without taking the trouble to even count them; and in return for such extreme civility, the giant very frequently invited her to dinner.

Snap-'em-up's favorite sport was to see how many brace of little boys he could bag in a morning; so, in passing along the streets, he peeped into all the drawing-rooms, without having occasion to get upon tiptoe, and picked up every young gentleman who was idly looking out of the windows, and even a few occasionally who were playing truant from school; but busy children seemed always somehow quite out of his reach.

One day, when Master No-book felt even more lazy, more idle, and more miserable than ever, he lay beside a perfect mountain of toys and cakes, wondering what to wish for next, and hating the very sight of everything and everybody. At last he gave so loud a yawn of weariness and disgust that his jaw very nearly fell out of joint, and then he sighed so deeply that the giant Snap-'em-up heard the sound as he passed along the road after breakfast, and instantly stepped into the garden, with his glass at his eye, to see what was the matter. Immediately, on observing a large, fat, overgrown boy, as round as a dumpling, lying on a bed of roses, he gave a cry of delight, followed by a gigantic peal of laughter, which was heard three miles off, and picking up Master No-book between his finger and thumb, with a pinch that very nearly broke his ribs, he carried him rapidly toward his own castle, while the fairy Do-nothing laughingly shook her head as he passed, saying:

"That little man does me great credit. He has only been fed for a week, and is as fat already as a prize ox. What a dainty morsel he will be! When do you dine to-day, in case I should have time to look in upon you?"

On reaching home the giant immediately hung up Master No-book by the hair of his head, on a prodigious hook in the larder, having first taken some large lumps of nasty suet,

forcing them down his throat to make him become still fatter, and then stirring the fire, that he might be almost melted with heat, to make his liver grow larger. On a shelf quite near Master No-book perceived the bodies of six other boys, whom he remembered to have seen fattening in the fairy Do-nothing's garden, while he recollected how some of them had rejoiced at the thoughts of leading a long, useless, idle life, with no one to please but themselves.

The enormous cook now seized hold of Master No-book, brandishing her knife with an aspect of horrible determination, intending to kill him, while he took the trouble of screaming and kicking in the most desperate manner, when the giant turned gravely round, and said that, as pigs were considered a much greater dainty when whipped to death than killed in any other way, he meant to see whether children might not be improved by it also; therefore she might leave that great hog of a boy till he had time to try the experiment, especially as his own appetite would be improved by the exercise. This was a dreadful prospect for the unhappy prisoner, but meantime it prolonged his life a few hours, as he was immediately hung up in the larder and left to himself. There, in torture of mind and body, like a fish upon a hook, the wretched boy began at last to reflect seriously upon his former ways, and to consider what a happy home he might have had, if he could only have been satisfied with business and pleasure succeeding each other, like day and night, while lessons might have come in as a pleasant sauce to his play-hours, and his play-hours as a sauce to his lessons.

In the midst of many reflections, which were all very sensible, though rather too late, Master No-book's attention became attracted by the sound of many voices laughing, talking, and singing, which caused him to turn his eyes in a new direction, when, for the first time, he observed that the fairy Teach-all's garden lay upon a beautiful sloping bank not far off. There a crowd of merry, noisy, rosy-cheeked boys were busily employed, and seemed happier than the day was long, while poor Master No-book watched them during his own miserable hours, envying the enjoyment with which they raked the flower-bor-

ders, gathered the fruit, carried baskets of vegetables to the poor, worked with carpenter's tools, drew pictures, shot with bows-and-arrows, played at cricket, and then sat in the sunny arbors learning their tasks, or talking agreeably together, till at length a dinner-bell having been rung, the whole party sat merrily down with hearty appetites and cheerful good humor, to an entertainment of plain roast meat and pudding, where the fairy Teach-all presided herself, and helped her guests moderately to as much as was good for each.

Large tears rolled down the cheeks of Master No-book while watching this scene, and remembering that if he had known what was best for him, he might have been as happy as the happiest of these excellent boys, instead of suffering ennui and weariness, as he had done at the fairy Do-nothing's, ending in a miserable death. But his attention was soon after most alarmingly roused by hearing the giant Snap-'em-up again in conversation with his cook, who said that, if he wished for a good large dish of scalloped children at dinner, it would be necessary to catch a few more, as those he had already provided would scarcely be a mouthful.

As the giant kept very fashionable hours, and always waited dinner for himself till nine o'clock, there was still plenty of time; so, with a loud grumble about the trouble, he seized a large basket in his hand, and set off at a rapid pace toward the fairy Teach-all's garden. It was very seldom that Snap-'em-up ventured to think of foraging in this direction, as he never once succeeded in carrying off a single captive from the enclosure, it was so well fortified and so bravely defended; but on this occasion, being desperately hungry, he felt as bold as a lion, and walked, with outstretched hands, straight toward the fairy Teach-all's dinner-table, taking such prodigious strides that he seemed almost as if he would trample on himself.

A cry of consternation arose the instant this tremendous giant appeared, and, as usual on such occasions, when he had made the same attempt before, a dreadful battle took place. Fifty active little boys bravely flew upon the enemy, armed with their dinner-knives, and looked like a nest of hornets, stinging him in every direction, till he roared with pain, and would have

run away; but the fairy Teach-all, seeing his intention, rushed forward with the carving-knife, and brandishing it high over her head, she most courageously stabbed him to the heart.

If a great mountain had fallen to the earth it would have seemed like nothing in comparison with the giant Snap-'em-up, who crushed two or three houses to powder beneath him, and upset several fine monuments that were to have made people remembered forever. But all this would have seemed scarcely worth mentioning had it not been for a still greater event which occurred on the occasion, no less than the death of the fairy Do-nothing, who had been indolently looking on at this great battle without taking the trouble to interfere, or even to care who was victorious; but being also lazy about running away, when the giant fell, his sword came with so violent a stroke on her head that she instantly expired.

Thus, luckily for the whole world, the fairy Teach-all got possession of immense property, which she proceeded without delay to make the best use of in her power.

In the first place, however, she lost no time in liberating Master No-book from his hook in the larder, and gave him a lecture on activity, moderation, and good conduct, which he never afterward forgot; and it was astonishing to see the change that took place immediately in his whole thoughts and actions. From this very hour Master No-book became the most diligent, active, happy boy in the fairy Teach-all's garden; and on returning home a month afterward, he astonished all the masters at school by his extraordinary reformation. The most difficult lessons were a pleasure to him, he scarcely ever stirred without a book in his hand, never lay on a sofa again, would scarcely even sit on a chair with a back to it, but preferred a three-legged stool, detested holidays, never thought any exertion a trouble, preferred climbing over the top of a hill to creeping round the bottom, always ate the plainest food in very small quantities, joined a temperance society, and never tasted a morsel till he had worked very hard and got an appetite.

Not long after this an old uncle, who had formerly been ashamed of Master No-book's indolence and gluttony, became so pleased at the wonderful change that on his death he left

him a magnificent estate, desiring that he should take his name; therefore, instead of being any longer one of the No-book family, he is now called Sir Timothy Blue-stocking, a pattern to the whole country around for the good he does to everyone, and especially for his extraordinary activity, appearing as if he could do twenty things at once. Though generally very good-natured and agreeable, Sir Timothy is occasionally observed in a violent passion, laying about him with his walking-stick in the most terrific manner, and beating little boys within an inch of their lives; but on inquiry it invariably appears that he has found them out to be lazy, idle, or greedy; for all the industrious boys in the parish are sent to get employment from him, while he assures them that they are far happier breaking stones on the road than if they were sitting idly in a drawing-room with nothing to do.

THE OYSTER PATTIES

THERE was once a little boy who perhaps might have been a good little fellow if his friends had taken pains to make him so; but—I do not know how it was—instead of teaching him to be good, they gave him everything he cried for; so, whenever he wished to have anything, he had only to cry, and if he did not get it directly, he cried louder and louder till at last he got it. By this means Alfred was not only very naughty, but very unhappy. He was crying from morning till night. He had no pleasure in anything; he was in everybody's way, and nobody liked to be with him.

Well, one day his mother thought she would give him a day of pleasure, and make him very happy indeed, so she told him he should have a feast, and dine under the great cedar-tree that stood upon the lawn, and that his cousins should be invited to dine with him, and that he should have whatever he chose for his dinner. So she rang the bell, and she told the servants to take out tables and chairs and to lay the cloth upon the table under the tree, and she ordered her two footmen to be ready to wait upon him.

She desired the butler to tell the cook to prepare the dinner, and to get all sorts of nice dishes for the feast; but she said to Alfred:

"What shall you like best of all, my dear boy?"

So Alfred tried to think of something that he had never had before, and he recollected that one day he had heard a lady, who was dining with his father and mother, say that the oyster patties were the best she had ever eaten. Now Alfred had never tasted oyster patties, so he said he would have oyster patties for dinner.

"Oyster patties, my dear boy? You cannot have oyster patties at this time of the year; there are no oysters to be had," his mother said to him. "Try, love, to think of something else."

But naughty Alfred said:

"No, I can think of nothing else."

So the cook was sent for, and desired to think of something that he might like as well. The cook proposed first a currant pie, then a barberry pie, or a codlin pie with custard.

"No, no, no!" said Alfred, shaking his head.

"Or a strawberry tart, my sweet boy, or apricot jam?" said his mother, in a soothing tone of voice.

But Alfred said:

"No, mother, no. I don't like strawberries. I don't like apricot jam. I want oysters."

"But you cannot have oysters, my little master," said the cook.

"But I will have oysters," said the little boy, "and you shan't say that I can't have them—shall she, mother?"

And he began to scream and to cry.

"Do not cry, my sweet soul," said his mother, "and we will see what we can do. Dry up your tears, my little man, and come with me, and the cook, I dare say, will be able to get some oysters before dinner. It is a long time to dinner, you know, and I have some pretty toys for you upstairs, if you will come with me till dinner is ready."

So she took the little crying boy by the hand and led him up to her room, and she whispered to the cook, as she passed, not to say anything more about it now, and that she hoped he would forget the oyster patties by the time dinner was ready. In the meantime she took all the pains she could to amuse and please him, and as fast as he grew tired of one toy she brought out another.

At last, after some hours, she gave him a beautiful toy for which she had paid fifteen shillings. It was a sand toy of a woman sitting at a spinning-wheel, and when it was turned up the little figure began spinning away, and the wheel turned round and round as fast as if the woman who turned it had been alive. Alfred wanted to see how it was done, but, instead of going to his mother to ask her if she would be so good as to explain it to him, he began pulling it to pieces to look behind it.

For some time he was very busy, and he had just succeeded in opening the large box at the back of the figure when all the sand that was in it came pouring out upon the floor, and when he tried to make the little woman spin again, he found she would not do it any more. She could not, for it was the sand dropping down that had made her move before.

Now, do you know that Alfred was so very silly that he began to be angry even with the toy, and he said, "Spin, I say! spin directly!" and then he shook it very hard, but in vain. The little hands did not move, and the wheel stood still. So then he was very angry indeed, and, setting up a loud cry, he threw the toy to the other end of the room. Just at this very moment the servant opened the door and said that dinner was ready, and that Alfred's cousins were arrived.

"Come, my dear child; you are tired of your toys, I see," said his mother, "so come to dinner, darling. It is all ready under the tree."

So away they went, leaving the room all strewed with toys, with broken pieces, and the sand all spilled in a heap upon the floor. When they went under the dark spreading branches of the fine old cedar-tree, there they saw the table covered with dishes and garnished with flowers. There were chickens, and ham, and tongue, and lobsters, besides tarts, and custards, and jellies, and cakes, and cream, and I do not know how many nice things besides. There was Alfred's high chair at the head of the table; and he was soon seated in it, as master of the feast, with his mother sitting by him, his cousins opposite to him, his nurse standing on the other side, and the two footmen waiting besides.

As soon as his cousins were helped to what they liked best, his mother said:

"What will you eat first, Alfred, my love? A wing of a chicken?"

"No," said Alfred, pushing it away.

"A slice of ham, darling?" said nurse.

"No," said Alfred, in a louder tone.

"A little bit of lobster, my dear?"

"No, no," replied the naughty boy.

"Well, what *will* you have, then?" said his mother, who was almost tired of him.

"I will have oyster patties," said he.

"That is the only thing you cannot have, my love, you know, so do not think of it any more, but taste a bit of this pie. I am sure you will like it."

"You *said* I should have oyster patties by dinner-time," said Alfred, "and so I will have nothing else."

"I am sorry you are such a sad, naughty child," said his mother. "I thought you would have been so pleased with all these nice things to eat."

"They are *not* nice," said the child, who was not at all grateful for all that his mother had done, but was now in such a passion that he took the piece of currant tart which his nurse again offered to him, and, squeezing up as much as his two little hands could hold, he threw it at his nurse, and stained her nice white handkerchief and apron with the red juice.

Just at this moment his father came into the garden, and walked up to the table.

"What is all this?" said he. "Alfred, you seem to be a very naughty boy indeed; and I must tell you, sir, I shall allow this no longer. Get down from your chair, sir, and beg your nurse's pardon."

Alfred had hardly ever heard his father speak so before, and he felt so frightened that he left off crying and did as he was bid. Then his father took him by the hand and led him away.

His mother said she was sure he would now be good and eat the currant tart; but his father said:

"No, no, it is now too late; he must come with me."

So he led him away, without saying another word.

He took him into the village, and he stopped at the door of a poor cottage.

"May we come in?" said his father.

"Oh, yes, and welcome," said a poor woman, who was standing at a table with a saucepan in her hand.

"What are you doing, my good woman?"

"Only putting out the children's supper, your honor."

HE TOOK THE CURRANT TART, AND . . . THREW IT AT HIS NURSE.

"And what have you got for their supper?"

"Only some potatoes, please you, sir; but they be nicely boiled, and here come the hungry boys! They are coming in from their work, and they will soon make an end of them, I warrant."

As she said these words in came John, and William, and Thomas, all with rosy cheeks and smiling faces. They sat down—one on a wooden stool, one on a broken chair, and one on the corner of the table—and they all began to eat the potatoes very heartily.

But Alfred's father said:

"Stop, my good boys; do not eat any more, but come with me."

The boys stared, but their mother told them to do as they were bid, so they left off eating and followed the gentleman.

Alfred and his father walked on till they arrived once more under the cedar-tree in the garden, and there was the fine feast all standing just as they had left it, for Alfred's cousins were gone away, and his mother would not have the dinner taken away, because she hoped that Alfred would come back to it.

"Now, boys," said the gentleman, "you may all sit down to this table and eat whatever you like."

John, William, and Thomas sat down as quickly as they could, and began to devour the chickens and tarts, and all the good things, at a great rate; and Alfred, who now began to be very hungry, would gladly have been one of the party; but when he was going to sit down, his father said:

"No, sir; this feast is not for *you*. There is nothing here that you like to eat, you know; so you will wait upon these boys, if you please, who seem as if they would find plenty that they will like."

Alfred at this began to cry again, and said he wanted to go to his mother; but his father did not mind his crying, and said he should not go to his mother again till he was quite a good boy.

"So now, sir, hand this bread to John, and now take a clean plate to Thomas, and now stand ready to carry this custard to William. There now, wait till they have all done."

It was of no use now to cry or scream; he was obliged to do it all.

When the boys had quite finished their supper they went home, and Alfred was led by his father into the house. Before he went to bed, a cup of milk and water and a piece of brown bread were put before him, and his father said:

"That is your supper, Alfred."

Alfred began to cry again, and said he did not want such a supper as that.

"Very well," said his father, "then go to bed without, and it shall be saved for your breakfast."

Alfred cried and screamed louder than ever, so his father ordered the maid to put him to bed. When he was in bed, he thought his mother would come and see him and bring him something nice, and he lay awake a long while; but she did not come, and he cried and cried till at last he fell asleep.

In the morning, when he awoke, he was so hungry he could hardly wait to be dressed, but asked for his breakfast every minute. When he saw the maid bring in the brown bread again without any butter, and some milk and water, he was very near crying again; but he thought if he did he should perhaps lose his breakfast as he had lost his supper, so he checked his tears, and ate a hearty meal.

"Well," said his father, who came into the room just as he was eating the last bit of bread, "I am glad to see the little boy who could not yesterday find anything good enough for him at a feast eating such simple fare as this so heartily. Come, Alfred, now you may come to your dear mother."

THE PURPLE JAR

By MARIA EDGEWORTH

ROSAMOND, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along she looked in at the windows of several shops, and saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them, but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"Oh, mother, how happy I should be," she said, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke they came to a milliner's shop, the windows of which were decorated with ribbons and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh, mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweler's shop, and in it were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, will you buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; any of them will do, for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but of what use would they be to me?"

"Use! Oh, I am sure you could find some use or other for them if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles; you know that buckles are useful things, very useful things."

"I have a pair of buckles; I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on.

Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop, which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"Oh, mother, oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand, "look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before, "Of what use would they be to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother, "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase, till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money."

"Yes, I have."

"Dear me, if I had money I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and everything." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me? I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How came there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma,—it comes in there;

my shoes are quite worn out. I wish you would be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and everything."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterward.

"There, there! mamma, there are shoes; there are little shoes that would just fit me, and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in."

She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it is black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might; but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you would like the purple vase exceedingly, till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I have tried; but, mamma, I am quite sure that I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, a jar or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But I should tell you, that in that case I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that's a very long time, indeed! You can't think how these hurt me; I believe I'd better have the new shoes. Yet, that purple flower-pot. Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad! I think I might wear them a little longer, and the month will soon be over. I can make them last till the end of the month, can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself; you will have time enough to consider the matter, while I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure, and while her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—yes,—I believe I have. If you please, I should like to have the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you have to judge for yourself you should choose what would make you happy, and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me happy," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother. It was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times she was obliged to stop to take the stones out of it, and she often limped with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt much pleasure upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she kept in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I am afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes,

Rosamond," said her mother to her, as she came in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say. I shall be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot."

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy: "I may have it now, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, it is yours."

Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear, mother!" cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it which smells very disagreeably. What is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"It will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I cannot help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"As you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But she experienced much surprise and disappointment on finding, when it was entirely empty, that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful color merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I

am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed, indeed. I wish I had believed you at once. Now I had much rather have the shoes, for I shall not be able to walk all this month; even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond; you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humor."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here. Many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month.

Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them.

Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was detained pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late.

Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off. She put it on again in a great hurry, but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round.

"Why are you walking slipshod? no one must walk slipshod with me. Why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; no, I cannot take you with me."

ROSAMOND RAN UP TO IT WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF JOY.

Rosamond colored and retired.

"Oh, mamma," said she as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar, however, I am sure, no, not quite sure, but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

Abridged from "Ouida"

PART I

AUGUSTUS lived in a little town. He was a small boy nine years old, with rosy cheeks, big hazel eyes, and clusters of curls the brown of ripe nuts.

His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were ten children's mouths to feed at home, beginning with Dorothy, a sweet dark-haired girl of seventeen, who kept house for them all: down to the three-year-old baby with eyes like forget-me-nots.

The children were always clean and happy, and the table was seldom without its big pot of soup once a day. Still, very poor they were, and their father's debts were many for flour, and meat, and clothing.

When indoors the children spent most of their time in a large room with a red brick floor that was bare and uneven. It had a wooden cupboard, a big deal table, and several stools for furniture.

But at the top of the room, sending out warmth and color together as the lamp shed its rays upon it, was a tower of porcelain china shining with all the hues of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels.

On the top were armed figures, and shields, and flowers, with a great golden crown above all. There were also letters, H. R. H., which showed it had been made by a great potter many, many years before, and no doubt it had once stood in the palace of some prince, and had warmed the silk stockings of kings and queens.

But of its past history nothing was known, except that Augustus's grandfather, who had been a mason, had dug it up out of some ruins where he was building, and finding it

quite whole, had taken it home. That was now sixty years ago, and ever since the stove had stood in the big empty room, warming the children who clustered round it.

How the children loved the porcelain stove! In summer they laid a mat of fresh roses all round it, and dressed it up with green boughs and the beautiful wild flowers of the countryside.

And in winter they would sit close beside it, and cry, "Tell us a story, Augustus;" and the boy, looking up at the ardent glow of its noble tower, with all its pictures, and flowers, and crowns, would imagine the many adventures of the people who were pictured on its shining sides.

Augustus had never seen a story-book in his life, but he loved inventing stories, and the children never tired of listening to their brother's tales.

One cold winter's night, just a week before Christmas, in the midst of the children's clatter and laughter, the door opened and let in a blast of frozen air as their father entered. Very weary he was, and Dorothy soon took the little ones to bed, while Augustus curled himself up in front of the warm stove, and lay silent so as not to disturb his tired father.

The cuckoo clock in the corner struck eight as Dorothy came downstairs, and the room was strangely quiet. Suddenly the father struck his hand on the table, and said in a husky, dogged voice, "I have sold the stove to a dealer for a hundred dollars. He saw it this morning when you were all out, and to-morrow he comes to pack it and take it away."

Dorothy gave a low shrill cry; and Augustus sprang to his feet, crying, "Oh, father, it is not true; say it is not true! You are jesting, father?"

But the father only gave a dreary laugh. "I owe money everywhere; we must have bread to eat. The stove is much too grand for a poor room like this; it is a stove for a museum, the dealer said, and to a museum it will now go."

Augustus threw himself at his father's feet, and clasped his knees. "Oh, father, dear father, you cannot mean what you say! To us it is not just a stove, as you say it is; it is a living thing—it is our fire-king. It loves us though we are

only poor little children, and we love it with all our hearts. Give the money back to the man. Oh, father, do hear me, for pity's sake!"

"You are a foolish boy," said the father; "get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. The old black stove in the kitchen will warm you all quite as well as this painted thing. Go to bed, I say." Then he took the oil-lamp that stood at his elbow, and went upstairs to his room.

PART II

Augustus lay beside the stove he loved so dearly, covering it with kisses, and sobbing as though his heart would break. What could he do? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

"Come to bed, dear," whispered Dorothy. "Oh, Augustus, do not cry like that, you frighten me; do come to bed."

"No, I shall stay here all night," he answered; "they might come to take it away." And alone he stayed through the long dark hours. The lamp went out, rats came and ran across the floor, the fire in the stove slowly died and the room grew cold as ice, but Augustus never moved.

There the children found him when they came downstairs in the morning, and roughly his father thrust him out into the back court when men came with straw and ropes to pack up and carry away the beloved stove.

Into the court an old neighbor hobbled to fetch water, and seeing the boy lying with his face hidden on the ground, he said, "Child, is it true your father is selling the big, painted stove?" Augustus nodded his head, then burst into passionate tears.

"Well, for sure he is a foolish man," said the neighbor. "It was worth a mint of money, for I do remember, in your grandfather's time, that a stranger gentleman saw it, and said that it would bring its weight in gold."

"I do not care what its value was," sobbed Augustus; "I loved it, loved it, loved it!"

"Well, if I were you," said the old man kindly, "I would do better than cry, I would go after it. The world is a small

place, after all, and your stove will be safe enough whoever gets it. When you are big you can follow it, and see your stove again." And the old man hobbled away.

The boy's heart gave a leap of hope. Yes, he would go after it. At once he hid himself in a doorway, and watched till he saw the straw-covered bundle carefully carried out by four men, and laid on a wagon. Then, unseen by Dorothy or his father, he followed it.

At the railway-station Augustus heard the dealer arrange that the stove should be sent on a goods train that was due in half an hour, and he at once made up his mind, where his fire-king went he would go too. How he managed it he never clearly knew, but certain it is that when the goods train left the station Augustus was hidden behind the stove, in the great covered truck.

It was very dark and very crowded, and the truck smelled strongly of the hams and hides that were packed in it. But Augustus was not frightened. He was close to his fire-king, and presently he would be closer still, for he meant to do nothing less than get inside it.

He had bought some bread and sausage at the station, and this he ate in the darkness, in spite of the lumbering, pounding, thundering noise of the train, which made him giddy, for he had never before been in any kind of train.

After he had eaten he set to work like a little mouse, to make a hole in the bands of straw that were wrapped round the stove. He gnawed and nibbled, and pulled, and pushed just as a mouse would have done, making his hole where he guessed the door of the stove would be. And get through them at last he did.

He slipped through the door into the inside of the stove, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up to see if he could really hide there for many hours. He found he could, as plenty of air came in through the brass fretwork of the door.

He leaned out and drew the hay and straw together, so that no one could have dreamed that even a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again, and being

safe inside his dear fire-king he fell fast asleep, as if he were in his own bed at home.

For many a weary hour the train rolled on in its heavy, slow fashion; it took all the long day, and all the long night, and half of the next day before their station was reached.

Then Augustus felt the stove lifted out of the truck, and very carefully it was laid on a wagon, which drove to a shop. The stove was then gently lifted down, and set upright on its four gilded feet in a small room.

"I shall not unpack it to-night," he heard a voice say; then a key was turned in the lock, and there was silence.

PART III

After some time Augustus ventured to peep through the straw and hay which wrapped the stove, and what he saw was a room filled with many curious things. There were pictures and carvings, old blue jugs, armor, daggers, china, and many other wonderful bits of furniture, all very old. But oh! there was not a drop of water, and Augustus was so thirsty.

There was a small window, and on the broad ledge outside he saw snow lying. Quickly he darted out of his hiding-place, raised the window, and crammed his mouth full of snow, broke off some icicles, then flew back to the stove, drew the hay and straw over the hole, and shut the door again.

It was not very cold in this lumber-room, and soon he slept again, and forgot how hungry and how tired he was. Midnight was chiming from all the clocks of the city when he awoke, and the room seemed strangely light.

Everything was quiet, so he ventured to put his head out to see why such a bright light was shining, and what he saw did not frighten or amaze him as I think it would have alarmed you or me.

All the things in the room were alive and moving about! A big jug was dancing a polka with a fat blue jar. The tall clock was bowing to an old chair with spindle legs. A broken

violin was playing to itself, and a queer little tune came from a piano covered with painted roses.

Meanwhile, the bright light which filled the room shone from three silver candlesticks that had no candles in them. Strange to say, Augustus somehow did not feel at all surprised; all he longed for was to creep out and dance too!

Just then a lovely little china lady dressed in pink and gold and white tripped up to him and invited him to dance with her, and in a minute the little country lad, in his thick shoes and shabby jacket, was dancing round the room with the dainty china lady on his arm.

"I am a princess," she said to him when the dance was over. And he took courage to say to her, "Madam, my princess, could you tell me kindly why some of the things dance and speak, and some stand still and silent like lumber? Is it rude to ask?"

"My dear child," said the princess, "is it possible you do not know the reason? Why, these silent, dull things are imitation!"

"Imitation," repeated Augustus timidly, for he did not understand.

"Of course," said the princess. "They only pretend to be what we are. They are copies, so they never wake up. How could they? No imitation ever had any soul in it."

"Oh!" said Augustus humbly, not sure that he understood yet, and he looked at his dear fire-king; surely it had a royal soul within it; would it not wake up and speak? Oh dear! how he longed to hear its voice!

"What will you be when you are a man?" asked the princess suddenly.

"I wish—I hope," said Augustus, stammering, "to be a painter, such as the master who painted yonder stove."

"Bravo!" cried all the real things in the room, for they all knew the name of the great artist who had made the fire-king. But the stove remained silent, and then a sickening fear shot through Augustus's heart.

Could it be that his beloved fire-king was only an imitation? "No, no, no," he said to himself stoutly; "that I will never

believe," and he said it so loudly and sharply that the china princess looked at him in surprise.

"Ah! if we could only all go back to our masters," sighed the china princess; and somehow they all grew sad as they thought of the men who had made them and loved them so well.

Then from where the great stove stood there came a solemn voice. All eyes turned toward it, and Augustus's heart gave a great leap of joy.

"My friends," said the voice, "I have listened to all you have said. For over two hundred years I have not spoken, and I only speak now because I see amidst you a little human child who loves me, and I want him ever to remember this night and these words.

"I want him to remember that we are what we are because of these beloved masters who created us many, many years ago. They are all dead, these masters, but we live on—we, the things that they made and loved. And so through us do they yet speak and live."

Then the voice sank away in silence. The light in the candlesticks faded and went out. The clocks of the city struck six, and Augustus awoke with a start to find himself lying on the bare brick floor of the room, while everything in it was still and silent.

PART IV

Tramp, tramp, came heavy steps up the stairs. Augustus crept into the stove as the door opened. The dealer entered and began to wrap up the stove again in its straw and hay, and presently it was carried by six porters back to the railway-station. There the precious bundle was hoisted into a great van, but this time the dealer and the porters stayed beside it.

The train rolled on with all its fuss and roar of steam, and in about an hour it stopped, and once more the stove was tenderly lifted out. It was now nearly ten o'clock, the sun had come out, and Augustus could see through the fret work of the brass door that a large lake lay before them.

Soon the stove was gently placed in a boat, and the rowers pulled steadily for the other side of the lake. Presently they reached the pier. "Now, men, for a stout mile and a half," said the dealer to the porters, and the precious bundle was gently carried along a road heavy with snow.

It seemed a very long time to Augustus till they entered a house, and he knew by their movements that they were going upstairs. Warm air was about him, and there was a delicious fragrance of flowers. The stove was set down, all its wrappings were removed, and then the dealer and the porters left.

Presently Augustus heard a step beside him, and a low voice said, "Oh! how exceedingly beautiful. No, it is not an imitation, it is indeed the work of the great master."

Then the hand of the speaker turned the handle of the brass door, and some one looked in. "What is this in it? A live child!" he heard the voice exclaim.

Augustus sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh! let me stay, let me stay; I love it. I have come all the way," he sobbed.

Some gentlemen seized him, not gently, and a voice whispered, "Be quiet, it is the King." They were about to drag him away, but the King said: "Poor little child, he is very young, leave him alone, let him speak to me."

The men let Augustus go, and looking up he saw a young man with a beautiful dark face, and eyes full of dreams, and this young man said to him: "My child, how came you here, hidden in the stove? Be not afraid, tell me the truth; I am the King."

"Oh, dear King," said Augustus, with trembling entreaty in his faint little voice, "the fire-king was ours, and we have loved it all our lives, and father sold it. I have come all the way inside it, and last night it spoke and said beautiful things.

"And I do pray you to let me live beside it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it, if only you will let me stay with it, for I love it so." And as he lifted his little eager face to the young King's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

"Who bought the stove from your father, and what did they

pay him?" asked the King. "A hundred dollars," said Augustus with a sob. "It was so much money, and we were so poor, and there were so many of us."

The dealer who had bought the stove was waiting downstairs, and the King sent for him. "How much did the gentleman who bought this stove for me give you for it?" he asked. "Ten thousand dollars, your Majesty," said the man.

The King then said, "You will give at once to this boy's father the ten thousand dollars you received, less the hundred dollars you paid him. You are a great rogue; begone, and be thankful you are not punished."

Augustus listened, but he understood little of what the King said. "Oh! do, please do let me stay," he murmured when the King stood silent, and clasping his little brown hands together he knelt before the young King.

"Rise up, child," he said in a kind voice. "Yes, you shall stay, and you shall live here and be taught at my own school. And if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, I will give you your own stove back again."

He smiled and stretched out his hand, but Augustus threw his two arms about the King's knees and kissed his feet. Then he lost all sense of where he was, and fainted from hunger, and tiredness, and great joy.

STORIES OF HEROISM

DOWN HIGHGATE HILL

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
As I came down the Highgate Hill,
I met the sun's bravado,
And saw below me, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl and pearl to gold,
London like a land of old,
The land of El Dorado.

Oh, Drake he was a sailor bold,
And Frobisher, Sir Walter, too,
But ne'er they saw so rich a realm
As this that lay before us;
Methinks they strode beside me still,
Blood of my blood down Highgate Hill.
Methinks they felt the selfsame thrill
And sang the selfsame chorus.

And Keats he joined us half way down,
Keats the chemist, Keats the clerk,
Oh, Keats he joined us half-way down,
And laughed our lusty laughter,
And hailed with us the far lagoons,
The mystic groves, the hid doubloons,
And all the passionate, splendid noons,
And the feasts that fall thereafter.

As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
Down Highgate Hill, down Highgate Hill,
As arm in arm down Highgate Hill,
We met the sun's bravado,
And saw before us, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl and pearl to gold,
London like a land of old,
The land of El Dorado.

STORIES OF HEROISM

HOW LITTLE CEDRIC BECAME A KNIGHT *

By ELIZABETH HARRISON

A LONG time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Cedric. At the foot of a high hill, on the top of which stood a grand old castle, was the stone hut in which he lived. The little boy had many a time watched the strong iron gate rise slowly from the ground, as out of the courtyard of the castle would ride Sir Rollin Dubois and his faithful soldiers.

There were sometimes two or three visiting knights and their followers, and they were a gay sight as the sun shone on their glittering armor of steel, and glanced from their bright helmets. They looked so strong and resolute as they sat, calm and erect, in their saddles. A glance into their fine faces would have assured you that they were noble and brave, and could be trusted by everybody, from the king to the poorest peasant in the land. Their very horses seemed proud to carry them as they galloped along.

Little Cedric thought there never was anything more beautiful than these knights, as they came down the hill on some quest of adventure or errand of mercy.

One day Cedric had been playing with his pet kitten. After a good romp with her, he had thrown himself down on the soft green grass to rest, and the queer little kitten had gone out into the middle of the dusty road and curled herself up for a nice nap.

Suddenly Cedric looked up and saw five knights with all their squires and pages galloping down the road! In a mo-

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ment more his eye fell upon the kitten, lying fast asleep in the middle of the highway. Fearing that the horsemen would not see her, he sprang to his feet, ran quickly forward, and gathered the soft little thing up in his arms just in time to save it from the horses' feet.

As the riders passed, one of the tall knights slackened his horse, and, smiling down upon Cedric, said, "My little fellow, you are almost brave enough to be a knight some day." He then galloped on to join his party, and soon the yellow dust which they had raised from the ground settled down again.

Cedric stood looking after the horsemen until they seemed a mere speck in the distance and then disappeared altogether. He did not even notice the kitten in his arms when she put her nose up against his cheek.

At last he turned to go into the house, and as he went he said softly to himself, "To be a knight some day!" He ate his simple supper of bread and milk in silence. His mother noticed how quiet he was, but she said nothing; for she knew that in his own good time he would tell her all that was in his heart.

That night as he undressed for bed he looked up at the stars and said, in a soft, low tone, "Beautiful stars, do you know what a wonderful thing Sir Rollin said to me to-day? He told me that perhaps some day I might be a brave knight!" He could hardly sleep, he was so happy. The great knight had spoken to him, and praised his courage, and, best of all, had said that perhaps some day he, Cedric, might be a great knight himself!

"Could such a thing possibly come to pass?" He asked himself this question over and over again, until at last he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a large, strong man, and wore a shining armor of steel, and rode a splendid black horse, and carried a great sword, and that all the people of the country round about honored and loved him because he was one of the bravest knights in the whole land.

Just as he was dreaming that he was about to rescue a beautiful princess from an ugly giant who had shut her up

in a prison, he heard his mother calling him. He opened his eyes and saw that the sky was all pink and gold with the clouds of the sunrise, and that he was only little Cedric in his attic chamber. He dressed himself quickly and climbed down the wooden ladder to the room below.

He was soon busy and happy, helping his mother feed the doves and water the cow and fetch hay for the two horses. After his father had eaten his breakfast and had gone to his work in the field, the little would-be knight and his mother washed the dishes and tidied the two small rooms. Cedric was very fond of thus helping her with the work, and she often said, "My little boy is both son and daughter to me." By and by she sat down to her sewing.

Then Cedric could keep his secret no longer. Going up to her, he put his arm around her neck and whispered to her the story of the knight, how he had stopped and spoken, and what he had said. "Do you think I could ever grow up to be a knight, mother?" asked he.

His mother smiled, and then looked sober as she brushed his brown hair back from his forehead and said, "Knights have many, many hard things to do, my son, and oftentimes their lives are in danger."

"Yes, I know," answered Cedric eagerly, "but think, mother, how brave they are, and how good! Do they not protect our country?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I know all that. I could not sleep at night when our enemies are near at hand if I did not know that Sir Rollin Dubois and his brave soldiers were on the hill close by. But you are a very little boy, Cedric. Run out to your play now."

Many times during the next few weeks little Cedric thought of the grand knights, and how one of them had smiled at him and had spoken as if he, Cedric, might some day be a great, strong knight, and ride a beautiful horse, and do brave deeds.

Weeks passed by, and the spring had changed into summer. One evening, just as the setting sun was turning all the white clouds into gold and crimson, Cedric stood in the

low doorway, wondering if where the angels lived could be more beautiful than was the sky over his dear mountain home. He suddenly heard the tramp of horses' feet, and, looking down across the plain, he saw a gay party of horsemen. Their armor flashed and shone in the light of the setting sun, and their long white plumes waved in the gentle evening breeze.

Cedric's face lighted up with a glad smile, for he knew that it was Sir Rollin Dubois and his soldiers returning from the terrible war to which the King had sent them. They soon came near enough for Cedric to see their faces, as the heavy steel visors of their helmets were lifted so that they might breathe more freely the soft summer air. It had been a warm day, and Cedric noticed that even the tallest knight among them looked tired, and as if he would be glad to get to the castle and lay aside, for a while at least, his heavy armor.

Just as they were passing the door in which Cedric stood, one of them stopped his horse, and leaning forward said, "My little man, will you give me a drink of water?" Cedric ran quickly and filled a cup with fresh, cool water from the spring near by, and brought it to the knight. "Thank you," said the nobleman, as he handed the cup back to Cedric. "I am very glad to be able to serve you," said Cedric quietly. The knight smiled, gathered up the reins of his horse, and said, "You are as courteous as a knight, my boy."

That evening Cedric told his mother of this second speech, and then asked, as a wistful look came over his face, "Ah, mother dear, do you think I can ever become a knight?"

Weeks passed into months and the soft, gray snowclouds had covered the green hills with the white mantle of winter. Whenever Cedric felt like being rude or cross, or selfish, he thought of the bright smile on the great knight's face that summer evening when he had asked for the cup of cold water, and he felt sure the smile would change into a frown if the knight should see him do a discourteous or a selfish act.

A year or two had passed, when one day something happened which Cedric never forgot. His father came in from work and said, "Sir Rollin Dubois wants a young lad to come

to the castle to take the place of his page who has lately been promoted. Do you think, wife, that our Cedric is strong enough for such an office?"

Cedric's heart almost stopped beating while he listened for his mother's answer. She thought for a few moments, and then said slowly, as if weighing each word, "Yes, I think he would try very hard to do his duty, and I should like to have him learn more of knighthood. Perhaps some day he too may be a knight, who knows?" she added, as she turned smilingly to the radiant face of her boy.

That very afternoon she made a bundle of his few clothes, and his father took him by the hand, and walked with him up the steep hill to the great castle gate. Cedric had never before been so near the castle, and when his father lifted the heavy iron knocker, and brought it down with two or three loud knocks, it seemed to him that his heart was knocking almost as loudly. Not that he was afraid, but he was stirred by the thought of going into the presence of the great and noble Sir Rollin.

The huge iron gate slowly lifted. The drawbridge was already thrown across the ditch of water which surrounded the castle, and in a few moments Cedric and his father had passed under the stone archway and were standing within the courtyard. A man took them into a large room whose walls and floors were of stone, and bade them sit down on a wooden bench which stood near a door, saying at the same time, "I will tell Sir Rollin that you are here."

They had been waiting some time when a door at the other end of the room opened, and a large, well-built man, who looked so tall and straight that he reminded Cedric of a mountain pine, came forward. He was not dressed in armor, but Cedric knew at once that it was Sir Rollin Dubois. The knight talked a few moments with Cedric's father, and then, turning to Cedric, he said, "And you think you would like to become a knight, my boy? Are you sure that you will not mind hard work, and will remember always to be true and pure, brave and unselfish?"

Cedric's smile was so bright that no answer was needed.

The knight turned again to his father and said, "Do you realize that it will take ten years or more of discipline and hard work on the part of your boy before he can hope to be promoted to a position of responsibility?" "Yes," said the father, quietly, "but I think he is willing to try it."

After a little talk, it was decided that the boy should begin his training then and there. So his father bade him good-by, and left. Cedric was taken by an older boy up some stone stairs to a small room whose ceiling, walls, and floor were of stone. In the corner of the room lay a pile of straw, over which had been thrown a sheepskin. At one side of the room was a small table. No other furniture was in the apartment save a cedar chest, which was doubtless intended to serve for both chair and wardrobe.

There was a narrow, pointed window in one side of the room through which the sunlight came. Cedric went up to the window and looked out, but it was so high that he could see only the blue sky and a soft white cloud. "Ah," thought Cedric to himself, "I can at least see the stars at night and the sunlight each morning. Will they not remind me always of the good God who watches over me?"

That night his supper consisted of some coarse barley bread and a bowl of broth. Cedric, however, was used to simple food, and did not mind this part of his discipline. As he lay down upon the pile of straw and drew the sheepskin over him, he thought of his nice warm bed at home; but instantly came this other thought, "I must learn to be hardy and strong if I am ever to do any great work in the world. So I will not mind such little discomforts as these."

Cedric soon found that he had not only to eat coarse food and sleep on a hard bed, but that he had to practice standing very straight, running very swiftly, and managing a horse; to jump on and off while the horse was in full gallop, to throw his spear with unerring accuracy, and also that he must be prompt and ready to obey a call from Sir Rollin; that he must not only learn to do errands faithfully and quickly, but to wait patiently and quietly oftentimes when he could not understand why he waited.

Year after year passed by, and little Cedric had grown large and tall. When he visited his home he used often to laugh at the little bed which had once held him so cosily. Not only had he grown strong and tall, but he had grown even in thoughtfulness and courtesy toward all about him.

One day Sir Rollin sent for him. "Cedric," said he, "I wish you to take a message to the King. It is quite an important one, and it must reach him before to-morrow night. Get ready as quickly as you can. Take my gray horse, as he is the swiftest one in the stables, and remember that I have trusted you much by sending you upon this errand."

Cedric's heart beat wild with joy as he thought, "At last I have proved faithful enough to be sent with a message to our great King." He was ready in less than half an hour, and, jumping on the splendid gray charger, he went galloping down the highway. On and on he rode.

At last he entered a thick forest of pine trees. The road grew very dark and lonesome.

"What if I should meet some wild beast?" thought Cedric; but he added, half aloud, "If I am ever to be a knight, I must learn to be brave, and face every danger."

It was not long before he was quite sure that he heard a deep, low growl. His heart beat fast, but he rode steadily forward, and soon the growl was repeated, this time nearer and more distinctly; and Cedric saw in the dim light a great wild boar coming toward him.

The creature's eyes were shining like fire, and his white tusks overhung his lower jaw in a fierce and forbidding fashion. Cedric knew that this must be the beast which had destroyed so many of the cattle of the neighboring peasants, but who was so strong and savage that no one had dared to go near him. He spurred his horse forward as he thought, "If I kill this wild boar I shall already have begun to be of service to the people of my country." So he lifted the spear which he carried at his side from its leathern socket, and raising it high in the air, hurled it swiftly at the beast, which was ready to spring upon him.

In a moment more the wild boar rolled over upon the

ground dead. Cedric reached down and drew his spear from its side, and as he rode on again he thought, "Wolves and wild boars must not stop the way of a messenger of the King. I must fear nothing if I am to be a knight."

After a time his road lay out of the forest into the sunlight. As he approached a small village he heard a great noise as of much shouting, and soon he saw a group of boys who were evidently hooting and laughing at something in their midst. He rode up to where they were, and felt himself growing indignant as he saw an old deformed man standing in their midst, at whom they were jeering.

In a moment he sprang from his horse, and pressing through the crowd of boys he stood beside the old man. On his face was a flush of indignant anger. "How dare you," he exclaimed, "laugh at or insult an old man like this?" The boys drew back frightened. Although he was really no taller than they, he seemed to tower above them. "My!" exclaimed one of them in a whisper, "doesn't he look like a knight as he stands there?" "I shouldn't wonder if he were one," said another.

Cedric turned to the old man, who was trembling in every limb. "Where are you going?" asked he kindly. "Only to the next village," said the old man, "but these boys stopped me on my way. I cannot help my deformity nor my old age. I wish I could." The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. "Come," said Cedric, gently, "let me help you upon my horse. I, too, am going to the next village."

When they had reached the next village, Cedric helped the old man from the horse at his own door. Then, mounting, he thought to himself, "I am very hungry; I think I shall stop at the village inn and get a good warm supper. No," said he, on second thought, "I cannot stop now. I have had to travel so slowly because of the old man that I must make up for lost time." With that he tightened the rein of his beautiful horse, and the two had soon left the village far in the distance. Cedric reached back to the leather pouch behind him and took from it a dry biscuit, which had to serve for his supper that night.

Late in the evening he reached the house at which he was to rest his horse, and he himself slept for a few hours. By dawn the next day he was up and off on his journey.

The day grew very warm, but Cedric knew that he must not stop for his own comfort. His errand was an important one and he must reach the King's palace before night.

At last the beautiful palace came in sight, and in a few moments Cedric had ridden into the courtyard. He gave his letter to a servant to carry to one of the squires, who gave it to a courtier, who presented it to the King; for, you must remember, a king in those days was a very great person, and only those men who had risen high in rank could approach him.

Among other things, the note contained this message: It told the King that the bearer was a young lad who had been in training for knighthood; that Sir Rollin had found him always brave and trustworthy, true and noble, kind and courteous; and that he, Sir Rollin, thought if the King wanted him in his army, he would find him worthy of the place.

The King sent for Cedric to come to him. Our little boy had grown into a tall youth, you know, and his frank, pure face was good to look upon. The King told him that he wished to put him in office in his army; and thus Cedric went to live in the King's household, and here he learned many things which he could not have learned at the castle of Sir Rollin Dubois.

Several years passed by, and Cedric had been intrusted with many enterprises both difficult and dangerous. At last, one day, the King sent for him to come into the throne room. There sat the King upon a beautiful throne of gold; beside him sat the Queen. Over their heads was a crimson velvet canopy. Standing about the room was a great number of courtiers and grand ladies. As Cedric entered the room, the King said, "Come forward!"

Cedric stepped forward and kneeled upon one knee before the throne, as was the custom in those days. The King raised his beautiful golden scepter and struck Cedric lightly upon the shoulder with it, saying, at the same time, "Rise, Sir

Cedric of Atholstane." And Cedric knew that he was at last a knight.

In time he had a beautiful castle of his own, and splendid armor, and a beautiful black horse. The handsome horse used to prance and toss his head proudly in the air, as if he knew what a noble young knight he was carrying. After a while Cedric had a lovely wife and three sweet little children of his own; and, as he rode abroad over the country, many a time the peasants, standing in their cottage doors, would say to one another, "There goes the brave Sir Cedric of Atholstane. God bless him! May he live long to help protect our country!" And all the people loved him.

THE DESPATCH BEARER

THE sun was rising on the misty French cornfields when Janet sleepily opened her eyes and looked at her watch. Half-past four, and it was her day to relieve Marie, the cow-girl. Once a week Marie was allowed to go home to help her sorely-tried mother with a day's cleaning. And as the war had swept the farm clean of boys, Janet had taken on this duty of substitution. After five minutes' argument between the Janet who wanted to stay in bed and the Janet who knew she was honor bound to get up, the bedclothes stirred again, and a slim, young, pig-tailed form wriggled into a dressing-gown and went to the window.

The room faced northwest, and the girl knew only too well that away beyond that distant ridge, only thirty or forty miles away, lay the guns whose muffled roar was as familiar to her as the lowing of the cows in the farmyard. It had become a daily habit to say her prayers with her eyes on that terrible shrine.

Marie had just finished milking.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle!" she said, as Janet appeared, looking like a curious replica of herself, in wooden sabots, short, full petticoat, and a snowy, tight-fitting bonnet on her head. "Mademoiselle has had her coffee?"

"Yes, thank you, Marie. You will be sure to take Grandmamma's up at eight, before you go?"

"Quite sure, mademoiselle. And do keep a good look-out for the Boches, mademoiselle," called out the servant, as Janet switched her ash branch over the backs of the cows. "One hears such rumors in the village."

Out into the broad highway went the strange little group, bound for the one pasture the farm boasted. It had been for a long time a marvel to Janet that her grandmother's cows

were always attended. But Madame Lemprière lived in that part of France where pasturage is rare, and cows creatures to be guarded, and butter golden in more senses than one. And after a while Janet had stopped explaining the old English fashion of turning cows loose in the fields till milking-time, and she now quite willingly took her task as *garde vache*. On her arm was a basket, containing a book, apples, and knitting. She was knitting a pair of socks for her cousin Charles Lemprière, whom she had never even seen. She had not troubled to carry her lunch, as her grandmother had promised to walk out and bring it.

Janet's pretty French mother had died when she was ten years old, and after a course of governesses in England she had been sent to school in Paris, at her grandmother's earnest entreaty, so that the long holidays could be spent on the farm homestead, which was all that remained to Madame Lemprière of her former greatness. Janet's father was away engineering in South America.

At the end of her first term at the Lycée, war had broken out, and Janet arrived at the farm to find the proud, stately Madame Lemprière utterly broken at the parting with her only grandson, a mere lad, who had only just begun his three years' training when he had been sent off to the war.

Since then there had been no more school for the girl. Janet was thinking hard as she drove her cows along. It was not only Marie who had heard rumors in the village; Janet had had them first hand from the old curé the day before. Pondering the priest's grave words, she turned the cattle off the high-road into the by-lane that led to the river-side pasture. It was a little winding lane, running in and out between lines of tremulous French poplars. Janet ran on ahead to where Black-nose was halting by the little gap in the hedge, for which she showed a curious interest. Just by the gap, the cows safely past, Janet stopped short.

A strange voice was speaking on the other side of the hedge. With one eye on Black-nose unwillingly treading the path of duty, Janet peered through. A French soldier, grimed and dusty, with blood-stains on his tunic, lay tossing in a

delirious sleep. Janet stepped away, and first made sure her cows were safely barred in the pasture; then she ran back. Bending over the sleeper, she tried to see if he were hurt. As she laid her hand on the dirty, sadly-bruised temple, the man slowly opened his eyes, stared at her, and went off in another incoherent strain. Janet listened, trying hard to make sense of his mutterings. From time to time he spoke a little more clearly, and one phrase recurred, "Despatch—the despatch!"

Dipping her handkerchief into a little stream that filtered by the hedge, Janet bathed his face and head. The wet bandage smoked on his fever-burned temples. Janet was not sure whether he was wounded or suffering from sunstroke. In the middle of her operation he opened his eyes once more, with a stare that seemed to look through and beyond her.

"For the love of Heaven," he muttered, "take the despatch!" and fell to raving again.

Wondering what to do, Janet opened the leather case hanging from his belt. A sealed envelope lay within. It was addressed to the officer commanding the British and French section at Bassepoint, and marked urgent.

"Bassepoint," she muttered. "That's only twenty miles. But there's no one to send, no one who can ride—except me. Well, why not?" But the soldier! And the cows! Which was her greatest duty? As for the soldier, her grandmother, who walked slowly and had a keen eye to the condition of her hedges, would be sure to see him through the gap. She would be carrying food and drink, and the man would be as well in the shade there as anywhere until she herself could be back.

She sat for a minute or two, thinking hard. There was her chestnut, Wildfire, in the stable. But how to get into the house and change into her habit without her grandmother knowing? If she could get away unseen, she could be back by lunch-time, and the old lady would be spared hours of anxiety.

The only other person she could possibly think of to take the despatch was old Leblanc down at the forge, and he would make at least a day of it. Her duty, therefore, lay plain;

but she would have to forego her habit and ride down to Bassepoint dressed like a peasant.

Running through the fields, she entered the stables unseen from the house, and sought the box of her beloved Wildfire. He was destined for the use of her cousin, should his own mount be killed; the rest of her aunt's horses had gone.

Talking softly to the beautiful animal, Janet saddled him and led him out the way she had come. Out in the copse beyond the farm buildings she breathed more freely. Making sure the letter was firmly tucked inside her dress, Janet kicked off her sabots, and in her stockinged feet swung into the saddle. Wildfire scarcely allowed her to arrange her wide, short petticoat. With a joyous snort he was off, bearing his young mistress on the dangerous mission that was to make her the darling and pride of a famous British regiment.

Half-way to Bassepoint she drew rein at a little country inn. The landlord, who had seen her tempestuous approach, stared open-mouthed at the girl, at her shoeless feet, her magnificent bearing, her superb horse. He racked his brains. From where in the quiet countryside had such a rider emerged?

"Which of these two roads is the shortest way to Bassepoint, monsieur?" demanded Janet.

"The left, mademoiselle. Will not mademoiselle dismount and have food? The sun is hot."

"I'm afraid I haven't time. The regiment is still there, I suppose?" replied Janet, wiping her scarlet face.

"No, mademoiselle—that is to say," hastily continued the man, meeting her horrified look, "the regiment marched this morning. They have gone south, towards Pontéron. But, if mademoiselle is wishful to meet them, an extra five kilometers on that road to the right should allow mademoiselle to meet them at the cross-roads."

The landlady came running out and interrupted them.

"I insist on mademoiselle drinking this coffee," she cried. "It is not too hot."

"Mademoiselle is the finest rider I have ever seen," said the man to his wife as Janet gratefully drank the coffee. "I only fear mademoiselle will run over something in her way."

Janet handed the cup back, and wheeled her horse, with a merry laugh.

"I have already run over one pig and two geese, and left a sentry clinging to a barred gate that was in my way," she called over her shoulder. "Good-bye! I'll come to see you again."

She turned her head as Wildfire settled into his pace, but the dust of her gallop hid the delighted face of the landlord.

. . . . . .

A long khaki column was winding its way on the road to Pontéron. After their prolonged stay in Bassepoint the men were in high spirits at the prospect of "something doing" at last. They knew nothing of their destination, but they proudly hoped it was to some spot nearer the guns. The French column had taken another route, with another objective. In the rear of the marching lines a group of mounted officers were talking earnestly together.

"It is queer," said one, "that no news has come from Fleury. What do you make of it, major?"

"Don't know," replied the major irritably. "Here's Jackson coming back. What is it?"

The subaltern addressed had left his company, and had hurried back to the rear. He pointed to a spot on a hillside to the west, where a narrow white road curled down like a ribbon to meet the Pontéron route.

"Take a good look, sir," he said, handing his binocular to the major. "It's a girl, riding like a Cossack, and waving to us."

"So she is," commented the others.

"She's either mad or in a terrific hurry to take that road like that," growled the major. He was in a bad temper that morning; his heart's desire had been to move down to the firing-line, and orders were otherwise. "Call a halt, Jackson. She may have news."

The crisp order rang out, and the long column came to a halt at the cross-roads. By that time the rider was clearly visible, and hundreds of amazed eyes watched her as she tore down the slope. The officers trotted ahead to meet her. Wild-

fire, having the gallop of his life, was unwilling to stop, even when faced with a whole regiment. But Janet, who had until then given him his head, set her teeth as she came abreast the advance column and the waiting officers, and pulled him up on to his haunches. He stopped, quivering, smoking, dashed with foam. A dead silence fell as Janet, with shaking hands, drew the envelope from her dress. Running her eye quickly over the officers, she rode straight to the major, who was standing at the salute.

"A despatch," she said in her clear voice. "As the messenger was hurt, I brought it myself."

"English!" ran the murmur through the lines. "An English girl!" The men craned their heads. It was the first Englishwoman's voice they had heard for many weary months. All their pent-up love of home burst out, and cheer after cheer rang down the long column.

The officer, with a smile, took the envelope, and, from his expression as he read the despatch, he longed to cheer with the rest.

"Just in time," he said, handing it to the subaltern. "And what we've all been wanting, eh, Jackson?"

"That's true, sir." The subaltern delightedly returned to his work, and Janet, wheeling her horse, came into line with the major.

"Mayn't I know what it is?" she queried.

"Certainly, dear child," beamed the major; and he handed her the despatch.

This is what she read:

"Enemy making flank attack. Am hard pressed. Come across the river to Fleury. Blow up bridge. Any message can be entrusted to *Charles Lemprière, the bearer.*"

A BOY HERO

(A Story of the American Revolution)

By Frances A. Humphrey

THEY were sitting by the great blazing wood-fire. It was July, but there was an east wind and the night was chilly. Besides, Mrs. Heath had a piece of fresh pork to roast. Squire Blake had "killed" the day before—that was the term used to signify the slaughter of any domestic animal for food—and had distributed the "fresh" to various families in town, and Mrs. Heath wanted hers for the early breakfast. Meat was the only thing to be had in plenty—meat and berries. Wheat and corn, and vegetables even, were scarce. There had been a long winter, and then, too, every family had sent early in the season all they could possibly spare to the Continental army. As to sugar and tea and molasses, it was many a day since they had had even the taste of them.

The piece of pork was suspended from the ceiling by a stout string, and slowly revolved before the fire, Dorothy or Arthur giving it a fresh start when it showed signs of stopping. There was a settle at right angles with the fireplace, and here the little cooks sat, Dorothy in the corner nearest the fire, and Arthur curled up on the floor at her feet, where he could look up the chimney and see the moon, almost at the full, drifting through the sky. At the opposite corner sat Abram, the hired man and faithful keeper of the family in the absence of its head, at work on an axe helve, while Bathsheba, or "Basha," as she was briefly and affectionately called, was spinning in one corner of the room just within range of the firelight.

There was no other light—the firelight being sufficient for their needs—and it was necessary to economize in candles, for any day a raid from the royal army might take away both

cattle and sheep, and then where would the tallow come from for the annual fall candle-making? There was a rumor—Abram had brought it home that very day—that the royal army was advancing, and red coats might make their appearance in Hartland at any time. Arthur and Dorothy were talking about it, as they turned the roasting fork.

"Wish I was a man," said Arthur, glancing toward his mother, who was sitting in a low splint chair knitting stockings for her boy's winter wear. "I'd like to shoot a red coat."

"Oh, Arty!" exclaimed Dorothy reproachfully; "you're always thinking of shooting! Now *I* should like to nurse a sick soldier and wait upon him. Poor soldiers! it was dreadful what papa wrote to mamma about them."

"Would you nurse a red coat?" asked Arthur, indignantly.

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Though of course I should rather, a great deal rather, nurse one of our own soldiers. But Arty," continued the little elder sister, "papa says if we must fight, why, we must fight bravely, but that we can be brave without fighting."

"Well, I mean to be a hero, and heroes always fight. King Arthur fought. Papa said so. He and his knights fought for the Sangreal, and liberty is our Sangreal. I'm glad my name is Arthur, anyhow, for Arthur means noble and high," he said, lifting his bright boyish face with its steadfast blue eyes, and glancing again toward his mother. She gave an answering smile.

"I hope my boy will always be noble and high in thought and deed. But, as papa said, to be a hero one does not need to fight; at least, not to fight men. We can fight bad tempers and bad thoughts and cowardly impulses. They who fight these things successfully are the truest heroes, my boy."

"Ah, but mamma, didn't I hear you tell grandmamma how you were proud of your hero? That's what you called papa when General Montgomery wrote to you, with his own hand, how he drove back the enemy at the head of his men, while the balls were flying and the cannons roaring and flashing; and when his horse was shot under him how he struggled out and cheered on his men, on foot, and the bullets whizzed and

the men fell all around him, and he wasn't hurt and"—Here the boy stopped abruptly and sprang impulsively forward, for his mother's cheek had suddenly grown pale.

"True grit!" remarked Abram to Basha, in an undertone, as she paused in her walk to and fro by the spinning-wheel to join a broken thread. "But there never was a coward yet, man or woman, 'mong the Heaths, an' I've known 'em off 'an on these seventy year. Now there was ole Gineral Heath," he continued, holding up the axe helve and viewing it critically with one eye shut, "he was a marster hand for fightin'. Fit the Injuns 's though he liked it. That gun up there was his'n."

"Tell us about the 'sassy one,'" said Arthur, turning at the word gun.

"Youngster, 'f I've told yer that story once, I've told yer fifty times," said Abram.

"Tell it again," said the boy eagerly. "And take down the gun, too."

Abram got up as briskly as his seventy years and his rheumatism would permit, and took down the gun from above the mantelpiece. It was a very large one.

"Not quite so tall as the old Gineral himself," said Abram, "but a purty near to it. This gun is 'bout seven feet, an' yer gran'ther was seven feet two—a powerful built man. Wall, the Injuns had been mighty obstreperous 'long 'bout that time, burnin' the Widder Brown's house and her an' her baby a-hidin' in a holler tree near by, an' carryin' off critters an' hosses, an' that day yer gran'ther was after 'em with a posse o' men, an' what did that pesky Injun do but git up on a rock a quarter o' a mile off an' jestickerlate in an outrigerus manner, like a sarcy boy, an' yer gran'ther, he took aim and fired, an' that impident Injun jest tumbled over with a yell; his last, mind ye, and good enough for him!"

"I like to hear about old gran'ther," said Arthur.

As Abram was restoring the gun to its place upon the hooks, a sound was heard at the side door—a sound as of a heavy body falling against it, which startled them all. The dog Cæsar rose, and going to the door which opened into the

side entry, sniffed along the crack above the threshold. Apparently satisfied, he barked softly, and rising on his hind legs lifted the latch and sprang into the entry. Abram followed with Basha. As he lifted the latch of the outer door—the string had been drawn in early, as was the custom in those troublous times—and swung it back, the light from the fire fell upon the figure of a man lying across the doorstone.

"Sakes alive!' exclaimed Abram, drawing back. But at a word from the mistress, they lifted the man and brought him in and laid him down on the braided woolen mat before the fire. Then for a moment there was silence, for he wore the dress of a British soldier, and his right arm was bandaged. He had fainted from loss of blood, apparently—perhaps from hunger. Basha loosened his coat at the throat, and tried to force a drop or two of "water" into his mouth, while Mrs. Heath rubbed his hands.

"He ain't dead," said Basha, in a grim tone, "and mind you, we'll see trouble from this." Basha was an arrant rebel, and hated the very sight of a red coat. "What are you doin' here," she continued, addressing him, "killin' honest folks, when you'd better 've staid cross seas in yer own country?"

"Basha!" said Mrs. Heath reprovingly, "he is helpless."

But Basha as she unwound the tight bandage from the shattered arm, kept muttering to herself like a rising tempest, until at length the man having come quite to himself, detected her feeling, and with great effort said, "I am *not* a British soldier."

"Then what to goodness have you got on their uniform for?" queried Basha.

Little by little the pitiful story was told. He was an American soldier who had been doing duty as a spy in the British camp. Up to the very last day of his stay he had not been suspected; but trying to get away he was suspected, challenged, and fired at. The shot passed through his arm. He was certain his pursuers had followed him till night, and they would be likely to continue the search the next day, and he begged Mrs. Heath to secrete him for a day or two, if possible.

"I wouldn't mind being shot, marm," he said, "but you know they'll hang me if they get me. Of course I risked it when I went into their camp, but it's none the pleasanter for all that."

Now in the old Heath house there was a secret chamber, built in the side of the chimney. Most of those old colonial houses had enormous chimneys, that took up, sometimes, a quarter of the ground occupied by the house, so it was not a difficult thing to enclose a small space with slight danger of its existence being detected. This chimney chamber in the Heath house was little more than a closet eight feet by four. It was entered from the north chamber, Abram's room, through a narrow sliding panel that looked exactly like the rest of the wall, which was of cedar boards. An inch-wide shaft running up the side of the chimney ventilated the closet, and it was lighted by a window consisting of three small panes of glass carefully concealed under the projecting roof. In a sunny day one could see to read there easily.

A small cot-bed was now carried into this room, and up there, after his wound had been dressed by Basha, who, like many old-time women, was skilful in dressing wounds and learned in the properties of herbs and roots, and he had been fed and bathed, the soldier was taken; and a very grateful man he was as he settled himself upon the comfortable bed and looked up with a smiling "thank you," into Basha's face, which was no longer grim and forbidding.

All this time no special notice had been taken of Dorothy and Arthur. They had followed about to watch the bathing, feeding, and tending, and when Mrs. Heath turned to leave the secret chamber, she found them behind her, staring in with very wide-open eyes indeed; for, if you can believe it, they never before had even heard of, much less seen, this lovely little secret chamber. It was never deemed wise in colonial families to talk about these hiding-places, which sometimes served so good a purpose, and I doubt if many adults in the town of Hartland knew of this secret chamber in the Heath house.

The panel was closed, and Abram was left to care for the

wounded soldier through the night. It was nine o'clock, the colonial hour for going to bed, and long past the children's hour, and Dotty and Arthur in their prayers by their mother's knee, put up a petition for the safety of the stranger.

"*Would* they hang him if they could get him, mamma," asked Arty.

"Certainly," she replied. "It is one of the rules of warfare. A spy is always hung."

In the morning, from nine to eleven, Mrs. Heath always devoted to the children's lessons. Arthur, who was eleven, was a good Latin scholar. He was reading *Cæsar's Commentaries,* and he liked it—that is, he liked the story part. He found some of it pretty tough reading, and I need not tell you boys who have read Cæsar, what parts those were. They had English readings from the *Spectator,* and from Bishop Leighton's works, books which you know but little about. Dotty had a daily lesson in botany, and very pleasant hours those school hours were.

After dinner, at twelve, they had the afternoon for play. That afternoon, the day after the soldier came, they went berrying. They did this almost every day during berry time, so as to have what they liked better than anything for supper —berries and milk. Occasionally they had huckleberry "slapjacks," also a favorite dish, for breakfast; not often, however, as flour was scarce.

They went for berries down the road known as South Lane, a lonely place, but where berries grew plentifully. Their mother had cautioned them not to talk about the occurrence of the night before, as someone might overhear, and so, though they talked about their play and their studies, about papa and his soldiers, they said nothing about *the* soldier.

They had nearly filled their baskets, when a growl from Cæsar startled them, and turning, they saw two horsemen who had stopped near by, one of whom was just springing from his horse. They were in British uniform, and the children at once were sure what they wanted.

"Oh, Arty, Arty!" whispered Dorothy. "They've come, and we mustn't tell."

The man advanced with a smile meant to be pleasant, but which was in reality so sinister that the children shrank with a sensation of fear.

"How are you, my little man? Picking berries, eh? And where do you live?" he asked.

"With mamma," answered Arthur promptly.

"And who is mamma? What is her name?"

"Mrs. Heath," said Arty.

"And don't you live with papa too? Where is papa?" the man asked.

Arthur hesitated an instant, and then out it came, and proudly too. "In the Continental army, sir."

"Ho! ho! and so we are a little rebel, are we?" laughed the man. "And who am I? Do you know?"

"Yes, sir; a British soldier."

"How do you know that?"

"Because you wear their uniform, sir?"

"You cannot have seen many British soldiers here," said the man. "Did you ever see the British uniform before?"

"Yes, sir," replied Arty.

"And where did you see it?" he asked, glancing sharply at Arthur and then at Dorothy. Upon the face of the latter was a look of dismay, for she had foreseen the drift of the man's questions and the trap into which Arty had fallen. He, too, saw it, now he was in. The only British uniform he had ever seen was that worn by the American spy. For a brief moment he was tempted to tell a lie. Then he said firmly, "I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot! Does that mean will not?" said the man threateningly. Then he put his hand into his pocket and took out a bright gold sovereign, which he held before Arthur.

"Come, now, my little man, tell me where you saw the British soldier's uniform, and you shall have this gold piece."

But all the noble impulses of the boy's nature inherited and strengthened by his mother's teachings, revolted at this attempt to bribe him. His eyes flashed. He looked the man full in the face. "I will not!" said he.

"Come, come!" cried out the man on horseback. "Don't

palter any longer with the little rebel. We'll find a way to make him tell. Up with him!"

In an instant the man had swung Arthur into his saddle, and leaping up behind him, struck spurs to his horse and dashed away. Cæsar, who had been sniffing about, suspicious, but uncertain, attempted to leap upon the horseman in the rear, but he, drawing his pistol from his saddle, fired, and Cæsar dropped helpless.

The horsemen quickly vanished, and for a moment Dorothy stood pale and speechless. Then she knelt down by Cæsar, examined his wound—he was shot in the leg—and bound it up with her handkerchief, just as she saw Basha do the night before, and then putting her arms around his neck she kissed him. "Be patient, dear old Cæsar, and Abram shall come for you."

Covered with dust, her frock stained with Cæsar's blood, a pitiful sight indeed was Dorothy as she burst into the kitchen where Basha was preparing supper.

"Oh, mamma, they've carried off Arty and shot Cæsar, those dreadful, dreadful British!"

Between her sobs she told the whole fearful story to the two women—fearful, I say, for Mrs. Heath knew too well the reputed character of the British soldiery, not to fear the worst if her boy should persist in refusing to tell where he had seen the British soldier's uniform. But even in her distress she was conscious of a proud faith that he would not betray his trust.

As to Basha, who shall describe her horror and indignation? "The wretches! ain't they content to murder our men and burn our houses, that they must take our innercent little boys?" and she struck the spit into the chicken she was preparing for supper vindictively, as though thus she should like to treat the whole British army. "The dear little cretur! what'll he do to-night without his mamma, and him never away from her a night in his blessed life. 'Pears to me the Lord's forgot the Colonies. O dearie, dearie me!" Utterly overcome she dropped into a chair, and throwing her home-spun check apron over her head, she gave way to such a fit of

weeping as astonished and perplexed Abram, one of whose principle articles of faith it was that Basha couldn't shed a tear, even if she tried, "mor'n if she's made o' cast iron."

It indeed looked hopeless. Who was to follow after these men and rescue Arthur? There was hardly any one left in town but old men, women, and children.

Mrs. Heath thought of this as she soothed Dorothy, coaxed her to eat a little supper, and then sat by her side until she fell asleep. She sat by the fire while the embers died out, or walked up and down the long, lonely kitchen, wrestling, like Jacob, in prayer, for her boy, until long after midnight.

And now let us follow Arthur's fortunes. The men galloped hard and long over hills, through valleys and woods, so far away it seemed to the little fellow he could never possibly see mamma or Dorothy again. At last they drew up at a large white house, evidently the headquarters of the officers, and Arthur was put at once into a dark closet and there left. He was tired and dreadfully hungry, so hungry that he could think of hardly anything else. He heard the rattling of china and glasses, and knew they were at supper. By and by a servant came and took him into the supper-room. His eyes were so dazzled at first by the change from the dark closet to the well-lighted room, that he could scarcely see. But when the daze cleared he found himself standing near the head of the table, where sat a stout man with a red face, a fierce mustache, and an evil pair of eyes.

He looked at Arthur a moment. Then he poured out a glass of wine and pushed it toward him: "Drink!"

But Arthur did not touch the glass.

"Drink, I say," he repeated impatiently. "Do you hear?"

"I have promised mamma never to drink wine," was the low response.

It seemed to poor Arthur as though everything had combined against him. It was bad enough to have to say no to the question about the uniform, and now here was something else that would make the men still more angry with him. But the officer did not push his command; he simply thrust the glass one side and said, "Now, my boy, we're going to get

that American spy and hang him. You know where he is and you've got to tell us, or it will be the worse for you. Do you want to see your mother again?"

Arthur did not answer. He could not have answered just then. A big lump came into his throat. Cry? Not before these men. So he kept silence.

"Obstinate little pig! speak!" thundered the officer, bringing his great brawny fist down upon the table with a blow that set the glasses dancing. "Will you tell me where that spy is?"

"No, sir," came in very low, but very firm tones. I will not tell you the dreadful words of that officer, as he turned to his servant with the command, "Put him down cellar, and we'll see to him in the morning. They're all alike, men, women, and children. Rebellion in the very blood. The only way to finish it is to spill it without mercy."

Now there was one thing that Arthur, brave as he was, feared, and that was—rats! Left on a heap of dry straw, he began to wonder if there were rats there. Presently he was sure he heard something move, but he was quickly reassured by the touch of soft, warm fur on his hand, and the sound of a melodious "pur-r." The friendly kitty, glad of a companion, curled herself by his side. What comfort she brought to the lonely little fellow! He lay down beside her, and saying his *Our Father,* and *Now I lay me,* was soon in a profound sleep, the purring little kitty nestling close.

The sounds of revelry in the rooms above did not disturb him. The boisterous songs and laughter, the stamping of many feet, continued far into the night. At last they ceased; and when everything had been for a long time silent, the door leading to the cellar was softly opened and a lady came down the stairway. I have often wished that I might paint her as she looked coming down those stairs. Arthur was afterward my great-grandfather, you know, and he told me this story when I was a young girl in my teens. He told me how lovely this lady was.

Her gown was of some rich stuff that shimmered in the light of the candle she carried, and rustled musically as she

walked. There was a flash of jewels at her throat and on her hands. She had wrapped a crimson mantle about her head and shoulders. Her eyes were like stars on a summer's night, sparkling with a veiled radiance, and as she stood and looked down upon the sleeping boy, a smile, sweet, but full of a profound sadness, played upon her lips. Then a determined look came into her bright eyes.

He stirred in his sleep, laughed out, said "mamma," and then opened his eyes. She stooped and touched his lips with her finger. "Hush! Speak only in a whisper. Eat this, and then I will take you to your mother."

After he had eaten, she wrapped a cloak about him, and together they stole up and out past the sleeping, drunken sentinel, to the stables. She led out a white horse, her own horse, Arthur was sure, for the creature caressed her with his head, and as she saddled him she talked to him in low tones, sweet, musical words of some foreign tongue. The handsome horse seemed to understand the necessity of silence, for he did not even whinny to the touch of his mistress's hand, and trod daintily and noiselessly as she led him to the mounting block, his small ears pricking forward and backward, as though knowing the need of watchful listening.

Leaping to the saddle and stooping, she lifted Arthur in front of her, and with a word they were off. A slow walk at first, and then a rapid canter. Arthur never forgot that long night ride with the beautiful lady on the white horse, over the country flooded with the brilliancy of the full moon. Once or twice she asked if he was cold, as she drew the cloak more closely about him, and sometimes she would murmur softly to herself words in that silvery foreign tongue. As they drew near Hartland, she asked him to point out his father's house, and when they were quite near, only a little distance off, she stopped the horse.

"I leave you here, you brave, darling boy," she said. "Kiss me once, and then jump down. And don't forget me."

Arthur threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, first on one cheek and then on the other, and looking up into the beautiful face with its starry eyes, said:

"I will never, never forget you, for you are the loveliest lady I ever saw except—except mamma."

She laughed a pleased laugh, like a child, then took a ring from her hand and put it upon one of Arthur's fingers. Her hand was so slender it fitted his chubby little hand very well.

"Keep this," she said, "and by and by give it to some lady good and true, like mamma."

"Will you be punished?" he said, keeping her hand. She laughed again, with a proud, daring toss of her dainty head, and rode away.

Arthur watched her out of sight, and then turned toward home. Mrs. Heath was still keeping her lonely watch, when the latch of the outer door was softly lifted—nobody had the heart to take in the string with Arty outside—the inner door swung noiselessly back, and a blithe voice said, "Mamma! mamma! here I am, and I didn't tell!"

All that day, and the next, and the next, the Heath household were in momentary expectation of the coming of the red coats to search for the spy. Dorothy and Arthur, and sometimes Abram, did picket duty to give seasonable warning of their approach. But they never came. In a few days news was brought that the British forces, on the very morning after Arthur's return, had made a rapid retreat before an advance of the Federal troops, and never again was a red coat seen in Hartland. The spy got well in great peace and comfort under Basha's nursing, and went back again to do service in the Continental army.

Dotty used to say, "You did learn, didn't you, Arty, how a person, even a little boy, can be a hero without fighting, just as mamma said?"

THE YOUNG HERO OF HAARLEM

FAR across the sea is a little country called Holland. The surface of the land there is lower than the ocean, so the only way to keep the waves from coming in and flooding the land is by means of great walls, called dykes, which hold the water back. Men watch these walls constantly to see that no holes are broken through them by the beating of the waves. Even the little children are taught that they must help watch these walls, for a tiny hole can soon grow to a big one, and many lives may be lost very quickly.

In this land, and in the City of Haarlem, once lived a little boy whose name was Peter. One day Peter had been out in the country to visit his grandmother, and he did not start home until just before sunset. He ran along on top of the sea-wall—he was hurrying, for he had stayed later than usual at grandmother's house. All the men had left the fields, and he knew that he would be late to his supper.

Suddenly he heard something which made him stop still—it was the sound of water trickling. Peter scrambled down the side of the dyke and looked carefully for the hole he knew must be there. He soon found it; just a little one it was, but it was growing larger each moment. Peter looked about for something with which to stop it, but he could not find a thing. So he pushed his finger into the hole; it was just right to hold the water back. He held his finger pressed tightly in the hole, and called loudly for help. But no one came. All the men had gone to their homes for the night. "Surely someone will come soon," Peter thought, so he shouted again and again.

The sun was gone, the shadows grew darker, and the stars shone out overhead. The boy's hand grew numb and cold, and he wondered how he could stand the pain if no one came. He dared not take his finger away, for if he did, the water would rush through faster and faster, until it would be a

roaring flood which would sweep over the city. He could hear the roar of the waves, and the night winds grew colder and colder.

"Mother will miss me and they will come to look for me soon," Peter thought.

But when her little boy did not come his mother said: "I suppose Peter has decided to stay with Grandmother for the night," so they had supper and went to bed. Of course Grandmother thought Peter was safe at home, as he had left in time to be there before the night fell.

When no one came, Peter moaned with pain, and felt very lonely out there in the night, but he never thought of taking his finger from the hole and letting the water come through. "I'll stand it some way," he thought. So he stayed there all through the night keeping the water back.

Early the next morning a man passed along the dyke on his way to work. He heard a queer moaning sound, and looking over the edge of the dyke saw Peter clinging to the side of the great wall, with his finger still in the hole. He climbed quickly over to him and lifted the boy in his arms, crying for help. Other men passing ran with their shovels and the hole was soon mended.

They carried Peter home to his mother, and told all the people in the city how the brave boy had saved their lives that night. People in Holland still love to tell the story of his bravery, and they still call him "The Young Hero of Haarlem."

THROUGH THE SHARKS

By DAVID KER

ALL Hayti was in a blaze of insurrection against its French masters, and the negro guerillas, skilled in bush-fighting, and aided by the deadly climate of the West Indies, were pressing back the diminished forces of France step by step.

The retreat of General Le Clerc and the main army had cut off the garrison of La Tour Noire from all communication with their countrymen, and the enemy had lost no time in blockading it with a large force, meaning to starve it out, as it was too strong to be stormed.

And starved out it seemed only too likely to be; for the last mouthful of food had been eaten that day, and famine in its worst form was now staring the forlorn band in the face.

Could they but send word of their plight to the general, help was certain, the fort being too important to be let go easily. But how was this to be done? Of the three native messengers sent out in succession by Colonel De Malet not one had ever come back; and all his men knew well that death itself would be mercy compared with the hideous tortures inflicted by the insurgents upon all the prisoners whom they took, even those of their own race and color. Brave as they were, both Frenchmen and natives shrank from this horrible and seemingly certain destruction; and no one replied to the colonel's summons.

"Does no man offer?" repeated De Malet, looking round him.

Then, amid the gloomy and freezing silence a shrill, childish voice called out from behind, "*I* do!"

The colonel turned to see who the reckless volunteer might be.

It was little Cæsar, a negro boy of twelve, but already a

man in courage and energy, to whom the colonel, pleased with some feat of daring which he had seen the lad perform, had given his freedom, and attached him to his own service, in return for which the boy would have died for him any day.

"You!" cried De Malet, with a flush of shame at the thought of letting a child face the deadly risk from which so many strong and daring men had shrunk. "My poor boy, what can *you* do?"

"Master make Cæsar free," said the young hero, in broken French: "Cæsar be kill for master any day, willing! Master no fear—Cæsar got plan!"

"Tell me your plan, then," said the commandant, leading him away; and the two had a long talk, at the end of which De Malet returned, looking greatly astonished.

Indeed, every man of the garrison was as much amazed as himself, and with good reason, for what Cæsar had undertaken to do seemed absolutely impossible. On one side of the fort lay thousands of armed enemies, watching the doomed garrison day and night; on the other stretched a broad, deep inlet of the sea, literally swarming with those terrible West Indian sharks which are to the water what wolves are to the land. As the enemy had learned from a deserter, the French had no boat and no means of building one, and any man who had tried to swim that fatal creek would have been torn limb from limb ere he had made half a dozen strokes. To be tortured to death by the Haytians or devoured by the sharks, such was the choice; and well might the commandant and his men be surprised at the little hero's bold offer.

They would have been more surprised still had they seen how he was employed that afternoon. Going into the now deserted stable (for the last horse had been killed for food the day before) he took two horse-hides, sewed each into a kind of bag (leaving one end open), stuffed them with hay, and then stitched up the open end; after which he corded the two bundles together—having first smeared them all over with oil—and fixed a light square piece of thin wood on the top of them.

The boy-scout's quick eye had already noted that the

Haytians had very few sentinels along the creek, thinking that side well enough guarded by the sharks. Hence he had planned to cross the perilous inlet after dark on this frail raft (which he had often seen used by his own people), and then to steal off under cover of the night through the unguarded country beyond.

Night came at last, stormy and black as pitch, with a furious wind and pelting rain—just the very night for Cæsar's purpose. As soon as it was quite dark the brave little fellow dragged his impromptu raft down to the water's edge, and, placing himself upon his knees on the flat board that surmounted it, pushed off on his terrible venture, while Colonel De Malet and his officers strained their eyes in vain into the gloom that had swallowed him up.

But if they could see nothing they could hear only too much. There was a sudden stir in the sullen waters below, and then the "lap-lap-lap" of ripples against the bank, telling but too plainly that the sharks had scented their prey and were astir to seize it.

No cry or sound followed, however, and the listeners were beginning to hope that their bold messenger might have escaped after all, when all at once there came ringing from the blackness of the farther shore, sharp and sudden amid the tomb-like silence, a *single shot*—and then all was still once more.

"God help him!" hoarsely muttered the stout old colonel through his clenched teeth.

Half a dozen deep voices echoed the prayer, and the anxious watchers, shaking their heads gloomily, went back into the fort with sinking hearts.

And then followed two long, weary, terrible days of sickening expectation, during which the gnawing agony of the famine that tortured them seemed to grow more and more intolerable with every hour. The few small fish that they contrived to catch seemed only to mock their hunger instead of relieving it; and though two or three of the defenders still tried to hope against hope that their daring little messenger might have got through in safety after all, most of them were

fast giving way to despair, and even the iron colonel began to think that the time was come for trying his plan of "rushing out and dying sword in hand."

But all this time what had become of the little negro boy Cæsar?

During the whole time of his slow passage across the terrible creek he had heard the hungry sharks stirring in the unseen waters around him, and had felt the jar of their snouts and back fins striking against his frail ark of refuge. Happily its smooth and well-oiled sides gave no hold to the cruel jaws that were gnashing all around, or Cæsar's mission would have ended there and then; but even as it was, the poor boy had a hair's-breadth escape of being seized by one huge ravenous monster as he sprang to the farther shore.

So far so good; but another peril almost equally great was still before him. To creep through this matted mass of thickets without making *some* noise was quite impossible even for such a practised "bush-boy" as our hero; and it happened by ill-luck that just as there came a momentary lull in the roar of the storm a dead bough broke under him with a sharp snap. The noise was instantly followed by the sound of a deep, harsh voice close beside him, which called out fiercely, "Who go dere? Speak, or me fire, shuah!"

And, sure enough, the black sentry (who had taken shelter from the storm under a large tree) did fire the moment he had uttered his challenge, and the ball whistled close to poor Cæsar's head. But quick as thought the ready-witted boy dropped on his hands and knees, set up a grunt and a squeal that would have deceived the oldest farmer in New England, and went crashing away into the bushes with as much noise as any real pig could have made.

The sleepy soldier was quite taken in, and turned away with a hoarse laugh, muttering that it was only "one ob dem stray hog," while our hero crept onward with all the speed that he could make.

Just before daybreak on the third morning the forlorn defenders of the fort were startled by a clamor of confused cries and distant firing, above which rose the well-known

shout, "France! France! Vive la République!" telling that help was at hand.

That sound acted like magic on the fainting, half-starved men. Seizing their arms, they rushed forward in a body, and fell furiously upon the panic-stricken besiegers, who, taken by surprise, and attacked on both sides at once, fled almost without striking a blow.

When the war ended a few months later, De Malet took Cæsar back with him to France, where the brave colonel lived many a year to tell his friends how the faithful negro had once saved his life by the boldest deed that he had ever known.

HIS WORD OF HONOR

A Story of the French Commune, 1871

HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but nevertheless they were going to shoot him.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to one of the city prisons in Paris.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch the terrible scenes about him as though they did not concern him.

He heard the report of the musketry which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterward," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also.

Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood —he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relatives and their sorrow when they should hear of his fate; and perhaps he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared, he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics had never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the

scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on a bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterward, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into the ranks.

He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world,—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so good to him.

He comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear—again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

"Ah," he thought, sadly, "if they would only trust me—would give me only one hour of liberty—how I would run home to her and then come back and give myself up to the hands that hunger for my life. I would give my word, and I would keep it. Why not? Save my mother—and she, too, dying—I have no one to weep over me if I am shot.

"To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then I would face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

"Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?"

"Yes; I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months—such awful things—death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how

soon you can be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

"Try me, sir, try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! my boy! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to believe that."

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more.

"Sir, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging at his mustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"'My word,'" he murmured. "This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the fifteenth of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you leave her to follow the Commune?"

"The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them and wept and prayed me to obey them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

The commandant turned toward his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then! it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart and care more for life than honor."

"I thank you, sir. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party," he added, grimly. "Off with you!"

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for she had believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

"Go very quietly," she said in a low voice; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you, she was praying the good Lord to preserve you and to restore peace in the land."

But Victor thought he heard his name called in a faint

voice. He moved on tiptoe toward his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor! my boy!" she cried in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. In his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again.

"We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and become a good man. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely."

Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child.

Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once.

Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, gazing at her

earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. The good-hearted man had hoped that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

"Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage—tears of joy for her, of despair for me—she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?

"So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

"Well, you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first. Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him gently away.

"It really would have been a pity," he said half apologetically to his staff as he turned toward them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still

sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh, Mercy!—ah! you are here; it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs which Victor could not calm.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamed they were going to shoot you!"

THE LAST CLASS

A Young Alsatian's Story

Adapted from Alphonse Daudet

I WAS very late in going to school that morning, and I was very much afraid I should be scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would question us upon the participles, and I did not know a word of them. For a moment I thought of shirking the class, and going off across country.

The weather was so hot and clear. One heard the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the meadow behind the saw-mill the Prussians were at their drill. These things were much more attractive than the rules of participles; but I had the strength to resist them, and I ran very quickly toward the school.

In passing by the town-hall I saw that there was a group of people by the little notice-board.

As I ran across the square, the blacksmith, who was there with his apprentice, reading the notice, shouted to me: "Don't hurry so, little one; you will always get fast enough to that school of yours!"

I thought he was laughing at me, and, out of breath, I went into Monsieur Hamel's little courtyard. Usually, at the beginning of a class, a great noise could be heard there, desks opening and shutting, lessons being repeated all together at the top of the voice, with stopped ears, to learn them the better, and the master's big ruler tapping on the tables for "A little silence."

I counted on all this fuss to let me reach my seat unnoticed; but on this particular day all was quiet, as on a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my schoolfellows

already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking to and fro with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of the calm. You may well think I blushed and was afraid.

But nothing happened. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger, and said, very gently, "Go quickly to your place, my little Franz; we were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench, and sat down at once at my desk. Only then, I noticed that our teacher was wearing his beautiful green frock-coat, his fine frilled shirt-front, and the embroidered black cap that he put on only on inspection days, or for prize-givings. There was something unusual and solemn, too, about the whole class.

But what surprised me most was to see at the end of the room, on the benches that were usually empty, the men of the village, seated and silent like ourselves—the old mayor, the old postman, and others besides these. They all seemed sad; and one had brought an old dog-eared spelling-book, that he held wide open on his knees, his big spectacles laid across the page.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel said, in the same grave and gentle voice with which he had received me: "My children, this is the last of your classes that I shall take. The order has come from Berlin that in the future nothing but German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. . . . The new teacher comes to-morrow. To-day's is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These few words horrified me. Ah! that was what they had posted up at the town-hall.

My last lesson in French! And I, who scarcely knew how to write! I should never learn!

How I longed now for the time I had lost; for lessons shirked for bird-nesting, or sliding on the frozen river. My books that so lately I found dull, and heavy to carry—my grammar, my history—seemed now old friends from whom I should find it hard to part.

The idea that Monsieur Hamel was going away, that I

should not see him again, made me forget punishments and blows with the ruler. Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and I understood now why the old men of the village had come to sit at the end of the room. It was a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of good service, and of paying their respects to the departing fatherland.

It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from end to end that famous rule of the participles, in a loud voice, without a mistake; but I got muddled, and dared not lift my head.

My master spoke: "I shall not scold you, little Franz, you are sufficiently punished. That is how it is. Every day one says to one's self: 'I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. . . . Ah! the great misfortune of our Alsace has been always to put off learning till to-morrow. Now, these people have the right to say to us, 'What! you pretend to be French, and you do not know how to read or write your own language!'

"In all that, my poor Franz, you are not alone to blame. Have I nothing to regret? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of working? And when I wished to go trout-fishing, did I scruple to give you a holiday?"

And then, passing from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world; that we ought to keep it among us, and never forget it, because, when a nation falls into slavery, so long as it clings close to its language, it holds the key of its prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was surprised to see how well I understood. Everything he said seemed easy to me. I think, too, that I had never listened so well, and that he had never put such care into his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge before he left us, to get it into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was done we went on to writing. For that day, Monsieur Hamel had prepared new copies for us,

on which were written, in a fine round hand: *France, Alsace, France, Alsace.* It was strange to see how we all worked, and in what silence. There was nothing to be heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. On the roof of the schoolhouse pigeons were gently cooing, and I said to myself as I heard them, "Will they make them sing in German, them too?"

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel motionless in his chair, gazing at the objects about him, as if he wished to carry away with him in his mind's eye the whole of his little schoolhouse.

Think! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his courtyard in front of him, and his class just the same. Only the benches and desks had been polished with the rubbings of use; the walnut-trees in the yard had grown, and the hop he had planted himself now climbed round the window and up to the roof.

How heart-breaking it must have been for the poor man to be leaving all these things, and to hear his sister packing their boxes in the room overhead. For they were to go next day; to leave the country forever. Still he had the courage to go on with our lesson to the end. After the writing we had our history class. I shall not forget that last lesson.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve. At the same moment the bugles of the Prussians coming back from drill sounded under our windows. Monsieur Hamel rose, very pale, from his chair. I had never thought him so tall. "My friends," he said, "my friends . . . I . . . I . . ." But something stifled him. He could not finish his sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, pressing on it with all his strength, wrote, as large as he could:

Long live France

He stayed there, leaning his head against the wall, and, without speaking, signed to us with his hand—"That will do. Dismiss."

STORIES OF HUMAN LOVE

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN

By AUSTIN DOBSON

HE had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
He shall rest for at least to-night."

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

STORIES OF HUMAN LOVE

WHERE LOVE IS, GOD IS

By LEO TOLSTOI

IN a little town in Russia there lived a cobbler, Martin Avedéitch by name. He had a tiny room in a basement, the one window of which looked out on to the street. Through it one could see only the feet of those who passed by, but Martin recognized the people by their boots. He had lived long in the place and had many acquaintances. There was hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not been once or twice through his hands, so he often saw his own handiwork through the window. Some he had re-soled, some patched, some stitched up, and to some he had even put fresh uppers. He had plenty to do, for he worked well, used good material, did not charge too much, and could be relied on. If he could do a job by the day required, he undertook it; if not, he told the truth and gave no false promises; so he was well known and never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man; but in his old age he began to think more about his soul and to draw nearer to God.

From that time Martin's whole life changed. His life became peaceful and joyful. He sat down to his task in the morning, and when he had finished his day's work he took the lamp down from the wall, stood it on the table, fetched his Bible from the shelf, opened it, and sat down to read. The more he read the better he understood, and the clearer and happier he felt in his mind.

One morning he rose before daylight, and after saying his prayers he lit the fire and prepared his cabbage soup and buckwheat porridge. Then he lit the samovár, put on his

apron, and sat down by the window to his work. He looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever anyone passed in unfamiliar boots he would stop and look up, so as to see not the feet only but the face of the passer-by as well. A house-porter passed in new felt boots; then a water-carrier. Presently an old soldier of Nicholas's reign came near the window, spade in hand. Martin knew him by his boots, which were shabby old felt ones, goloshed with leather. The old man was called Stepánitch. A neighboring tradesman kept him in his house for charity, and his duty was to help the house-porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin glanced at him and then went on with his work.

After he had made a dozen stitches he felt drawn to look out of the window again. He saw that Stepánitch had leaned his spade against the wall, and was either resting himself or trying to get warm. The man was old and broken down, and had evidently not enough strength even to clear away the snow.

"What if I called him in and gave him some tea?" thought Martin. "The samovár is just on the boil."

He stuck his awl in its place, and rose; and putting the samovár on the table, made tea. Then he tapped the window with his fingers. Stepánitch turned and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him to come in, and went himself to open the door.

"Come in," he said, "and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold."

"May God bless you!" Stepánitch answered. "My bones do ache, to be sure." He came in, first shaking off the snow, and lest he should leave marks on the floor he began wiping his feet; but as he did so he tottered and nearly fell.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin; "I'll wipe up the floor—it's all in the day's work. Come, friend, sit down and have some tea."

Filling two tumblers, he passed one to his visitor, and pouring his own tea out into the saucer, began to blow on it.

Stepánitch emptied his glass, and, turning it upside down, put the remains of his piece of sugar on the top.

"Thank you, Martin Avedéitch," he said, "you have given me food and comfort both for soul and body."

"You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest," said Martin.

Stepánitch went away, and Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it up. Then he put away the tea things and sat down to his work, stitching the back seam of a boot. And as he stitched he kept looking out of the window, and thinking about what he had read in the Bible. And his head was full of Christ's sayings.

After a while Martin saw an apple-woman stop just in front of his window. On her back she had a sack full of chips, which she was taking home. No doubt she had gathered them at some place where building was going on.

The sack evidently hurt her, and she wanted to shift it from one shoulder to the other, so she put it down on the footpath and, placing her basket on a post, began to shake down the chips in the sack. While she was doing this a boy in a tattered cap ran up, snatched an apple out of the basket, and tried to slip away; but the old woman noticed it, and turning, caught the boy by his sleeve. He began to struggle, trying to free himself, but the old woman held on with both hands; knocked his cap off his head, and seized hold of his hair. The boy screamed and the old woman scolded. Martin dropped his awl, not waiting to stick it in its place, and rushed out of the door. Stumbling up the steps and dropping his spectacles in his hurry, he ran out into the street.

Martin separated them. He took the boy by the hand and said, "Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I'll pay him out, so that he won't forget it for a year! I'll take the rascal to the police!"

Martin began entreating the old woman.

"Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again."

The old woman let go, and the boy wished to run away, but Martin stopped him.

"Ask the Granny's forgiveness!" said he. "And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple."

The boy began to cry and to beg pardon.

"That's right. And now here's an apple for you," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy, saying, "I will pay you, Granny."

"You will spoil them that way, the young rascals," said the old woman. "He ought to be whipped so that he should remember it for a week."

"Oh, Granny, Granny," said Martin, "that's our way—but it's not God's way. If he should be whipped for stealing an apple, what should be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable of the lord who forgave his servant a large debt, and how the servant went out and seized his debtor by the throat. The old woman listened to it all, and the boy, too, stood by and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said Martin, "or else we shall not be forgiven. Forgive everyone, and a thoughtless youngster most of all."

The old woman wagged her head and sighed.

"It's true enough," said she, "but they are getting terribly spoiled."

"Then we old ones must show them better ways," Martin replied.

"That's just what I say," said the old woman. "I have had seven of them myself, and only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to tell how and where she was living with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "There, now," she said, "I have but little strength left, yet I work hard for the sake of my grandchildren; and nice children they are, too. No one comes out to meet me but the children. Little Annie, now, won't leave me for anyone. It's 'Grandmother, dear grandmother, darling grandmother.'" And the old woman completely softened at the thought.

"Of course, it was only his childishness," said she, referring to the boy.

As the old woman was about to hoist her sack on her back, the lad sprang forward to her, saying, "Let me carry it for you, Granny. I'm going that way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the sack on

the boy's back, and they went down the street together, the old woman quite forgetting to ask Martin to pay for the apple.

When they were out of sight Martin went back to the house. Having found his spectacles unbroken on the steps, he picked up his awl and sat down again to work. He worked a little, but soon could not see to pass the bristle through the holes in the leather; and presently he noticed the lamplighter passing on his way to light the street lamps.

"Seems it's time to light up," thought he. So he trimmed his lamp, hung it up, and sat down again to work. He finished off one boot and, turning it about, examined it. It was all right. Then he gathered his tools together, swept up the cuttings, put away the bristles and the thread and the awls, and, taking down the lamp, placed it on the table. Then he took the Gospels from the shelf. He meant to open them at the place he had marked the day before with a bit of morocco, but the book opened at another place. As Martin opened it, he seemed to hear footsteps, as though someone were moving behind him. Martin turned round, and it seemed to him as if people were standing in the dark corner, but he could not make out who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear: "Martin, Martin, don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" muttered Martin.

"It is I," said the voice. And out of the dark corner stepped Stepánitch, who smiled and, vanishing like a cloud, was seen no more.

"It is I," said the voice once more. And the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped out and both smiled, and then they too vanished.

And Martin's soul grew glad. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began reading the Gospel just where it had opened; and at the top of the page he read:

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me" (Matthew, Chap. xxv).

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by:
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone—
And the smile she softly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses,
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth: "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to him I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,

With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low—
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Natheless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver,
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride and answer: 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee;
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily—
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops:
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow;
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE WATER OF YOUTH

By RUDOLF BAUMBACH

Part I

IT was Midsummer Day, and the heat of noon brooded over the cornfields. Now and then a fresh breeze blew down from the wooded hill, bending the stalks of corn and scattering the scarlet petals of the poppies. The air was full of the chirping of grasshoppers, and from the hawthorn tree at the edge of the field came the low call of the yellow-hammer.

Along the path which crossed the broad cornfield came a slim, strong figure—a young woman in peasant dress, with a red kerchief on her head, a basket on her arm, and a jug in her hand.

When the yellow-hammer caught sight of her he flew to the topmost bough of his hawthorn tree and twittered a greeting to her: "Pretty maid, pretty maid, how's the world using you?" But he was making a mistake, for golden-haired Greta was not a maid, but a young bride, and she was on her way to her husband, who was cutting wood in the forest.

At the edge of the wood she stood still to listen. Following the sound of the ax, she soon came in sight of her husband, who was felling a fir tree with strong strokes, and she hailed him gayly.

"Stand still!" he shouted back. "The tree is falling!" And the great fir tree groaned deeply, bent its head, and came crashing to the ground.

Then Greta walked on, and the brown-faced wood-cutter took his young wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly. They sat down and unpacked the basket of food which she had brought, but as Hans was beginning to eat he laid down his bread, seized his ax, and cut three crosses on the stump of the tree that he had just felled.

"What is that for?" asked his wife.

"For the sake of the little old women of the wood," he answered. "Their enemy, the wild huntsman, lies in wait for them day and night, and sets his dogs on them. But if the poor little things can reach a tree trunk like that, the wild huntsman cannot touch them, because of the three crosses."

Greta opened her eyes wide. "Have you ever seen one of the little folk?"

"No; they seldom show themselves. But this is Midsummer Day, so perhaps we might see one." And he called into the forest in his ringing voice, "Little woman of the woods, come forth!" He only meant to tease his wife, but on St. John's Day it is not safe to make jokes like that.

Instantly there stood before them a lovely little lady, about an ell high. She wore trailing white robes, and in her hair there were sprays of mistletoe. The two young people jumped up in astonishment, and Greta made her best courtesy.

"You called me just at the right moment," said the little woman, pointing to the sun, which stood exactly over her head. "And one good turn"—here she looked toward the stump with the three crosses—"deserves another. Silver and gold have I none, but I have better things to give you. Come with me without fear, and bring your jug; it will be useful."

So saying, she turned toward the forest, followed by Hans, ax on shoulder, and Greta, jug in hand. She walked just like a duck, and Greta touched her husband on the arm, pointing to the little waddling figure, and was going to whisper something to him, but he laid his finger on his lips.

Nothing hurts the little good folk so much as being made fun of. They have feet like geese, and that is why they wear long trailing skirts.

They walked on until they came to an open space in the wood. Hoary trees stood in a circle round a green meadow; the grass was gay with lilies and bluebells and the fluttering wings of the butterflies.

Part II

Hans thought that he knew every inch of the forest, but he had never seen this lovely spot before. In the meadow there was a tiny house; the walls were of bark, the roof of the scales of fir-cones, every scale pinned down with a rose-thorn. This was the home of the little woman of the woods.

She led her guests round to the back of the house and showed them a well, whose waters rose noiselessly out of the dark earth. Iris and coltsfoot grew on the brink, and gold and green dragonflies danced over it.

"That is the well of youth," she said. "A dip in it will turn an old man into a boy again, and an old woman into a blooming girl. To drink the water keeps one young and fresh till one's dying day. Fill your jug and carry it home. But be very careful of the precious water: one drop every Sunday will be enough to keep you young.

"One thing more. When you cease to love each other the magic power of the water will be gone. Remember that. Now fill your jug, and fare-you-well." Before they could thank her the little woman had vanished into her house.

Greta filled her jug with the water of youth, and they hurried home to their cottage. When they got there, Hans poured the water into a bottle and sealed it with fir resin.

"Just now we have no use for the water of youth," he said, "so we can save it up till we do need it."

He put the bottle in the cupboard where they stored their treasures—a couple of old coins, a string of garnet beads with a golden penny hung on it, and two real silver spoons—and he said: "Now, Greta, we must be very, very careful not to make the water lose its power."

A year went by, full of love and happiness for the young pair. And then there was a rosy little baby boy, who kicked and crowed till his father's heart overflowed with pride.

"Now is the time," he said, "for opening our bottle. Don't you think, Greta, that a drop of the water of youth would do you good?"

The young mother thought it would, so he went to fetch

it from the next room. His hands trembled with joy as he broke the seal, and so the bottle slipped out of his grasp, and the water of youth was spilled on the floor. Hans nearly fell on the floor, too, in his horror at the mischance. What could he do?

He dared not tell his wife, lest she should die of fright. Later on perhaps he could tell her, or one day he might find again the well of youth, which he had often looked for in vain, and get a fresh supply. Hurriedly he got another bottle exactly like the first, filled it with spring water, and brought it to his wife.

"Ah!" said Greta, "how that gives me new life and strength! Take a drop yourself, my dear."

Hans obeyed her, and said what a wonderful drink it was; and after that they each took a drop every Sunday when the bells were calling them to church.

Greta bloomed like a rose, and Hans was a perfect picture of vigorous manhood. But day after day he put off confessing his misdeed, in the hope of finding the well of youth. Roam through the woods as he might, he could never get a glimpse of that meadow again.

Thus two years went by. A little girl had come to keep the little boy company, and Greta's round chin had grown double, but she never noticed it; there were no looking-glasses in those days. Hans did notice it, but he took care not to say anything, and he loved his fat wife more than ever. Then a misfortune befell them.

Part III

One day when Greta was busy house-cleaning, little Peter, her eldest, got into the cupboard where the water of youth was kept, and knocked over the bottle, which broke and spilled its contents on the floor.

"Oh, merciful Powers!" cried the mother. "But what a blessing Hans is not at home!" With trembling fingers she picked up the pieces of glass, and replaced the bottle by another, which she filled from the spring.

"I shall soon be found out, for there's an end of our eternal youth. Alas!" But she made up her mind not to let her husband suspect that there was anything wrong.

Time passed by, and Hans and Greta lived and loved together. Each of them took care not to let the other think that youth was gone, and every Sunday they took the magic drop.

One morning when Hans was combing his hair, a gray hair fell on his sleeve. And he said to himself, "Now I must confess to my wife."

Heavy at heart he began: "Greta, it seems to me that the magic water must have lost its power. Look! I have found a gray hair! I am getting old."

Greta was startled, but she recovered herself and laughed, though not quite naturally, as she answered: "A gray hair! Why, when I was only ten I had a gray lock in my hair. That is quite a common thing. You have just been skinning a badger, and very likely you got some of the fat on your hair. You know that badger's fat does turn hair gray. No, dear Hans, the water keeps its magic power, or"—she glanced at him anxiously—"do you think that I am growing old, too?"

Hans laughed loudly at that. "You—old? You are as blooming as a peony!" And he threw his arms round her portly figure and kissed her.

But when he was alone he said joyfully, "She has no idea that we are growing old. So what I did must have been the right thing." And his wife said just the same to herself.

That evening the lads and lasses of the village danced to the music of a strolling fiddler, and no couple footed it under the lime trees more merrily than Hans and Greta. The peasants made some jokes at their expense, but the two happy people did not hear them.

The following autumn, while they and their children were eating their Martinmas goose, Greta broke a front tooth. There was great woe, for she had always been proud of her pretty white teeth.

When husband and wife were alone together, Greta said

in a faltering voice, "A misfortune like that could never have happened if the water——" But Hans scolded her.

"You think the water can keep off all bad luck? Does not a child often break a tooth in cracking nuts? How can you grumble? Has not the water kept you as fresh and healthy as a spring lettuce?"

At that his wife laughed, dried her tears, and kissed her old man till he was almost out of breath. Then they sat down together on the stone seat in front of their house, and sang little songs about true love. The passers-by said, "What silly old folk!" But the happy couple did not hear them.

Part IV

Many years went past. The house had grown too small for the children, and they had married and gone away, and had children of their own. The two old people were alone together once more.

They were as much in love with each other as on their wedding-day, and every Sunday, when the church bells were ringing, they each took one drop out of the bottle.

Midsummer-day came round again. On the eve of it, Hans and Greta were sitting in front of their house, looking toward the hill, where the bonfire was blazing, and the young men and maidens were shouting as they jumped through the flames hand-in-hand.

Greta turned to her husband: "Dear Hans, I should like to go into the forest again. Would you start early to-morrow morning? Only you must waken me, for when the elderberry is in bloom young women are apt to sleep long after daylight."

Hans agreed. Next morning he awoke his wife, and together they set out for the forest. They walked arm-in-arm like lovers, and each kept a watchful eye on the other's steps. When Hans lifted one foot cautiously over the root of a tree, his wife would say, "Why, Hans, you are skipping like a kid!"

And when Greta timidly crossed a little hole in the path,

her husband cried laughingly, "Hold up your skirts, wife! Jump!" After a while they came to an old fir tree, and in its shade they spread a little feast out of Greta's basket.

"It was just here," said Hans, "that the little old woman of the woods appeared to us that day, and over there must lie the meadow with the well of youth. But I have never been able to find it again."

"And, mercifully, there was no need of your finding it," put in Greta hurriedly, "for our bottle is by no means empty yet."

"That is quite true," Hans agreed, "but all the same, I should like to see the good little woman again, and to thank her for the gift she gave us. Come and look for her. Perhaps we shall be as lucky as we were before."

So they rose and went into the heart of the forest. They had walked but a little way when lo! the sunny meadow lay before them. Lilies and bluebells were blooming in the grass, gay butterflies flitted to and fro, and the little house stood there just as of yore.

With fast-beating hearts they walked round the house, and there was the well of youth with the gold and green dragonflies hovering over it. Hans and Greta stepped up to the brink. Hand-in-hand they bent over the water, and out of its clear depths two gray heads with kindly, wrinkled faces gazed back at them.

Hot tears rushed to their eyes, with broken words and sobs they confessed their misdeeds, and it was some time before they could understand that all these years each of them had been deceiving the other for love's sake.

"Then you knew that we were both growing old?" said Hans.

"Of course I did!" his wife laughed through her tears.

"So did I! so did I!" cried Hans, and he tried to leap for joy. And he took Greta's head between his hands and kissed her, just as when she plighted her troth to him.

Then, as if she had sprung out of the earth, the little old woman of the woods stood before the old couple.

"Welcome!" she said. "It is long since you came to visit

me. But what is this?' She shook her finger at them. "You have not taken care of the water of youth. Wrinkles and gray hairs! This will never do.

"However, I can soon cure that. You have come just at the right moment. Quick! Jump into the well—it is not deep—plunge your gray heads under, and you will see a miracle. All the strength and beauty of youth will be given back to you. But be quick, or the sun will have gone down."

Hans and Greta looked questioningly at each other.

"Will you?" he asked in a voice that shook.

"Never!" answered Greta promptly. "I can't tell you what bliss it is that at last I can be old. Then think of our children and grandchildren. No, dear little woman, we thank you with all our hearts, but we will stay old. Won't we, Hans?"

"Yes, yes," said Hans, "we will stay old. Hurrah! Greta, if you only knew how well your gray hair suits you!"

"As you will," said the little woman of the woods. "I do not insist on it." And with rather an offended air she went into her house and shut the door.

The old folk kissed each other once more and turned homeward. Arm in arm they went through the forest, and the midsummer sun set a crown of gold upon their gray heads.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

By AGNES E. MITCHELL

WITH klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home.
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow.
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle,
'Way down the dark'ning dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home.
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell.
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm;
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;

The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines.
And over the silent mill,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

A Christmas Story

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

"HELLO! Sadie."

"Hello! Mike."

"They say red hair is jist comin' back inter style, Sadie."

"Yes, Mike, and I hear that warts is worn by all the Back Bay dudes. You're right in the fashion, ain't yer, Mikie?"

"Shure, Sadie," said Mike, with a grin, and wisely keeping silent lest worse should come to him from his quick-witted neighbor.

Sadie and Mike lived in the West End of Boston and this was the sort of conversation they indulged in every morning when, running errands, they met in "The Hole in the Wall."

Half way between the North Station and the Massachusetts General Hospital is this most unexpected little short-cut passageway. You cannot see it until you are just in its doorway, and some people who have been directed to it could never find it at all. It burrows under some old red brick tenements, traverses some dingy side lanes and has all along its dingy stone walls the most suspicious-looking windows and trap doors that appear as if they led into dens of thieves. Placards at both ends read, "Dangerous Passing," and if you ever walk down the slippery, dimly lighted flagging late at night followed by shadows you believe them and hurry on, relieved at your safe escape at the lower end. This passage is known locally as "The Hole in the Wall."

In a little two-room first story tenement fronting on the lower side lane off "The Hole in the Wall" lives Mr. Simon Grundy, with his bedridden wife. Mr. Grundy is a small man with a sharp New England nose and a look frosty, but kindly. He has been for many years the keeper of a little notion store

in the West End, but of late his shrewd Jewish competitors have made it hard for him to get a living. Mrs. Grundy, though confined to her bed and chair, is as smart with her fingers as with her tongue, which is saying a good deal. She manages to slide her rocker around her tiny household domain, and keeps it so tidy that one almost forgets how dark and damp it really is. She is a good woman, who is very fond of secrets, although she has never been known to keep any. This story tells how she devised the greatest secret of her life and how it got taken away from her and kept in spite of her.

The Grundys had become very poor. Every evening Mr. Simon came home looking more and more weary and bringing a smaller and smaller stock of pennies. Mrs. Grundy would ask:

"Well, how was business at the store to-day, Simon?" and he would brighten up a bit and say:

"Only poorly, Maria. But after a few days I think it will mend. You know the times are rather hard, but my friends tell me they are all looking for better days."

"Well, there couldn't be any wuss ones," Mrs. Grundy would mutter savagely; but for the most part she was patient with her husband, knowing that he wasn't wholly to blame for the affairs and mistakes of the nation.

Several weeks before Christmas Mrs. Grundy was having a chat out in the back kitchen with Sadie White, who came in every day or two to call. Sadie's mother kept a little grocery shop at the corner below "The Hole in the Wall," and Sadie brought in the butter and eggs and kindling wood. Sadie had been telling Aunt Maria, as she called her, about the aprons that Mr. Solomon Isaacstein was giving out to be made.

"He gives ten cents a dozen for the makin', which is little enough, my mother says, but still one can pick it up at odd times and," she added, with shrewdness beyond her years, "after all, it's the pennies that counts."

"Dew tell," said Mrs. Grundy. "Now, Sadie, you go right down to Isaacstein's and bring me up two dozen of them aprons. I'm goin' right to work on 'em this very day. Simon

an' I says we wouldn't make no Christmas this year, times was so dull, but I says to him, says I, 'Now, Simon, we'll jess trust the Lord and keep our powder dry and He'll bring somethin' to pass'; but I didn't never expect He'd do it by a Jew peddler. Trewly He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. And; Sadie, don't you lisp a word on this to any livin' creetur. I'm a-goin' to surprise Simon Grundy as he wan't never surprised before."

Sadie took the vow of concealment and returned shortly with the material for twenty-four blue gingham aprons, done up cleverly to imitate a laundry package.

When Mrs. Grundy had got nearly three dollars earned she had decided out of the forty or fifty things that her husband needed, upon three from which she should make her final choice. She had sent the good-natured Sadie a dozen times a day to all the neighboring stores to explore the stock and get prices and to report minutely upon the appearance, comparative value and wearing qualities of each present. It stood now between a lamp, a table, and an easy chair. The two former were luxuries, while the latter was a real necessity, only it seemed to be beyond her reach. Mike Flannery, too, who delivered the evening paper, was impressed into the exploring expedition, although, being a man, she did not trust much to his judgment as a shopper.

Finally Sadie burst into the front room one noon with the startling news that Mr. Jacob Cohen had just put in his store window a Morris chair, second hand, but as good as new, for the startling bargain price of three dollars and a quarter. She urged that it be engaged at once, before such an attractive offering should be accepted by somebody else. But Mrs. Grundy was prudent and she hesitated.

No sooner had Sadie gone to school than Mrs. Grundy made a sudden and amazing resolution. She would go down the lane and examine the chair herself! It was eight years since she had put her foot to the ground. Dare she attempt it? Nerved by excitement, she drew her chair over to a chest of drawers and took out with trembling fingers her long unused bonnet and shawl. Moving over to another corner she

seized two canes, which were her husband's, and then slid her chair to the door. As calmly as if it were an everyday matter, she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and then leaning against the house wall felt her way to the gate. As she turned into "The Hole in the Wall," Mr. Moses Johnson came along, the colored stableman in the nearby teaming establishment. He politely concealed his surprise, and doffing his soft hat said pleasantly:

"Good mornin', Sis' Grundy. It am very pleasant to see you able to be out walkin'. Won't you take my a-arm and let me 'sist you down the alley?"

So, leaning upon the good deacon's arm, she made her way safely to the outlet of the lane. She knew where she was now. A few steps to the right was her husband's little shop. Maybe if her strength held out she could step in there and surprise him. And just across the street was Mr. Cohen's store, and there, in plain sight, was the bargain chair, with its rich red cover and cherry frame, in all its glory. It was even a better bargain than she had dreamed.

As she rested against the wall before returning she saw an old street peddler come slowly up the street on the other side, carrying a little tray of shoestrings and collar buttons. She pitied him. But as he drew nearer it seemed a familiar figure. He passed and Mrs. Grundy crouched against the wall almost insensible. It was her husband.

Over two years before he had lost his little store, sold under the hammer, and with brave patience had concealed all from his sick wife and borne alone his burden of shame and sorrow. Oh, how cold and pinched and sad he looked! How hopeless this dreary and humble occupation by which in his old age he fought the wolf from his door.

Mrs. Grundy never knew how she reached her home, but there Sadie found her an hour later, bending over her fire, her gray hair peeping disheveled from the bonnet she had forgotten to remove, and the tears trickling through her worn fingers. Sadie, on the floor beside her, with her strong young arm around her, drew from her the sad story.

"And to think of me thinkin' of all these sinful luxuries,"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE BREAD-WINNER

From a Painting by Erskine Nicol.

she sobbed, "when my dear husband had no coat to his back or muffler to his neck."

Mr. Grundy was deeply affected when his wife handed him her hard-earned three dollars at his return that night and spoke in brief words her penitence, her anxiety, and her love.

"Never mind, lass. I'll get along all right. We'll not cry over spilt milk. Jess milk another cow. I thank ye kindly, Maria, for the offer of the overcoat, for it has been a bit raw about the edges, these December days."

And so these old people cheered each other and were easier again. But Sadie rushed out of the house in a stormier mood. She met Mike in the alley and waited not for his words of taunting.

"Mike Flannery," she shouted, "it's up to you to make a raise of one dollar and sixty-three cents before Christmas eve. You've three days to do it."

Mike turned his pockets wrong side out to show their empty condition.

"I'm in rejuiced circumstances at prisint, me dear. Eight cents is de limit, I fear. Can you raise it?"

Sadie in shamefaced confusion acknowledged that a penny and a pocket piece represented her store. Then she told the story and concluded as follows:

"It would be a shame to der West End, Mike, to let dose two old people lose deir Christmas all along o' Aunt Maria's rubbering on to Simon's pushcart business."

"You're all right, Sadie. I'm wid ye to de limit, see? Les' go down to Jacob's and make him give de chair to de Grundy's for a Christmas mark of respect."

But Jacob Cohen did not seem quite as benevolent as they had pictured him.

"I have nine shildren und my fader und my moder und my wife Rachel und her aunt Leah to support, and times is hard und money is scarce. But I will make a r-reduct-ion."

"How much?" both the children asked eagerly.

"About a quar-rter of a dollar," smiled Jacob genially.

Things did not look so bright as they stepped out into the

darkness of the narrow street with its distant flare of arc lights.

"We'll do it somehow," said Sadie stubbornly.

They each agreed on a list of names and promised to meet in "The Hole in the Wall" at nine o'clock.

At nine o'clock both were in front of the Grundys' darkened windows.

"How much you got, Sadie?"

"Fifty cents. How much have you?"

"A quarter of a dollar."

"Two sixteen to get," whistled Mike, dubiously.

Then they told their experiences. Sadie had gone to Emil Hollenbeck's saloon. Emil gave generously to all charities. But Emil was cross that night. Somebody had broken his plate-glass window. Besides, Mr. Grundy had not only never patronized his establishment, "The Hot Dog Tavern," but he had once tried to have it closed for violating the ordinances. He sent her brusquely away. A half-drunken cobbler sitting on a settle in the corner gave her a dime.

She had met Father Ambrose, of St. John's Mission Church. His is the high church Episcopal chapel on Bowdoin Street. The clergy wear long faded black gowns and shovel hats and assume the medieval manner. Sadie usually belonged to that Sunday-school just before Christmas. The good priest greeted her kindly. He was not very much versed in the ways of the world.

"I was glad, my daughter, to see you at church last Sunday. It is a pleasure to see our young people forming the good old habit of church-going."

Sadie stammered out some brief apology for her shortcomings in the past and hastily told her story.

Father Ambrose was touched by the sad tale.

"We must do what we can for these good people. My child, you have a kind heart and heaven will bless you. I shall gladly give you what I may."

A blush suffused his slender, pale face as he took his hand from the pocket beneath his well-worn surtout.

"It is all I have—at present—but I give it with my heartiest prayers."

The coins were few, for Father Ambrose was as poor in this world's goods as his Master, but Sadie enriched it with a tear and in her nightly prayer remembered Father Ambrose ever after in her catalogue of saints.

Mike had raised most of his from "de gang at de corner," partly by forced levy. He had also a willing nickel from poor Deacon Johnson at the stable.

"Well, dere's two more days, Sadie," he said, with a sigh, "and if our pluck is better dan our luck we may make it yet."

The next night they met again. Only forty cents had been added to the Grundy chair fund. Mike had sought his spiritual adviser and Father Patrick Doherty had bestowed a quarter upon his parishioner, with a long and pointed personal lecture upon his own frailties and omissions.

"I earned dat quarter, Sadie, wit' de sweat of me face," he said.

Charlie Wong, at the Chinese laundry, had forgiven Mike's many persecutions and had proffered a bright new dime. As he held it aloft, he said:

"No blakee any more window?"

"No," said Mike, grinning.

"No trow any more snowball?"

"No."

"No pullee pigtail?"

"No."

"How long?"

"One month," replied the conscientious Mike.

"All light,' said Charlie, conscious that he had purchased peace cheaply enough.

Sadie had gathered hers by a penny collection taken at the door of her mother's candy shop, from more or less willing young investors just before school.

"Somethin's got to happen before to-morrow night, Sadie, or our goose is crow."

"We'll *make* somethin' happen," said Sadie stoutly.

The next morning Sadie played truant. She visited the

office of the Honorable Michael Sullivan, the boss of the ward, and the incumbent of the office of alderman.

"Git out of this," he thundered, as she proffered her request in the small low office behind a saloon, where he ran the civic affairs of the West End.

"But, Mr. Sullivan, you give to all the picnics and festivals and benefits in de West End," pleaded Sadie.

"De only thing I'll give to Grundy is to his funeral," said the honorable gentleman savagely. "He's voted agin me and worked agin me and talked agin me for twenty years."

But Sadie was persistent. She was a good arguer. She reminded him that the family of White, to which she belonged, had voted the Democratic ticket to a man and almost to a woman ever since it was born, and that its vengeance, if aroused, would be difficult to allay. She reminded Mr. Sullivan that his gift, if received, would be engrossed in her own best hand at the top of the subscription paper which was being circulated from house to house in the precinct, and would thus attract favorable attention. And finally she received the reluctant and incredulous promise that he would give the last dollar needed to complete the amount.

"Grundy will know well enough," he grumbled, "that Mike Sullivan is the last man to give him an easy chair, and that it'll be the last dollar he'll ever get out of his purse."

Sadie hurried thankfully away to join her comrade, who had already begun a family canvass of the neighborhood. Nearly all gave cheerfully, although of necessity in the smallest sums. Many added to their donations wishes that they could do more and blessings upon these two worthy old people.

Just before seven o'clock at night Sadie and Mike ran triumphantly into Mr. Cohen's store to claim the chair upon which they held an option which would have expired in ten minutes. Mr. Cohen was as genial as ever. He did the chair up as carefully in newspapers as if it were to be carried a thousand miles. He took it upon his shoulders and carried it to his door. There he paused. Mike held the door open. He lifted it again and set it down. He looked around. Presently he went to his window, and picking out the biggest

and softest and reddest hassock in the window wrapped it up slowly and laid it in silence on the chair. Mike nudged Sadie with delight. At the door Mrs. Cohen emerged from the cellarway and tucked into the wrapping paper a pair of thick mittens. Antonio Mililotti, from the fruit store across the road, ran over and laid on a bag of oranges, and Sadie's mother came out with her apron over her head and carefully placed in Sadie's hands a frosted cake trimmed with holly.

The procession formed quickly at the lower entrance to "The Hole in the Wall," for Sadie had thoughtfully gone around again and invited every one of the sharers in this act of blessing. All were there except the Hon. Michael Sullivan and the two clergymen. Here was Charlie Wong in his blue jacket, with his hands rolled up in his loose sleeves and his teeth chattering with cold and pleasure. Deacon Johnson was present with an air of mingled dignity and goodness, even though in his shirt sleeves. And here were also the newsboys and the school girls, and all the kind mothers—Jewish, Portuguese, Irish, and German—from the cosmopolitan West End.

It was a cold night. The snow was steadily falling and the ground was already well covered. As Mr. and Mrs. Grundy sat in front of their kitchen fire they could hear in the lulls of the rising storm the distant sound of sleigh bells and the Christmas chimes from over Beacon Hill. Christmas Eve is always a lonely time for old people. It is so full of ancient recollections. Mrs. Grundy looked sadly at the shabby and uncomfortable chair in which her husband was sitting, then with silent gratitude at the warm, though second-hand, coat which he had purchased with her Christmas surprise money.

But the surprise was yet to come. The procession with the chair walked up through "The Hole in the Wall" and up to the Grundys' door. The front room was dark. Mike pushed the door open and stepped inside. The rest followed quietly. Sadie knew just where the lamp was and lighted it. Mr. Cohen put the chair carefully in the corner and arranged the auxiliary offerings and the list of subscribers in an artistic manner. There was a moment's confusion as they were about to pro-

ceed. The window was open and a brawny arm was seen to raise an unwieldy bundle, poise it on the top of the window, let it drop and then disappear. The bundle was a turkey. The arm belonged to Emil, the saloonkeeper, who had regained his good temper and had modestly followed the other givers with his personal and timely tribute.

They had not been able to secure anybody to make the presentation speech, but Sadie had arranged a number of vocal music instead. A quartet of little girls was arranged in the foreground. They were a little Hebrew, a sunny negro, a black-eyed Italian, and a smiling French child. Sadie quietly opened the door and as the two old people looked out with wonder and then with fear and finally with gratitude into a circle of neighborly faces that spoke reverence and respect and sympathy, the merry chimes ceased and the little girls took up the Christmas music of love and giving with their sweet childish trebles, as they sang:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

And as they sang it seemed that the holy spirit of Christmas, which is the spirit of loving kindness, entered invisibly and dwelt in every heart, Jewish and Christian and Gentile, in peace and good-will.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS OF FICTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

ALCOTT, L. M. ..... *Little Women*
ALCOTT, L. M. ..... *Little Men*
ALDRICH, T. B. ..... *Story of a Bad Boy*
ALLEN, J. L. ..... *Kentucky Cardinal*
ANDREWS, MRS. M. S. ..... *The Perfect Tribute*
ASHMUN, M. E. ..... *Isabel Carleton's Year*
ATKINSON, MRS. E. S. ..... *Greyfriars Bobby*
AUSTEN, JANE ..... *Northanger Abbey*
AUSTEN, JANE ..... *Pride and Prejudice*
AUSTEN, JANE ..... *Sense and Sensibility*
AUSTIN, MRS. J. G. ..... *Betty Alden*
AUSTIN, MRS. J. G. ..... *Standish of Standish*
BACHELLER, IRVING ..... *Eben Holden*
BACON, MRS. J. D. ..... *Smith College Stories*
BARRIE, SIR J. M. ..... *Little Minister*
BARRIE, SIR J. M. ..... *Peter and Wendy*
BENNETT, JOHN ..... *Master Skylark*
BLACKMORE, R. D. ..... *Lorna Doone; a Romance of Exmoor*
BRONTË, CHARLOTTE ..... *Jane Eyre*
BRUSH, MRS. C. ..... *Colonel's Opera Cloak*
CABLE, G. W. ..... *Old Creole Days*
CHURCHILL, WINSTON ..... *The Crisis*
CHURCHILL, WINSTON ..... *Richard Carvel*
COOPER, J. F. ..... *Deerslayer*
COOPER, J. F. ..... *Last of the Mohicans*
CRAIK, MRS. D. M. N. ..... *John Halifax, Gentleman*
CRANE, STEPHEN ..... *Red Badge of Courage*
CROCKETT, S. R. ..... *Lilac Sunbonnet*
DAUDET, ALPHONSE ..... *Tartarin of Tarascon*
DAUDET, ALPHONSE ..... *Tartarin on the Alps*
DAVIS, R. H. ..... *Gallegher, and other Stories*

DEFOE, DANIEL ..... *Robinson Crusoe*
DELAND, MRS. M. W..... *Dr. Lavendar's People*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *Christmas Books*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *David Copperfield*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *Old Curiosity Shop*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *Oliver Twist*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *Pickwick Papers*
DICKENS, CHARLES ..... *Tale of Two Cities*
DOYLE, SIR A. C..... *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
DOYLE, SIR A. C..... *White Company*
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE ..... *Count of Monte Cristo*
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE ..... *Three Musketeers*
"ELIOT, GEORGE" ..... *Adam Bede*
"ELIOT, GEORGE" ..... *Mill on the Floss*
"ELIOT, GEORGE" ..... *Romola*
FARNOL, JEFFRY ..... *Amateur Gentleman*
FARNOL, JEFFRY ..... *Broad Highway*
FORD, P. L..... *Hon. Peter Stirling*
FOX, JOHN, JR..... *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*
FREEMAN, MRS. M. E. *A Humble Romance, and other stories*
FRENCH, H. W..... *Lance of Kanana*
GALE, ZONA ..... *Friendship Village*
GARLAND, HAMLIN ..... *Main-Travelled Roads*
GASKELL, MRS. E. C. S..... *Cranford*
GATES, ELEANOR ..... *Biography of a Prairie Girl*
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER ..... *Vicar of Wakefield*
GRAHAME, KENNETH ..... *Wind in the Willows*
HARDY, THOMAS ..... *Far from the Madding Crowd*
HARLAND, HENRY ..... *Cardinal's Snuff-Box*
HARRISON, H. S..... *Queed*
HARTE, BRET ..... *Luck of Roaring Camp, and other sketches*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL..... *House of the Seven Gables*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL..... *Marble Faun*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL..... *Scarlet Letter*
"HENRY, O." ..... *Cabbages and Kings*
"HENRY, O." ..... *Four Million*
HOWELLS, W. D..... *Rise of Silas Lapham*
HUGHES, THOMAS ..... *Tom Brown at Oxford*

HUGHES, THOMAS .....*Tom Brown's School Days*
HUGO, VICTOR .....*Les Misèrables*
JACKSON, MRS. H. H.....*Ramona*
JEWETT, S. O.....*Country of the Pointed Firs*
JOHNSON, OWEN .....*Stover at Yale*
JOHNSTON, MARY .....*To Have and To Hold*
KING, CHARLES .....*Cadet Days*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES .....*Westward Ho!*
KIPLING, RUDYARD
Captains Courageous; a Story of the Grand Banks
KIPLING, RUDYARD .....*Day's Work*
KIPLING, RUDYARD .....*Kim*
LONDON, JACK .....*Call of the Wild*
"LOTI, PIERRE" .....*Iceland Fisherman; tr. by H. B. Dole*
LYNN, MARGARET .....*Stepdaughter of the Prairie*
LYTTON, E. G. BULWER.....*Last Days of Pompeii*
MARRYAT, FREDERICK .....*Masterman Ready*
MARTIN, MRS. H. R.....*Tillie, a Mennonite Maid*
MASEFIELD, JOHN .....*Jim Davis*
MASON, A. E. W.....*Four Feathers*
MASON, EUGENE (translator)
Aucassin and Nicolette and other Mediæval Romances
MITCHELL, S. W.....*Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*
OLLIVANT, ALFRED .....*Bob, Son of Battle*
PAGE, T. N.....*In Ole Virginia*
PAINE, R. D.....*College Years*
PARKER, SIR GILBERT .....*Seats of the Mighty*
POE, E. A.....*Tales of Mystery and Imagination*
PYLE, HOWARD .....*Men of Iron*
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.....*Splendid Spur*
READE, CHARLES .....*Cloister and the Hearth*
RUSSELL, W. C.....*Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER .....*Ivanhoe*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER .....*Kenilworth*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER .....*Quentin Durward*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER .....*Rob Roy*
SMITH, F. H.....*Caleb West, Master Diver*
SMITH, F. H.....*Tom Grogan*

STEVENS, W. O.....*Messmates*
STEVENSON, R. L.....*David Balfour*
STEVENSON, R. L.....*Kidnapped*
STEVENSON, R. L.....*Treasure Island*
STOCKTON, F. R.....*Fanciful Tales*
TARKINGTON, BOOTH .....*Gentleman from Indiana*
TARKINGTON, BOOTH .....*Seventeen*
THACKERAY, W. M. .....*Pendennis*
THACKERAY, W. M. .....*Vanity Fair*
THACKERAY, W. M. .....*Virginians*
THOMPSON, MAURICE .....*Alice of Old Vincennes*
TOLSTOI, L. N.....*Twenty-three Tales*
"TWAIN, MARK" .....*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
"TWAIN, MARK" .....*Adventures of Tom Sawyer*
"TWAIN, MARK" .....*The Prince and the Pauper*
VAN DYKE, HENRY .....*Blue Flower*
VERNE, JULES .....*Tour of the World in Eighty Days*
VERNE, JULES ....*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*
WALLACE, LEW .....*Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ*
WATSON, JOHN .....*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*
WEBSTER, JEAN .....*Daddy-Long-Legs*
WELLS, H. G.....*Mr. Britling Sees It Through*
WESTCOTT, E. N.....*David Harum*
WEYMAN, S. J.....*Gentleman of France*
WEYMAN, S. J.....*House of the Wolf*
WHITE, S. E.....*Blazed Trail*
WHITE, W. A.....*Certain Rich Man*
WIGGIN, MRS. K. D. S.....*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*
WILLIAMS, J. L.....*Princeton Stories*
WOOLSON, C. F.....*Anne*